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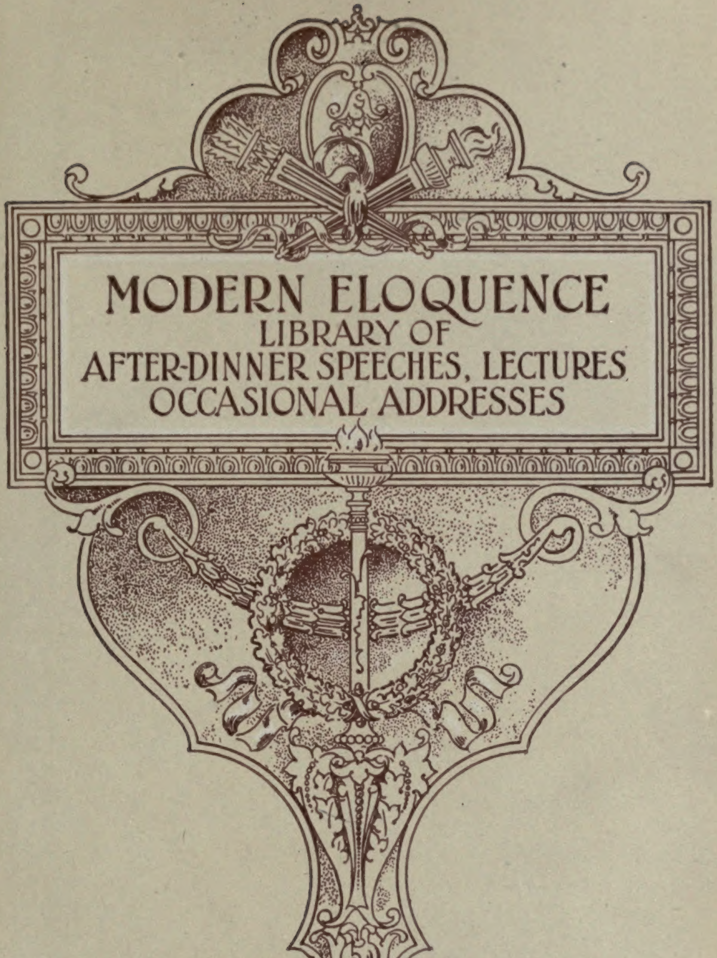

# MODERN ELOQUENCE

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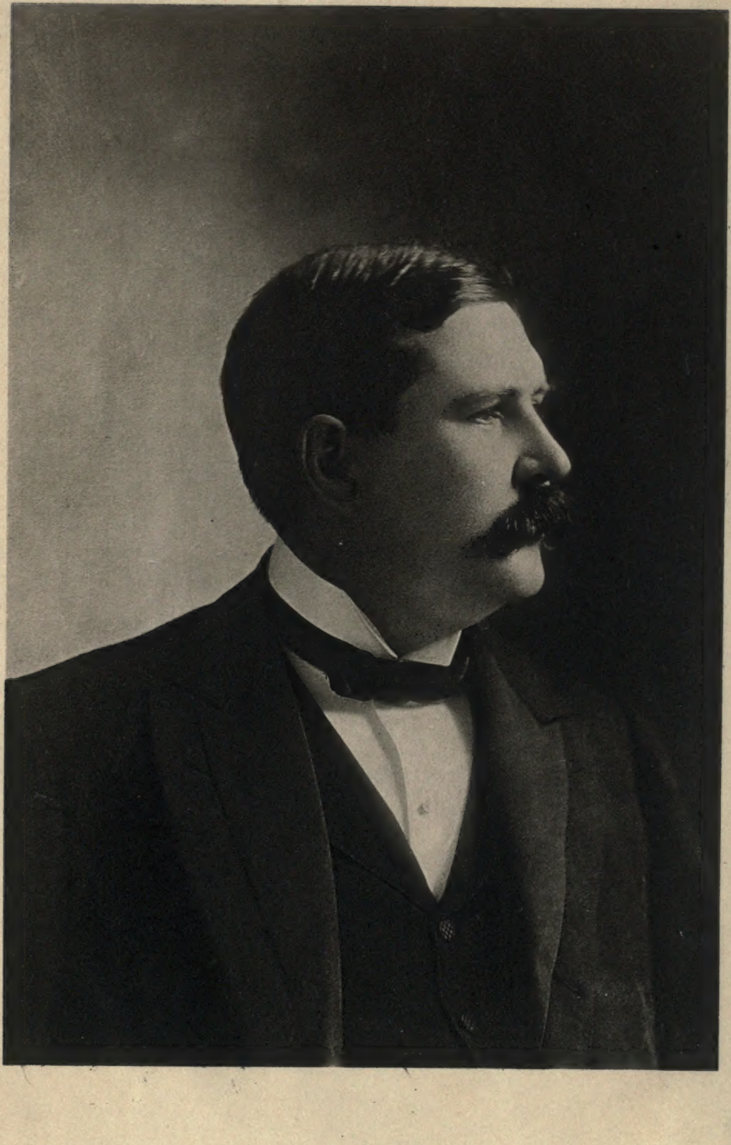

*JONATHAN P. DOLLIVER*

*Photogravure after a photograph from life*

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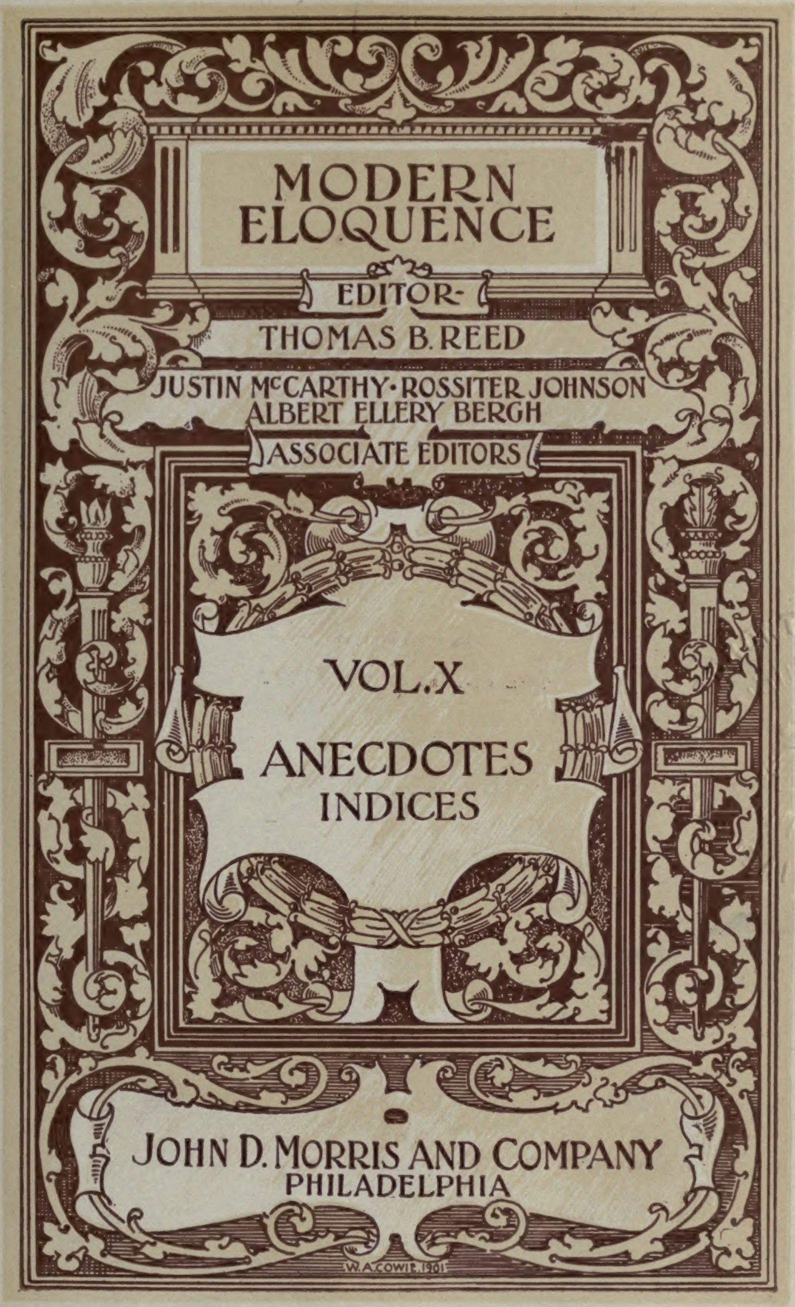

# MODERN ELOQUENCE

EDITOR

THOMAS B. REED

JUSTIN McCARTHY · ROSSITER JOHNSON
ALBERT ELLERY BERGH

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

## VOL. X

## ANECDOTES
## INDICES

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# INTRODUCTION

ELSEWHERE in this volume the uses of wit, humor, and anecdote in public speech are sufficiently illustrated and defined. It only needs here to premise a few words with reference to the material now gathered and presented in furtherance of such uses and of more private ends as well.

Regarding this collection of Anecdotes and Illustrations, made as the fitting conclusion of " Modern Eloquence," it is proper to say that from this closing labor of the great enterprise the Honorable Thomas B. Reed, Editor-in-Chief, and his associates upon the Committee of Selection have been exempted. The contents of the present volume have been selected by a special Committee, whose work has been guided by the same rules of discrimination and thoroughness which have so conspicuously controlled the chief collaborators in their highly successful undertaking.

As for the collection itself, it will show throughout that heed has been given to two main principles—breadth of inclusion and critical nicety of choice; wherefore it is believed that this final volume will be found fully up to the standard of the Library in all its earlier parts, and that it will be welcomed as adding one more to the many unique features of the work. The range of selection, the variety of sources and subjects, and the rigorous sifting of materials warrant the belief that no other collection of the kind has approached the present either in comprehensiveness or quality. It is confidently expected that this volume will prove for many to be the book "which they have sought through all libraries" in vain, and which they will rejoice at last to have found.

For the rest, there is no straining here after the appearance of originality or novelty. "Old and new," says Emerson, "make the warp and woof of every moment.

The originals are not original." Nowhere is this remark more applicable than in the realms of anecdote and jest, as is abundantly shown by Emerson in "Quotation and Originality," by Phillips in his "Lost Arts," and by many another.

In the selection of these Anecdotes and Illustrations the compilers have followed the principle recognized by scholars in all departments who have gleaned for their contemporaries from the field of time the world's best thought and speech. This principle was notably adopted by Bacon, who tells us that in making his "Collection of Apothegms, New and Old," he fanned (winnowed) the old, omitted none because they were vulgar (familiar), "for many vulgar ones are excellent good," and added "many new that otherwise would have died."

Lincoln, our prince of humorists, once said to Noah Brooks, "I remember a good story when I hear it, but I never invented anything original: I am only a retail dealer." But in Lincoln's case the world sees, if he did not, that however much a borrower he may have been, his root of humor was in himself. For those who, having use for wit and humor, must yet, like the victim of Sheridan's retort, be indebted to their memory for their jests, this volume may well become a daily companion.

Fortunately our own is not the nation described by Horace Walpole as "void of wit and humor, and even incapable of relishing it," for the relish of our people is, like the people itself, cosmopolitan. Therefore, seeing that, as "a jest's prosperity lies in the ear of him that hears it," so the usefulness of a book like this must depend upon its users no less than on its own merits, the Publishers deem themselves happy in presenting a work that makes such demand to a public eminently fit to meet it.

"Without anecdote," asks Lowell, "what is biography, or even history?" Yes, one might add, and what but dreary the intercourse of daily life? As for those who, as Disraeli says, have fallen into their *anecdotage*, whether or not they take that as "a sign . . . to retire from the world," here is ample store for them of old and new, familiar and strange, welcome renewal and fresh surprise, whereby they themselves and their companions may richly gain.

Not a few of the Anecdotes and Illustrations have been culled from famous addresses made during the present generation, and of these many are here duly credited to well-known names, to men of wit and humor and moving eloquence in our own times. The collection is by no means restricted to the fields of the jester and the satirist, but many a fine and touching sentiment and glint of eloquence, and here and there a gem of rhetorical art, precious for its own sake or for some association, will endear the volume to each possessor who herein finds his own. Not to provoke such laughter as is fitly likened to "the crackling of thorns under a pot," but to awaken the true human laughter which lies so close to tears, to stir the purest and tenderest sensibilities of men, and sometimes to point a moral not less than to adorn a tale or a talk—such is the aim in view as this volume is added to the series which it now completes.

The Index herewith contained will be found to answer all the essential requirements provided for in the Introduction to the entire work prefixed to Volume I. The Anecdotes and Illustrations may be said to be self-indexed by reason of the distinctive topical divisions and the appropriate and suggestive heads under which they are grouped.

# WIT, HUMOR, AND ANECDOTE

MANY persons who never had a bright idea in their heads or a generous sentiment in their hearts, assuming an air of owlish wisdom, affect to disdain wit and humor and to be vastly superior to the practitioners thereof, forgetting, or most likely never having heard of the great truth enunciated by Charles Lamb: "A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market."

In most instances it is a case of sour grapes. To be disparaged is the penalty which brilliancy must pay to dulness. It is natural for jealous souls to belittle those qualities which they do not possess. It is a mean sort of egotism, a vainglorious pride, which is apt to have a sudden fall.

As the non-humorous and unwitty constitute the overwhelming majority, they have succeeded, partially at least, by dint of ceaseless iteration, in propagating the idea that mental dryness is indicative of wisdom and that a wit or humorist is lacking in the substantial qualities of mind—all of which is mere moonshine.

It was the success of the theory of the dry-as-dusts which forced Tom Corwin in his old days, in an address to a law class, to utter this pathetic plaint: "Young men, if you desire a reputation for wisdom, never joke; be as solemn as an ass!" Considering who said it, that is one of the saddest sentiments ever fashioned by human lips, for he went to his grave in the firm belief that his reputation as a wit and humorist had cost him the chief magistracy of the Republic. But in that he was mistaken; it was his speech against the Mexican War—by far the greatest he ever made, and one of the greatest ever delivered in the Senate of the United States—which removed him forever from the list of Presidential possibilities.

No sane person would elect to be continually cooped up with another who is witty or humorous on all occasions, any more than he would desire to dwell in a land of perpetual day; but sunshine is a good thing, nevertheless. So are wit and its cousin humor. King Solomon tells us that there is a time to every purpose under the heaven—a time to weep and a time to laugh.

Laughter is the sweetest music that ever greeted the human ear, and the chief purpose of wit and humor is to produce laughter.

Henry Ward Beecher, who was created for enjoyment, once said: "If a horse had not been intended to go, he would not have had the 'go' in him." Wit and humor, like all other of the numberless and precious gifts of God to man, undoubtedly have their proper uses. They help to float a heavy speech and give wings to solid argument. A brilliant sally, a sparkling epigram, a "fetching" simile, a happy *mot*, an *apropos* anecdote, may extricate one from a perilous predicament, where all else would utterly fail.

For example, take the case of Tom Corwin whose splendid genius lighted up and glorified the age in which he lived. While the anti-slavery agitation was becoming acute and the Abolitionists growing strong enough to defeat candidates, though still too weak to elect them, Corwin—who was swart as Othello—being a candidate for Congress, was once addressing a great open-air meeting in southern Ohio, and doing his best to offend no one, when a wily and malicious auditor, in order to unhorse him, interrupted him with the query: "Are you in favor of a law permitting colored people to eat at the same tables with white folks in hotels and on steamboats?" "Black Tom" did not follow the Scriptural injunction: "Let your communication be Yea, yea; Nay, nay." That was too concise and direct for the end he had in view, which was to dodge, or, in prize-ring parlance, to "duck." If he should answer, "Yea," all the pro-slavery votes would be cast against him and he would be defeated. Should he answer "Nay," the Abolitionists would defeat him. He answered neither "Yea" nor "Nay," but—his dark, mobile countenance shining with the gladness of certain victory—he replied: "Fellow citizens, I submit that it is improper to ask that question of a gentleman of my color!" The crowd, delirious with delight, yelled itself hoarse and the "Wagon-Boy" carried the day and the election. Now, I propound to a candid world this pertinent question: Could any dry-as-dust statesman have escaped the net of the fowler as easily and gracefully as did Corwin? I think not.

The truth is that the man who is dowered with wit and humor is in first-class intellectual company—with Shakespeare and Bacon; Swift and Sheridan; Jerrold and Sydney Smith; with Dickens and Thackeray; Curran and Lamb; with Burns and Byron, and countless master-spirits of the elder world; and with our own Washington Irving, Tom Marshall, and George D. Prentice; with Sargent S. Prentiss; with Lowell and Holmes and Lincoln; with "Sunset" Cox, Henry Watterson, and Proctor Knott; with Horr, Ingersoll, and Thomas B. Reed; with Justice Harlan and George C. Vest; and with a bright and shining host of statesmen, orators, poets, and literati—not to mention all the professionals from "John Phœnix" to "Mark Twain."

It is a significant fact, pertinent here and well calculated to furnish food for reflection, that the three most distinguished living New York humorists are now comfortably located in these downy berths: Joseph H. Choate is Ambassador to Great Britain; General Horace Porter is Ambassador to France; Chauncey Mitchell Depew is United States Senator. It may also be interesting to state that one of the most illustrious New-Yorkers of the last generation, William Maxwell Evarts, the foremost lawyer of his time, owed his world-wide fame as much to his wit as to his legal attainments; and he filled the great offices of Attorney-General, Secretary of State, and Senator of the United States. It is safe to say that Dr. Talmage's humorous faculty has netted him over a quarter of a million on the lecture platform, and Governor Bob Taylor's has placed him in the ranks of rich Tennesseeans.

Unless Republicans as well as republics are ungrateful, they will some day erect a magnificent monument to their pioneer, Senator John P. Hale, of New Hampshire, whose irresistible humor compelled the attention of men who were ready to stone his sober-minded companions.

This is *par excellence* the land of orators. Here within the life of the Republic—a mere span in the history of the human race—the divine gift of moving the mind and heart by the power of spoken words has been bestowed upon more men than in all the rest of the world since the confusion of tongues at the unfinished Tower of Babel. By universal acclaim Demosthenes is *the* Grecian orator, Cicero *the* Roman orator, Mirabeau *the* French orator, Castelar *the* Spanish orator, and Edmund Burke *the* English orator. Their "right there is none to dispute." Who is *the* American orator? Ask that question of any American audience and there will be a score of answers, precipitating a heated wrangle.

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The universal gift of utterance in America renders appropriate, haply instructive, a discussion and illustration of the use of wit, humor, and anecdote in public speech, for all use them who can and they are found in every species of public speech—bar none. Henry Ward Beecher enlivened many of his sermons with them, as did John Smith of Kentucky and Missouri, commonly called "Raccoon" John Smith, because he was once remunerated in raccoon skins for pronouncing the marriage ceremony. He was famous in the Southwest as one of the great pioneers in the religious reformation with which the name of Alexander Campbell is forever associated in the nickname of "Campbellite." In our time Sam Jones has rivaled Beecher and Smith in this respect. Of course all three have been severely criticised as innovators; but imitation is the sincerest flattery, and scores of young preachers pattern after them with various measures of success and applause.

One of the greatest surprises of my life was to discover that some genius had compiled and published a volume with the rather startling title of "The Wit and Humor of the Bible." I once made the round of the St. Louis bookstores in quest of that "curiosity of literature." From the furtive manner in which the clerks glanced at me out of the tails of their eyes, I incline to the opinion that they thought I was suffering from incipient lunacy.

After all, it must be confessed that the use of wit, humor, and anecdote—*i. e.*, amusing anecdote—in sermons or in funeral orations is meager and of rather a lugubrious effect. They are used most frequently and most appropriately at the bar, on the stump, in Congress, on the platform, and in after-dinner speeches.

The most famous after-dinner speech within the memory of any living man is that of Henry W. Grady at the banquet of the New England Society in the City of New York in 1886. It is a rich mine of eloquence, wit, humor, and anecdote. To illustrate the power of faith, he told this story, which is perfect: "There was an old preacher once who told some boys of the Bible lesson he was going to read in the morning. The boys, finding the place, glued together the connecting pages. The next morning he read on the bottom of one page: 'When Noah was one hundred and twenty years old he took unto himself a wife, who was'—then turning the page—'one hundred and forty cubits long, forty cubits wide, built of gopherwood, and covered with pitch inside and out.' He was naturally puzzled at this. He read it again, verified it, and then said: 'My friends, this is the first time I ever met this in the Bible, but I accept it as an evidence of the assertion that we are fearfully and wonderfully made.'"

I once heard Vice-President Garret A. Hobart in an after-dinner speech in Washington, speaking to an audience made up largely of newspaper men, utter this *mot:* "Since I have been in office, I have given the newspaper men everything they asked of me—except my confidence!" which was enjoyed immensely by all his hearers, especially by the newspaper men themselves.

Hon. Joseph H. Choate is no less celebrated as a post-prandial orator than as a lawyer. Nothing verbal could be more delicious than his description of the dinners of the New England Society of New York as "those gatherings of an unhappy company of Pilgrims who meet annually at Delmonico's to drown the sorrows and sufferings of their ancestors in the flowing bowl, and to contemplate their own virtues in the mirror of history." At one of those dinners he proposed the following toast, which contains more wit than do most witty speeches: "Women, the better half of the Yankee world—at whose tender summons even the stern Pilgrims were ever ready to spring to arms, and without whose aid they never could have achieved the historic title of the Pilgrim Fathers. The Pilgrim mothers were more devoted martyrs than were the Pilgrim Fathers, because they not only had to bear the same hardships that the Pilgrim Fathers stood, but they had to bear with the Pilgrim Fathers besides."

New-Yorkers agree that either Choate or Chauncey M. Depew is the finest after-dinner speaker on earth. Some one says: "At an annual dinner of the St. Nicholas Society Choate was down for the toast, 'The Navy,' while Depew was to respond to 'The Army.' Depew began by saying, 'It's well to have a specialist: that's why Choate is here to speak about the Navy. We met at the wharf once and I never saw him again till we reached Liverpool. When I asked how he felt he said he thought he would have enjoyed the trip over if he had had any ocean air. Yes, you want to hear Choate on the Navy.' Choate responded: ' I've heard Depew hailed as the greatest after-dinner speaker. If after-dinner speaking, as I have heard it described and as I believe it to be, is the art of saying nothing at all, then Dr. Depew is the most marvelous speaker in the universe.' "

In joint discussions on the stump every weapon in the mental armory is brought into service. In that species of public speech wit and humor are invaluable and are most used—especially that sort known as repartee. By far the most memorable performance in that line was the series of debates between Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas in 1858. The United States senatorship was the prize directly in sight, but both looked beyond that to the Presidency as their goal. In winning the senatorship Douglas lost the Presidency to Lincoln. Unlike in everything except ambition, they were most equally matched, each being wondrously strong. They had known each other from early manhood and were on the friendliest footing; but they laid on and spared not, being none too particular about " hitting below the belt." On one occasion Douglas sneeringly referred to the fact that he once saw Lincoln retailing whiskey. " Yes," replied Lincoln, " it is true that the first time I saw Judge Douglas I was selling whiskey by the drink. I was on the inside of the bar and the Judge was on the outside: I busy selling, he busy buying"—which is about as neat a retort as the annals of the stump afford—rich but not malicious. It perhaps had a greater effect on the audience than if Lincoln had spent an hour talking about temperance in general and his own temperance in particular.

On the stump, in a hot campaign, it is not the elegance of an anecdote that tells so much as its pointedness, snappiness, above all, its applicability. Probably no better story-teller than former Lieutenant-Governor David A. Ball of Missouri ever stood before an American audience. In 1896 he was trying to persuade the Gold Democrats that notwithstanding the fact that they differed with the regulars on the financial issue, they agreed with them on so many others that they ought to vote for Bryan anyway. He wound up that part of his speech as follows: "How would a mossback Missouri Democrat look voting with the Republicans? I will tell you. Up in Pike county an old chap undertook to commit suicide by hanging himself with a blind bridle. Just as he was about dead his son cut him down. The old man rubbed his eyes and said: 'John, if you had let me alone a minute longer, I would have been in heaven!' 'Yes,' replied the boy, 'you would have cut a devil of a figure in heaven looking through a blind bridle, wouldn't you?' And that," concluded Governor Ball, "is the way a Missouri Democrat would look voting for a Republican under any circumstances whatsoever!" I have heard that anecdote told all the way from the Atlantic to the Rockies, and it invariably brought down the house.

One of my predecessors in Congress, now a leader of the St. Louis bar, Colonel David Patterson Dyer, owes his advancement in life fully as much to his wit and humor as to his professional attainments. He is an intense Republican and was sent to Congress during the reconstruction period, though his Democratic opponent received a large majority of the votes cast. He understands thoroughly the philosophy which teaches that a soft answer turneth away wrath. He is *persona grata* to his old Democratic constituents and though he tongue-lashes them dreadfully, they turn out in large numbers to hear him when he comes back to his old home to speak. Once in a while, however, he presumes too much upon their personal affection and nothing except his readiness at repartee saves him from serious trouble. For example, when he was a candidate for re-election to Congress he was making a speech in which he was imputing to the Democrats all the sins denounced in the decalogue and a great many which are not mentioned in that comprehensive document, when an irascible Democratic veteran exclaimed: "Shut up! You were never elected to Congress in the first place!" Dyer looked at him a moment in a quizzical sort of way and replied: "Well, my old friend, any blamed fool can serve in Congress who is elected, but it takes an unusually smart one to serve there who was never elected!"—a happy shot which restored the *entente cordiale* between the Colonel and his Democratic auditors.

Allen V. Cockrell, a brilliant Washington litterateur, gives this felicitous account of how ex-Senator Edward O. Wolcott of Colorado once rescued himself from a ticklish position by a happy use of wit: "During his twelve years of senatorial service the Coloradoan has won for himself the honor of being about the most eloquent Republican in the Senate. In addition to his oratorical talent, he is wonderfully clever at campaign repartee. This gift was well demonstrated before he became nationally known, when he was sent to a Southern State to advocate Republicanism. At a certain place he was politely informed that the 'rally' would begin and end about the same time, and that not since 1883 had any Republican been permitted to finish a speech there. Wolcott was determined, however, and upon learning that the citizens, as a rule, were kind enough to permit the speakers to get out of town and fill their next appointment, he concluded to make his speech as billed. The chairman was instructed to dispense with the music and introduce him to the audience in as few words as possible. The advice was followed a little too literally. He simply pointed at the audience and then at the speaker, and disappeared behind the scenes.

"Wolcott began his speech at once, with one of his best stories. The audience was separated, the colored folk all being in the gallery and only white people below. In about five minutes Wolcott's discretion was overcome by his Republicanism, and he made a pointed thrust at the opponent party, whereupon a body of young men in the center of the theater shouted in concert, 'Rats!' Wolcott paused for a moment, and then, waving his hand at the gallery, said, 'Waiter, come down and take the Chinamen's orders!' The effect was electrical and effectual. In laughingly referring to the incident afterward, the Senator said: 'You should have seen that dusky hillside of faces in the gallery break into ledges of pearl!'"

Occasionally the humor at a public speaking comes from the audience instead of the speaker. Sometimes the humorous auditor makes a hit unconsciously. Notwithstanding the fact that in the summer of 1900 I indulged in the luxury of some twenty-five joint political lectures—really "knock-down-and-drag-out" political discussions, but denominated "lectures" because they were delivered at Chautauqua assemblies—with Senator Jonathan P. Dolliver of Iowa and Representatives Charles H. Grosvenor of Ohio and Charles B.

Landis of Indiana, and in addition thereto heard several other Republican orators of great repute, my candid and well-considered opinion is that the best Republican stump speech that I heard during that campaign was delivered by one of my stanchest friends, personal and political, a well-to-do farmer in the district which I have the honor to represent. He voted the Democratic ticket straight, from Bryan down to constable—never voted or thought of voting anything else in his life. His speech, which consisted of only one short sentence, was injected into mine, which consumed about one hour and a half in delivery. It came about in this wise: One very hot day in August I was making a Democratic speech in a magnificent grove up in Ralls county, at a Modern Woodmen's picnic. My friend Enoch G. Matson, popularly known as "Nuck," was standing directly in front of me, about five feet distant, listening intently to what I had to say. I was mauling the Republicans, with all the power I possessed, about their policy and conduct in the Philippines, declaring that they were ignoring the Declaration of Independence, overthrowing the Constitution, and otherwise deporting themselves in an unseemly and un-American fashion. After I had been going on for about forty-five minutes Matson remarked *sotto voce:* "Well, I guess we can stand it as long as beef-cattle are five cents a pound on the hoof!" That was the gist of the whole argument which carried the Middle and Western States for the Republicans. I have always thought it lucky for me that no quick-witted newspaper man was within ear-shot of "Nuck" when he uttered his ejaculation. If that dangerous epigram had ever got into print, I should not have heard the last of it till the polls closed.

While a man may be both humorist and anecdote-teller, it does not necessarily follow that because he is one he is also the other. The best anecdote-teller, pure and simple, who has been in Congress in the last ten years is Hon. W. Jasper Talbert of South Carolina, who will probably be the next Governor of the Palmetto State. He is a free trader of the Henry George sort. In order to illustrate his theory of the operation of the high protective tariff as it affects the different sections of the country, he told this story in a speech in the House: "Down in my district a boy went to mill for the first time, and did not understand the *modus operandi*. So when the miller took out the toll, the boy thought he had stolen it; but as it was a small matter he said nothing about it. When the miller took up the sack, poured all the rest of the corn into the hopper, and threw the sack on the floor, the little chap thought he had stolen that too, and he thought furthermore that it was high time for him to take his departure. Consequently he grabbed the empty sack and started home as fast as his legs could carry him. The miller, deeming the boy crazy, pursued him. The boy beat him in the race home, and fell down in the yard out of breath. His father ran out and said: 'My son, what is the matter?' Whereupon the boy replied: 'That old fat rascal up at the mill stole all my corn and gave me an awful race for the sack!' Now," said Mr. Talbert, "that illustrates the working of the high protective tariff precisely. The tariff barons have been skinning the farmer for lo! these many years. They've gotten all our corn and now they are after the sack!"

Governor Charles T. O'Ferrall of Virginia, after several years' service in the House of Representatives, retired with a great reputation for capacity and none for wit and humor; nevertheless he told one of the finest and most effective anecdotes ever heard in Congress. It was at the expense of William Bourke Cockran, whose fame as an orator extends all over the English-speaking world. Among his many qualifications for successful public speaking Cockran has a voice which would have aroused the envy of the Bull of Bashan, if that historic animal had ever heard the Tammany Demosthenes. It so happened that O'Ferrall and Cockran locked horns on a contested election case. Cockran's big voice was in prime condition and made the glass roof of the hall of the House rattle. O'Ferrall, though chairman of the Democratic Committee on Elections, advocated the seating of the Republican, for which Cockran assailed him bitterly and bombarded him with his heaviest artillery until everybody within half a mile was deaf from the noise. O'Ferrall began his reply as follows: "The remarks of the gentleman from New York remind me of a story of an old colored man down in Virginia who was riding a mule, and who was caught in a violent thunder-storm while passing through a dense forest. Being unable to make any headway except through the agency of the fitful flashes of lightning which occasionally revealed his surroundings, and becoming greatly alarmed at the loud and terrible peals of thunder which shook the earth and reverberated over his head, he at last appealed to the Throne of Grace in this fashion: 'O Lawd, if it's jes' the same to you, I'd rather hev a little less noise an' a little mo' light!' Now," concluded O'Ferrall, "we have had a hogshead of noise and would be thankful for a thimbleful of light on this important subject!"

The dry-as-dusts solemnly asseverate that humor never did any good. They are cock-sure of that. Now, let's see. How did Private John Allen of Mississippi get to Congress? He joked himself in. One "fetching" bit of humor sent him to Washington as a national lawmaker. The first time John ran for the congressional nomination his opponent was the Confederate General Tucker, who had fought gallantly during the Civil War and served with distinction two or three terms in Congress. They met on the stump. General Tucker closed one of his speeches as follows: "Seventeen years ago last night, my fellow citizens, after a hard-fought battle on yonder hill, I bivouacked under yonder clump of trees. Those of you who remember as I do the times that tried men's souls will not, I hope, forget their humble servant when the primaries shall be held."

That was a strong appeal in those days, but John raised the general at his own game in the following amazing manner: "My fellow citizens, what General Tucker says to you about the engagement seventeen years ago on yonder hill is true. What General Tucker says to you about having bivouacked in yon clump of trees on that night is true. It is also true, my fellow citizens, that I was vedette picket and stood guard over him while he slept. Now then, fellow citizens, all of you who were generals and had privates to stand guard over you while you slept, vote for General Tucker; and all of you who were privates and stood guard over the generals while they slept, vote for Private John Allen!" The people caught on, took John at his word, and sent him to Congress, where he stayed till the world was filled with his renown.

It would perhaps be cruelty to animals to ask any or all of the dry-as-dusts to specify one piece of solemn wisdom which ever did as much for a congressional candidate as John's brief bit of humor did for him in his contest with General Tucker, and at the General's expense. Right or wrong, success is universally admitted to be the standard of merit, and by reason of his humor John Allen succeeded.

Of course, every Representative must make his " maiden speech " in Congress—that is, if he intends to try the oratorical caper at all. Much depends on that effort. The congressional tyro feels that the eyes of the House, of his constituents, perhaps of the whole country and of posterity, are fixed upon him. Generally he is mistaken as to the number of eyes riveted upon him, but nevertheless he feels as he rises to say " Mr. Speaker " for the first time, that he is a sort of universal optical target, and so feeling he is liable to an attack of heart-failure or stage fright. Lucky the member who catches the ear of the House and of the country in delivering his " maiden speech." He is not only lucky. He is scarce—almost as scarce as hens' teeth.

In due time Private John Allen delivered his " maiden speech " in Congress, proved to be one of the lucky ones, and took an instant secure hold on the auricular appendage of the House, which he held as long as he occupied his seat. The members regarded Allen as a godsend—as a welcome and grateful relief from what the late lamented Mr. Mantalini would have denominated " the demnition horrid grind " of the congressional mill. John arose to make his " maiden speech" an obscure member. Next morning he awoke to find himself famous, as did Lord Byron after the publication of the opening cantos of " Childe Harold," and the fame of the Mississippi humorist was as fairly won and as justly bestowed as was that of the English poet.

The river and harbor bill was up. John wanted to offer an amendment making an appropriation for the Tombigbee River. The chairman of the committee, Mr. Willis of Kentucky, had promised him time and had then forgotten it. John asked unanimous consent to address the House, and Willis tried to help him get it, but some one objected, whereupon John, with tears in his voice and looking doleful as a hired mourner at a funeral, said with melancholy accent, " Well, I would at least like to have permission to print some remarks in the ' Record ' and insert ' laughter and applause ' in appropriate places." That was his astonishing exordium. The palpable hit at one of the most common abuses of the House—" leave to print "—tickled the members greatly, and he secured the unanimous consent which he desired. He closed that speech with an amazing exhibition of assurance, which added to his fame more than the speech itself. He wound up by saying, "Now, Mr. Speaker, having fully answered all the arguments of my opponents, I will retire to the cloak-room for a few moments, to receive the congratulations of admiring friends"—which set the House and galleries wild with delight. He did retire to the cloak-room, and did receive the congratulations of admiring friends—a performance which has been going on at frequent intervals ever since.

Champ Clark.

# ORATORY OF THE STUMP

THE pulpit, the bar, and the stump are the three conspicuous arenas of American oratory. To these may be added a fourth, hardly less conspicuous, the legislative assembly; and a fifth, now grown to notable influence, the political convention. Of these, the last three may properly be used to illustrate the American notion of political eloquence. The stump speech is a borrowed institution in everything except its name, though under that somewhat primitive description it has flourished here more luxuriantly than in its native land. Beginning in the form of an appeal of the candidate to the electors in his own behalf, it has broadened until it includes all forms of political discussion addressed to the public at large in mass-meeting assembled.

Both here and in other English-speaking countries it has drawn to itself a shade of disrepute, arising in part from the disdain with which a certain class of people look upon politics, and in part from the fact that cheap and unscrupulous arts which would not be tolerated in the church or even in the court-house have always felt more or less at home in the furious antagonisms of party strife.

The stump orator has not yet entirely recovered from the influence of Thomas Carlyle's fierce satire printed fifty years ago: a satire which was in itself a tribute to the influence of the hustings; since in order to reach the object of his attack he had to impeach the intelligence of the " two finest nations in the world," and give them up in despair as " having gone away after talk and wind." It is easy to see that this clumsy criticism is only a part of his general complaint against the progress of society—the voice of the old régime recording its malediction against the new era.

The stump has suffered in prestige far more, in our own times, on account of a certain want of seriousness in their work exhibited by the orators themselves. This was illustrated at the end of General Harrison's first campaign, when the speakers who had taken part in it gave themselves a dinner in New York, at which they organized the Spellbinders' Association. They gained the title on account of the interesting uniformity of language in which their speeches were habitually reported in the press. Mr. Evarts in his argument in defense of Andrew Johnson said that no speech could be so poor that the newspapers would not describe it as able and eloquent, these being the lowest terms to which friendly reporters could reduce even a worthless discourse. So that the National Committee, finding every speech that was delivered described in prompt letters to the headquarters, and by invariable reports in the local newspapers, as having held the audience spellbound for over two hours, very naturally fell into the way of designating the speakers in words suggested by this phrase. The jest has been perpetuated and has undoubtedly taken away from the stump some of the prestige and dignity with which this form of popular oratory was once clothed.

Another thing has contributed to the decline of stump speaking in popular respect. There was a time when the honor of addressing the people was regarded as a sufficient reward for the time and labor involved. No one expected any other compensation than the good-will of the community, finding expression ultimately in a call to the public service. It is a matter for regret that very little of the campaign speaking of to-day finds its recompense in glory, either abstract or concrete; but rather in an agreed allowance in the standard coin of the realm. This is unfortunate, for the inquiry which naturally arises in the minds of the audience as to the amount of the speaker's *per diem* obviously interferes with the attitude of mind which induces the eager acceptance of truth. This situation is emphasized when an orator, as in the case of one of the most famous of the present time, appears in one campaign for one party and in the next for the other. Such a thing gives a look of bloodless attorneyism to the whole business, and puts the audience on its guard against the loss of self-control which is sometimes brought on by the passion of the speaker.

But notwithstanding all that the stump has to contend with, it still remains and must always remain a potent center of influence. The satire, bred in high intellectual atmospheres, which derides it, is aimed at our form of government; at the management of their own affairs by the people themselves; at parliaments and all manner of representative assemblies; at that tremendous revolution which is gradually preparing the whole world for the new order of things; at "the count of heads" as much as at "the clack of tongues." There is room now and always will be for the skilful, wise, and entertaining discussion of the principles involved in party politics. There is a field, to be sure, and always will be, for triflers, agitators, and adventurers of all kinds, but these no longer dominate our public life, even though there may have been periods when they appeared to do so.

Two recent national experiences, one affecting domestic affairs, and one our relations with the outside world, have operated to lift controversial politics up to a level noticeably higher than is possible in ordinary times. It cannot be doubted that these questions have made a demand for improved forms of public discussion and given a new and large opportunity to all who are able to meet the demand. It has been the favorite belief of many philosophers that such a government as ours would fail when called upon to manage complex and difficult questions, requiring knowledge, research, and calm discretion. The campaign of 1896 presented such a question, and boldly submitted it to the judgment of the whole community. It produced a universal revival of public interest in the stump as a means of popular education. It completed a change which had been going on for many years in the public taste, and which has made earlier methods of political speaking obsolete. It substituted reason for noise, information for inspiration, facts and figures for funny stories and flights of the imagination. The rounded periods of the olden time, left over from the fourth of July, went to pieces under the fire of questions coming, without invitation, from the audience, and the able eloquence of the past took its final place, like rejected manuscripts, in the waste-basket prepared for things that are not available.

Thither also went the time-honored anecdotes handed down to us by our fathers, worn to a polish by the laughter of many generations; and with them all gross allusions or illustrations offensive either to piety or delicacy, for the appearance of women in the audience has done much to lessen the distance between the mass-meeting and the lecture platform. This revolution is evidently permanent and will work to the advantage of every one who seeks to influence the public as a political speaker.

There is no limit to the demand for speakers and the supply appears to be limited only by the severer tests required by a more enlightened public taste. There was a time when the lawyer furnished practically all the secular eloquence consumed in the country; but the every-day citizen is beginning to find his voice, since nothing is more natural than that an age which desires to learn should be willing to sit at the feet of any one who knows the practical realities of life. The idea is slowly gaining ground that whoever knows anything with thorough accuracy has little difficulty in telling it in a form entirely acceptable. This was illustrated in the recent national campaign, when Senator Hanna, who was sixty years old before he attempted to make a public address, was everywhere accorded a distinction as an orator rarely attained after a lifetime of training.

It is doubtful if the famous Greek orators, "those ancient, whose resistless eloquence," as Milton says, "wielded at will the fierce Democratie," ever enjoyed a wilder night than this blunt man of affairs had last November in the midst of the howling multitude which greeted him in the campaign tent which he set up near the stock-yards of Chicago, or ever won a more complete victory by the use of simpler, plainer arts of speech. It may be taken for granted, however, that whoever would deal with the modern American mass-meeting must put into the preparation of his speech time and labor without stint or grudging. The ordinary man who undertakes to do any large amount of his thinking on his feet often finds himself before an audience likely to value its own off-hand impressions even more highly than they do his. But this is not altogether a new thing, for neither Athens, nor Rome, nor Westminster, has left to us any records of eloquence which may not be used to emphasize the fact that little or nothing worth remembering has ever been spoken in this world without the most painstaking preparation entering into the very language and arrangement of the speech. If that were not so our school children would not be reciting to-day words of

Demosthenes, or Burke, or Webster, as they would all have perished in the utterance.

There are orators who affect to despise the smell of oil and to count it as a superiority that they speak extemporaneously; but such can get little comfort out of the study of the lives and labors of those who have made a permanent impression on the art; and besides that, most of them do not tell the truth, but are trying to have credited to their genius what in reality belongs to their labor, forgetting altogether that there is no genius except hard work. There is of course a level of public speaking which does not require an elaborate forecast of words and phrases; indeed such a thing would be likely to injure the discourse; and, in that case, a complete knowledge of the subject is vastly more important than an arrangement of set phrases. But where the end aimed at is one which involves the sensibilities, the prejudices, the hopes or the fears of men, as in the peroration of Mr. Webster's reply to Hayne, or in Mr. Lincoln's first inaugural, a subtle skill is involved which does not come within the reach of faculties hurried and worn in the actual delivery of the speech. Before the youthful aspirant to oratorical honors is misled into supposing that those portions of great speeches which live in the literature of popular eloquence were the spontaneous outbursts of natural talents acting in the heat of the moment, it might be well for him to examine *facsimiles* of the original manuscripts with their curious erasures and interlineations.

The stump has been the last field of oratory to submit to the exactions of toil and care and unremitting attention to details. This has been partly the fault of the public, which has allowed itself to be imposed upon by patiently receiving all sorts and conditions of speeches. The schoolhouse and the newspaper have gone far to restore even the remote rural districts to their natural rights in these matters. Charles James Fox once said that however humble his audience he always felt that it was his duty to do his best. That course was a good thing for the audience and undoubtedly a good thing for the orator, for with whatever art a man has to do, it is never safe to fall below the best there is in him.

The time has come in the United States when no community is so remote that it does not demand a high order of public speaking, and there are few experienced stump speakers who do not appreciate the advantages of coming in contact with the vitality and eager intelligence which are found even in secluded and unpretentious villages. The stump speaker of to-day has a good many competitors, and it behooves him to bring to his audience fresh knowledge, or if that is impossible, at least the old familiar knowledge dressed up so that its friends will be glad to renew its acquaintance.

It was at one time thought that the art of printing had made away with the art of speaking. Macaulay, in a fragmentary essay on the Athenian orators, says that "the effect of the great freedom of the press in England has been in a great measure to destroy this art and to leave among us little of what I call oratory proper. Our legislators, our candidates, on great occasions even our advocates, address themselves less to the audience than to the reporters. They think less of the few hearers than of the innumerable readers." This was written more than half a century ago, and while there is some force in it, it evidently overstates the hostile influence of the newspaper against the public speaker. In the first place, very few speeches are printed. The "Congressional Record" alone among current periodicals prints all the speeches which are addressed to it; in truth it breaks all bounds of generosity in saving the House of Representatives from the necessity of hearing speeches, by printing them whether they are delivered or not.

There is nothing in the fact that a speech is printed in the newspapers to lead a wise man to lower the standard of his art in presenting it to an audience. The influence which the press has had on oratory lies in another direction. The enterprise of the modern newspaper tends to exhaust subjects, to saturate the public with knowledge of the things about which the orator is to speak, taking away from him the interest which attaches to novelty and exclusive information. It is easy to see that all this has tended to kill certain kinds of oratory, and to put all who seek to influence the public thought under a high pressure to present common forms of knowledge in such a way as to hold the attention and to impress the judgment of those who hear.

Indeed some, with strange perversity, have claimed that the highest attainment of the orator possible in these days is to deal with the convictions of the audience in such a way as to emphasize the truth already in their minds. Such was the achievement of Mr. Bryan at Chicago. He stated no new facts; the body of his discourse being taken almost verbatim from speeches which he had been delivering in various parts of the country for the space of two years. There was nothing in what he said to convert anybody to the views which he was defending, and in fact he converted nobody to those views. But he did a thing even more remarkable; he converted everybody that held those views to him, in such a way that they have taken a special interest in him ever since. He found an audience already of his way of thinking, though when he took the floor the majority of the convention was in despair because nobody had been able to make an intelligible statement of their opinions in a tone of voice loud enough to be heard. At last this young man got the opportunity which he came there to seek. He had the look of an athlete as he stood up in that tumultuous assembly. His voice was strong and musical and he had learned how to use it. It reached the extreme limit of the amphitheater, and as he spoke he made every inflection count; so that while he did not add an idea to the sum of human knowledge and but few striking phrases to the familiar vocabulary of the discussion, it gradually dawned upon the convention that they had found in him their appointed leader in the great controversy upon which they were about to enter.

Yet his whole art consisted in summarizing the prejudices and convictions of the convention audibly, so that they could be heard and coherently, so that they could be understood. It is in vain to belittle Mr. Bryan's achievement; for though he was without money or influential connections of any kind, it made him, before yet he had reached the age of forty, the well-beloved leader of millions of people and a distinct factor in the thought and progress of our times.

There need be no fear that the spoken word will ever lose its power to influence the world. The newspaper will have no more potency in abolishing the political speech than the Tract Society will have in diminishing the importance of the preacher. It may change and in fact already has changed, not only the taste of the audience, but the style of the orator. And the opinion is ventured here that in both cases the alteration has been for the better. It may be that the higher powers of the orator, like the higher ranges of poetry, come in such close touch with the world of the imagination that they are more native to primitive stages in the growth of culture than to money-making industrial ages.

Politics sometimes get into a rut when old questions are worn out and new ones not yet ready to run the gantlet of discussion. In such periods speech-making, in Congress and out, is prone to become either visionary or commonplace. But when times of national trial come, or when problems arise which deal with the sources of prosperity, neither orators nor audiences are likely to be wanting. The themes created by such exigencies are in themselves noble and commanding. They make American public life at once a field of usefulness and an opportunity for distinction. Such a field ought to be guarded against the intrusion of mercenary motives and unworthy ambitions. Whoever enters it is under a high obligation to speak the truth. Even the bitterest contests that are waged upon it are not without their value, since it is in the dust of controversy that the true relations of things are most perfectly discerned.

The candidate standing before the people seeking a commission to act in their behalf is not a figure to be despised. He stands for our form of government at the very sources of authority by which the nation itself acts. Wherever speech is free, liberty is safe. The democracy of England and America is no fierce mob, bewildered by the babble of tongues or the scribble of pens. It is an eager citizenship, anxious for the national welfare, having within it a tribunal of reason and conscience before which all causes are to be heard, and from which must emanate the final judgments that direct the progress of mankind. While that tribunal stands, the stump orator, whether he be a country lawyer, speaking to a handful in the district schoolhouse, or an ex-President of the United States, in Carnegie Hall, defending the national integrity in words carried by the press to the attention of millions, ought not to be disparaged in any sane estimate of the forces which control the national life.

J. P. Dolliver

# *CONTENTS*

## VOLUME X

PAGE

Clergy, Church, Creed . . . . . . . 1
Statesmen and Politicians . . . . . 27
Bench and Bar . . . . . . . . 41
Doctor and Patient . . . . . . . 61
Lincoln . . . . . . . . . 71
War and Soldiers . . . . . . . 83
Patriotism . . . . . . . . . 113
Childhood . . . . . . . . . 123
School and College . . . . . . . 143
Love and Marriage . . . . . . . 151
Woman . . . . . . . . . . 175
Manners and Customs . . . . . . 187
Personals and Oddities . . . . . . 201
Tricks, Rogues, Games . . . . . . 211
Conviviality, Dissipation . . . . . 231
Anecdote Applied . . . . . . . 245
Blunders, Irishisms . . . . . . . 251
Travel . . . . . . . . . . 265
Business . . . . . . . . . 271
Master and Servant . . . . . . 283
Miscellaneous . . . . . . . . 291
General Index . . . . . . . . 315

## *ILLUSTRATIONS*

### VOLUME X

| | FACING PAGE |
|---|---|
| JONATHAN P. DOLLIVER . . . . | *Frontispiece* |
| CHAMP CLARK . . . . . . . . . | 35 |
| JOHN M. ALLEN . . . . . . . . | 272 |
| HENRY CODMAN POTTER . . . . . . | 297 |

# ANECDOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS

# CLERGY, CHURCH, CREED

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**Cost Considerable.**—A clergyman addressed the father of a family he was visiting: "Well, John, I hope you keep family worship regularly?" "Ay, sir," answered John, "in the time o' year o't." "In the time o' year o't, John! What do you mean?" "Ye ken, sir, we canna see in winter." "But, John, you should buy candles." "Ay, sir," replied John, "but in that case, I'm afraid the cost might owergang the profit."

**Both May Be There.**—A minister in the north of Scotland took to task one of his hearers who was a frequent defaulter, and was reproaching him as an habitual absentee from public worship. The accused vindicated himself on the plea of a dislike to long sermons. "'Deed, man," said his reverend minister, a little nettled at the insinuation thrown out against himself, "if ye dinna mend, ye may land yerself where ye'll no' be troubled wi' mony sermons, either lang or short." "Weel, aiblins sae," retorted John, "but it mayna be for want o' ministers."

**An Itinerant.**—"Who's your pastor, my dear?" asked a good old lady from the country, addressing her daughter, who has been living in the city for half a year or so. "Really, mother, I hardly know; I never saw him. He was away on vacation last summer, and now he has started on his lecturing tour for the fall. I hope to get acquainted with him during the winter some time."

**Very Tired.**—It would be with you very much as it was with the Scotch congregation, when the minister boasted to his fellow clergyman, "I preached to them two hours and twenty minutes." And the other minister said, "Why, weren't you awfully tired?" "No," he said, "but you ought to have seen the congregation!"—*T. DeWitt Talmage.*

**A Sign of Grace.**—A good story is told by Mr. Aird, Moderator of the Free Church of Scotland, respecting a minister who in the old days of patronage was forced upon a congregation at Alness. He was coldly received, but calling one day upon an old elder, he took a chair in spite of his gruff reception. In order to meet an awkward pause, he took out his snuff-box. "Oh," said the elder, "ye tak' snuff, dae ye?" "Oh, yes," was the reply. "Weel," said the elder, "that's the fust sign o' grace I've seen in ye." "How's that?" "Dae we nae read o' Solomon's temple," replied the elder, "that a' the snuffers were of pure gold?"

**Once Quite Enough.**—"Did you ever," said one preacher to another, "stand at the door after your sermon, and listen to what people said about it as they passed out?" Replied he: "I did once—" a pause and a sigh—"but I'll never do it again."

**Hats Off!**—Mr. Spurgeon on one occasion was much annoyed by three young men persisting in wearing their hats in the Tabernacle. He appeared for the time not to notice them, but proceeded to tell his audience of a visit he paid to a Jewish synagogue. "When I entered," he said, "I took off my hat, but was informed that the great mark of respect was to keep it on. I did so, though I can assure you that I felt very strange wearing my hat in a place of worship. And now, as I paid this mark of respect to the synagogue, may I ask those three Jews in the gallery to conform equally to our rules and kindly uncover their heads." The young men "collapsed."

**Clerical Eye-Service.**—An Irish bishop and a chaplain came to see the passion-play. They would fain have had a room each, but that was not possible. They knelt down separately to say their prayers by their little cots, and presently it crossed the mind of the chaplain that it would not be well to make his orisons shorter than the bishop's, and he glanced over his shoulder to see if his lordship was about to make an end. The bishop, presumably anxious not to scandalize his chaplain by the shortness of his prayers, also glanced over his shoulder, and waited. The process was repeated several times. Both suppliants were very tired; and, in time, both fell asleep. They were found in the morning, on their knees still, and sleeping.

**Botheration.**—One of our bishops, when pastor at Stamford, Conn., asked a little boy afflicted with an impediment of speech how he would like to be a preacher. The little fellow replied: "I-I w-w-w-would l-l-like the p-p-pounding and the h-h-hollering, b-b-but the s-s-speaking w-w-would b-b-b-bother me."

**Wheels.**—A level-headed old Yankee had, among other ills, to bear with the vagaries of a hysterical wife with a tendency to religious dissipation. She was just then a Millerite and a firm believer in the coming end that night—and she faithfully watched for it. Jacob was tired and needed rest, and lacked confidence; he went to sleep. The snow was about four feet deep all over the country, and in the course of the night, it was said, the wife excitedly called her husband, and said: "Wake, Jacob, wake! Gabriel is comin' now, cert'n! I hear the rumblin' of his chariot-wheels." He was reported to have said: "Go to sleep, you old fool; do you s'pose he'd come on wheels sech sleighin' as this?"—*Grosvenor P. Lowrey.*

**A Substitute.**—Father Shebane, an old Universalist preacher in Alabama, was known as "The Walking Bible." In the court-house it was discovered on one occasion that there was no Bible to swear the jurors and witnesses upon. The judge, casting his eyes on the venerable preacher, said: "There's Shebane, he has the Bible in his head; let them lay their hands upon him, and that will answer the purpose."

**Against Manuscript Sermons.**—A clergyman thought his people were making rather an unconscionable objection to his using a manuscript in delivering a sermon. They urged, "What gars ye tak up your bit papers to the pu'pit?" He replied that it was best, for really he could not remember his sermons, and must have his paper. "Weel, weel, minister, then dinna expect that we can remember them."

**Not Much Left.**—"Well, Father Brown, how did you like her sermon yesterday?" asked a young preacher. "You see, parson," was the reply, "I haven't a fair chance at them sermons o' yourn. I'm an old man now, 'n' have to set putty well back by the stove; 'n' ther's old Miss Smith, 'n' widow Taff, 'n' Mrs. Rylan's daughters, 'n' Nabby Birt, 'n' all the rest settin' in front o' me, with their mouths wide open, a swallerin' down all the best o' the sermon, 'n' what gits down to me is putty poor stuff, parson—putty poor stuff."

**Not So Important.**—Cotton Mather tells an excellent story of a Boston divine who went to preach to the fishermen of Marblehead, and who exhorted them earnestly not to forget religion, which was the main end of the settlement. "Oh, no," said one of the fishermen, "not at all; he thinks that he is preaching in Boston. Religion is all very well: that is the main end in Boston. But here at Marblehead our main end is fishing."—*George William Curtis.*

**Challenged.**—An old deacon found fault with his minister once, and at last his minister told him that he would let him preside on a given occasion and make a speech. The deacon attempted it; and choking, he hesitated and coughed and stammered, and the girls and boys beginning to laugh at him, in a huff he said, finally: "If you can do any better than I can, come up here and try it."—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

**Witty Priest and Solemn Statesman.**—What a diverting scene was that when a certain witty Irish priest was invited to a breakfast by Mr. G——, then in power, to meet a strange gathering of "thinkers," advanced and others, to whom in his quiet but none the less effective style he addressed his pleasant rallyings. Of a sudden the great man, with one of those curious turns to which he was partial, amid all the laughter became grave and preternaturally solemn. Lowering his voice into conspiracy tones, as though big with some coming revelation, he said mysteriously: "What will you say to this, Father H——, when I tell you that on my last visit to Italy I saw on the door of the church of St. Agnes, a list of indulgences, and actually saw written up there a remission of one thousand years of punishment on payment of one franc? What do you say to that?" "What do I say?" said the priest gaily; "why, I say it was dirt-cheap!"

**Money Wanted.**—"Brudren," said a darky minister down on a plantation, "brudren, I's got a five-dollar sermon, an' a two-dollar sermon, an' a one-dollar sermon, an' I want dis here indelicate audience to take up a collection as to which one ob dem dey can afford to hear."—*Theodore Cuyler.*

**Carried Metal.**—It was said of one clergyman, that if he was not as wise as Solomon, he was at any rate like him in one respect—he brought a great deal of "consecrated brass" into the temple every time he entered it.—*Rev. R. S. Storrs.*

**Effectual Prayer.**—One of the most eminent of New England divines, himself the son of a Puritan clergyman, told me that when a boy he heard the deacons at his father's house discussing the merits of their respective ministers. After many had spoken, one old elder said, "Waal, our minister gives so much attention to his farm and orchard that we get pretty poor sermons; but he's mighty movin' in prayer in caterpillar and canker-worm time."—*Chauncey M. Depew.*

**His Samples.**—An English theologian and Wesleyan was in the habit of carrying with him a strong bottle of pepper-sauce, the very strongest he could find. He would not trust to that furnished by the hotels. One day a guest said to him: "Please pass those peppers over this way." "Why, I beg your pardon, but that is my private property." "Well, give a fellow a taste of it anyway." He tasted it and then said after a moment, "You are a preacher, are you not?" "Yes." "An orthodox preacher?" "I am so taken and accepted." "You believe in hell-fire?" "Well, I feel it incumbent upon myself to warn the impenitent of their danger." "You believe in a literal hell-fire?" "I so interpret the Scriptures." "Well," said the guest, "I have met your kind before, but I never before met a man who carried his samples with him."—*J. P. Brushingham.*

**His Stick.**—"On my first visit to Edinburgh," says a traveler, "having heard a great deal of the oratorical powers of some of the members of the General Assembly, I was anxious to hear and judge for myself. I accordingly paid an early visit to it. My attention was soon directed to the speaker, who had opened the discourse of the day. I wished to know who he was, and applied to my neighbor: 'Pray sir, can you tell me who is speaking now?' The man turned on me a defiant and contemptuous look for my ignorance, and answered, looking reverently at the cane on which his hands were imposed: 'Sir, that's the great Doctther Chawmers, and I'm haudin' his stick!'"

**Why He Was In Jail.**—A kind-hearted clergyman asked a convict how he came to be in jail. The fellow said, with tears in his eyes, that he was coming home from prayer-meeting, and sat down to rest, fell asleep, and while he was asleep there the county built a jail around him, and when he awoke the jailer wouldn't let him out.

**Warm Period.**—On a very cold day, when the church was inadequately warmed, he preached from a hot text. At the conclusion of the service he reached over the pulpit and said, in a tone audible to all the congregation: "Deacon Craig, do, pray, see that this church is properly warmed this afternoon. There is no use in my preaching to sinners of the dangers of hell when the very idea of hell is a comfort to them."—*Henry Elias Howland.*

**Sympathy for Orphans.**—Many anecdotes of pithy and facetious replies are recorded of a Scotch minister of the South, usually distinguished as "Our Wattie Dunlop." On one occasion two irreverent young fellows determined, as they said, to "taigle" (confound) the minister. Coming up to him in the High street of Dumfries, they accosted him with much solemnity: "Master Dunlop, hae ye heard the news?" "What news?" "Oh, the deil's dead." "Is he?" said Mr. Dunlop, "then I maun pray for twa faitherless bairns."

**It Made Him Worse.**—Dr. Talmage found a drunken man sitting on the steps of his Tabernacle. Dr. Talmage takes every one in at that Tabernacle; so he tried to take this man. But the man refused. "I was thinking I would join your church," he said, "but the longer I think about it, the sicker I feel."—*William Walter Phelps.*

**Good Memory, Bad Judgment.**—A minister in Scotland, who was somewhat remarkable for the singularity of his opinions in theological matters, was one day riding abroad, when, coming suddenly to a boggy part of the road, called in that part of the country a spout, his mare plunged in, and stuck so fast that it was not without considerable difficulty and danger she could be extricated. About a year after he had occasion to travel by the same way, and his old mare was still the companion of his journey. The road was now mended, and in excellent condition; but, on approaching the spot where her former disaster happened, the mare suddenly stood still, snorted, pricked her ears, and neither blows nor entreaties could induce her to go forward. The parson was obliged to dismount; and leading the refractory animal along he exclaimed, "Ah, you old fool! you are like mony ane o' my flock—you have a good memory, but nae judgment."

**Plain-Speaking.**—"I was at the manse the ither day," said the precentor to an old crony, "an' the minister and me got on the crack. He says to me: 'Jim,' says he, 'I'm very sorry to tell you that I must advise you to give up your post, for there are several people complaining that you cannot sing!' 'Weel, sir,' said I, 'I dinna ken you should be in sic a hurry to advise me. I've been telt a dizzen times ye canna preach, but I never advised ye to gie up your place."

**Alas!**—I fear to be as that Methodist minister who ended his sermon: "Brethren, I have had a great subject, but it has caved in on me."—*Melancthon W. Stryker.*

**Matter More Than Manner.**—Norman Macleod was once preaching in a district in Ayrshire, where the reading of a sermon is regarded as the greatest fault of which the minister can be guilty. When the congregation dispersed, an old woman, overflowing with enthusiasm, addressed her neighbor: "Did ye ever hear onything sae gran'? Wasna that a sermon?" But all her expressions of admiration being met by a stolid glance, she shouted: "Speak, woman! Wasna that a sermon?" "Ou ay," replied her friend sulkily; "but he read it." "Read it!" said the other, with indignant emphasis. "I wadna care if he had whussled it."

**Out of It.**—When the Second Advent preacher met Theodore Parker in the street and assured him that the end of the world was certainly coming within a month, Mr. Parker replied: "That doesn't concern me; I live in Boston."—*George A. Marden.*

**A Handy Illustration.**—The bishop was successful in his remonstrance with a young rector who drove tandem, to the scandal of the pious and the discredit of the church. "But," said the rector, "your lordship drives two horses, and the only difference between us is that your lordship drives them side by side and I drive them one in front of the other." The bishop's answer was admirable. Placing his hands together in the attitude of prayer he said, "When I place my hands thus you will perceive that I place them in an attitude becoming a Christian and a bishop, but when I place them thus (extending the fingers of both hands one in front of the other and applying his thumb to his nose), you will admit that the case is not quite the same."

**No Lord's Day!**—In a certain district in the Highlands, the bellman one day made the following proclamation: "Oyes, oyes, and oyes; and that's three times! You'll all pe tak' notice, that there will pe no Lord's day here next Sabbath, pecause the laird's wife wants the kirk to dry her clothes in!"

**A Mighty Hunter.**—The Rev. Frank Burges, rector of Winterbourne, Bristol, and formerly Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford, was the author of that admirable reply which silenced Bishop Wilberforce on one occasion. Mr. Burges was taken to task by his diocesan for hunting; to which he replied that he did not think hunting more unclerical than dancing, having observed that the bishop had attended her majesty's state balls. The bishop excused himself by saying that he was never in the same room with the dancers. To which the witty retort was: "No more am I, my lord, ever in the same field with the fox!"

**Heavenly Messages.**—Archbishop Leighton never was married. While he held the See of Dumblane, he was of course a subject of considerable interest to the celibate ladies in the neighborhood. One day he received a visit from one of them who had reached the age of desperation. On being questioned she confessed that it had been intimated to her in a vision from heaven that she was to be united in marriage to the bishop. He recovered, and very gently addressing her, said that doubtless these intimations were not to be despised. As yet, however, the designs of heaven were but imperfectly explained, as they had been revealed to only one of the parties. He would wait to see if any similar communication should be made to himself, and whenever it happened he would be sure to let her know.

**Spiking an Old Gun.**—When Mr. Shirra was parish minister of St. Miriam's, one of the members of the church was John Henderson or Anderson—a very decent, sober shoemaker—who left the church and joined the Independents, who had a meeting in Stirling. Some time afterwards, when he met John on the road, Mr. Shirra said: "And so, John, I understand you have become an Independent?" "'Deed, sir," replied John, "that's true." "Oh, John," said the minister, "I'm sure you ken that a rolling stane gathers nae moss." "Ay," said John, "that's true, too; but can ye tell me what guid the moss does to the stane?"

**Long and Strong.**—Old Doctor Strong, of Hartford, Conn., was not often outwitted by his people. On one occasion he had invited a young minister to preach for him, who proved rather a dull speaker, and whose sermon was unusually long. The people became thoroughly wearied. Doctor Strong lived near the bridge, and about the time for the commencement of the afternoon service he saw his people flocking in great numbers across the river to the other church. He readily understood that they feared they should hear the same young man in the afternoon. Collecting his wits, he said to the young minister, "My brother who ministers at the church across the river is very feeble, and I know he will take it kindly if you will preach to his people. If you agree, I will give you a note to him, and be as much obliged to you as I would to have you preach for me, and I want you to preach the same sermon you preached to my people this morning." The young minister, supposing this to be a commendation of his sermon, started off in good spirits, delivered his note, and was most cordially invited to preach. He saw before him one half of Doctor Strong's people, and they had to listen for an hour and a half to the same dull, humdrum sermon they had heard in the morning. But they understood the joke, and said they would never undertake to run away from Doctor Strong again.

**A Stolen Discourse.**—It must have been with infinite amusement that Henry Ward Beecher, during a vacation, once heard one of his own published sermons delivered in an obscure village. At the close of the service he accosted the divine, and said: "That was a fair discourse; how long did it take you to write it?" "Oh, a matter of a day or so," was the reply. "Indeed," said Mr. Beecher; "it took me three weeks to think out the framework of that sermon." "Are you Henry Ward Beecher?" said the astonished preacher. "I am," was the reply. "Well then," said the unabashed prig, "all that I have to say is, that I am not ashamed to preach one of your sermons anywhere."

**Eternal.**—When Mr. Beecher was writing his "Life of Christ," a friend who called upon him in his study asked him the question: "When will the 'Life of Christ' be finished?" Mr. Beecher answered: "'The Life of Christ' will never be finished; it is a part of the life of humanity. Christ will live as long as man lives."—*William R. Terrett.*

**Not Much?**—We heard the other day of a young minister who was very handsomely "taken down" by a bright little girl. He had been called upon quite unexpectedly to address a Sunday school, and to give himself time to collect his thoughts he asked a question, "Children," said he, "what shall I speak about?" A little girl on the front seat who had herself committed to memory several declamations held up her hand and in a shrill voice asked, "What do you know?"

**Labor Is Prayer.**—Dr. Macleod and Dr. Watson were in the West Highlands together on a tour, before leaving for India. While they were crossing a loch in a boat, in company with a number of passengers, a storm came on. One of the passengers was heard to say: "The twa ministers should begin to pray, or we'll a' be drooned." "Na, na," said a boatman; "the little ane can pray, if he likes, but the big ane must tak' an oar!"

**Eating Among the Brutes.**—The Rev. Dr. M'C——, minister of Douglas, in Clydesdale, was one day dining with a large party where the Hon. Henry Erskine and some lawyers were present. A great dish of watercresses being, according to the fashion of the period, handed round after dinner, Dr. M'C——, who was extravagantly fond of vegetables, helped himself much more largely than any other person, and, as he ate with his fingers with a peculiar voracity of manner, Mr. Erskine was struck with the idea that he resembled Nebuchadnezzar in his state of condemnation. Resolved to give the minister a hit for the grossness of his taste and manner of eating, the wit addressed him with: "Dr. M'C——, ye bring me in mind o' the great king Nebuchadnezzar"; and the company were beginning to titter at the ludicrous allusion, when the reverend devourer of cresses replied: "Ay, do I mind ye o' Nebuchadnezzar? That'll be because I'm eating amang the brutes, then."

**Old Women.**—"Pray, sir," said an elderly lady from the country, who with her daughters occupied seats close to Hook on a state occasion, "who are those gentlemen?" pointing as she spoke to the bishops, who appeared wearing the rochet and lawn sleeves and their doctor's robes. "Gentlemen, madam?" said he, "those are not gentlemen; those are not gentlemen, they are ladies, elderly ladies, the dowager peeresses in their own right."

**Fees and Degrees.**—Wanting some alterations made in the palace at Fulham, the Bishop of London employed a first-rate architect to inspect the building, and to consult as to what was needed to be done. The business occupied the architect three or four hours; and the bishop, on the report of the expenses, determined not to proceed. He said, however, "Be good enough to tell me your fee." "I thank your lordship—a hundred guineas." "A hundred guineas?" "Yes, my lord." "Why, many of my curates do not receive so much for a whole year's services." "Very true, my lord; but I am a bishop in my profession!" The check was drawn and handed over in silence.

**Shut Him Up.**—Not long since, on a Sunday evening, a certain minister was holding forth to a respectable congregation, and being rather long in his sermon, some of his hearers began to get impatient, when, to the great surprise of all present, an elderly matron, sitting in the body of the church, called out in a clear, shrill voice, "Cut it short, Mr. ———; it only wants five minutes to eight!" Difficulty was experienced by those present in keeping their risible muscles in subjection, while the effect on the oratorical powers of the preacher was magical—in fact it proved a "settler," for he immediately gave out the doxology and the meeting was brought to a speedy termination.

**It Shall Vanish Away.**—A gentleman was once riding in Scotland by a bleaching-ground, where a woman was at work watering her webs of linen cloth. He asked her where she went to church, what she heard, and how much she remembered of the preceding day's sermon. She could not even remember the text. "And what good can the preaching do you," said he, "if you forget it all?" "Ah, sir," replied the woman, "if you look at this web on the grass, you will see that as fast as ever I put the water on it the sun dries it all up; and yet, see it grows whiter and whiter."

**Cure and Curate.**—Cornelius O'Dowd says that when a friend of his once met Sydney Smith at Brighton, where he had gone to reduce himself by the use of certain baths in vogue in those days, he observed a decrease in Sydney's size, and said: "You are certainly thinner than when I saw you last." "Yes," said he, "I have only been ten days here, but they have already scraped enough off me to make a curate."

**Nothing, and How to See It.**—An Irish priest, proceeding to chapel, observed several girls seated on a tombstone, and asked them what they were doing there? "Nothing at all, please your riverence," was the reply of one of them. "Nothing?" said the priest; "what is nothing?" "Shut your eyes, your riverence," retorted the girl, "and you'll see it."

**No Snoring.**—One of Peter Glass' parishioners, a farmer of the name of Cowan, was remarkable for the habit of sleeping during the sermon. Whenever Mr. Glass observed him to sleep, he stopped his sermon, and desired a neighbor of the guilty person to awake him. Mr. Cowan was very much annoyed by this practice on the part of the clergyman; and at last, one day, meeting him on the street, said he would willingly cause his horses to drive all the minister's coal gratis, provided he would permit him to get his customary nap, which he said was truly necessary to him, on account of his incessant labors during the week. To this the minister assented, though only with the intention of keeping his word of promise to the ear, and breaking it to the hope. Next Sunday, on Mr. Cowan proceeding to sleep as usual, the preacher stopped, and cried out, "Waken Robin Cowan in the wast laft." On the poor man being roused accordingly, he fell a-rubbing his head with an air of great concern, and exclaimed: "Minister, d'ye no mind oor bargain?" "Oh, brawly do I mind oor bargain," answered the minister; "but, ye ken, Robin, though I agreed to let ye sleep, I didna gie ye leave to snore."

**The Rebate.**—"Do you make any reduction to a minister?" said a young lady in Richmond the other week to a salesman. "Always. Are you a minister's wife?" "Oh, no! I am not married," said the lady blushing. "Daughter, then?" "No." The tradesman looked puzzled. "I am engaged to a theological student." The reduction was made.

**Preacher and Convert.**—Rowland Hill was on one occasion passing along a country lane at night when he heard some one groaning in a ditch. With some difficulty he succeeded in helping what proved to be a drunken man out of the mire into which he had fallen, when, to his astonishment, in a momentary gleam of intelligence the man recognized him and said: "'Ullo, Mr. 'ill, zat you? Don't yer know yer converted me last week?" "I converted you, did I?" said the eccentric preacher. "That's just like my dirty work."

**A Reduction.**—The loyal sons of New England, devoted to her traditions and training, who have braved the dangers of her dinners and the wind-storms of her presiding officers for scores of years, may well sympathize with the clergyman who said joyfully to a brother of the cloth: "We have just terminated the greatest revival our church has experienced for many years." "I rejoice to hear it," said the other. "How many did you add to the fold?" "Well, we didn't add any, but we got rid of three."—*Henry Elias Howland.*

**Lawyer and Christian Chinee.**—Some time ago a well-known Pacific coast attorney, who prides himself upon his handling of Chinese witnesses, was defending a railway damage case. The lawyer is a bit near-sighted, so failed to note when a Chinaman came upon the stand that the witness' clothing was of finer texture than that of the ordinary coolie. Instead of the usual questions as to name, residence, the nature of an oath, etc., the following dialogue ensued: "What your name?" "Kee Lung." "You live San Francisco?" "Yes." "You sabbie God?" "Mr. Attorney, if you mean, 'Do you understand the entity of our Creator?' I will simply say that Thursday evening next I shall address the State Ministerial Association on the subject of 'Tripersonality,' and shall be pleased to have you attend." To the day of his death that lawyer will never cease to be asked, "Sabbie God?"

**Words and Work.**—"Brudren," said a darky in a prayer-meeting, "I feel 's ef I could talk mo' good in five minutes dan I could do in a year."

**Surprise Above.**—There is a very old story told of a North Carolina preacher, who was called upon to deliver a sermon at the funeral of a man of his parish whose antecedents had left in his mind very grave doubts whether his soul had taken the upward direction after it was separated from the body. However, he was equal to the emergency, and he got over the difficulty in this way: Said he, "My brethren, there will be a great many surprises for you if any of you happen to reach the kingdom of heaven; you will look about you expecting to find a great many people who won't be there; you will see a great many people there that you had no idea would ever get in; but the last and greatest surprise of all will be that you got there yourselves!"—*Isaac H. Bailey.*

**Coolness.**—A certain eminent judge who was recently re-elected, when he was asked about the facility with which he turned from one case to another, replied that he had learned that from what he saw at a baptism of colored people when he was a boy. The weather was very cold, so that to immerse the candidates they were obliged to cut away the ice. It befell that one of the female converts, when she was dipped back in the water, because of the cold moved about, and in a moment she had slipped from the preacher's hands and gone down-stream under the ice. The preacher looked up at the crowd on the bank with perfect calmness, and said: "Brethren, this sister hath departed—hand me down another."

**Profane Silence.**—The other day upon the links hard by—I do not say Dyker Meadow—a distinguished clergyman was playing a closely-contested game of golf. He carefully teed up his ball and addressed it with the most approved grace; he raised his driver and hit the ball a tremendous clip, but instead of soaring into the azure it perversely went about twelve feet to the right and then buzzed around in a circle. The clerical gentleman frowned, scowled, pursed up his mouth, and bit his lips, but said nothing, and a friend who stood by him said: "Doctor, that is the most profane silence I ever witnessed." —*Frederic A. Ward.*

**A Consistent Seceder.**—A worthy old seceder used to ride from Gargrennock to Bucklyvie every Sabbath to attend the Burgher kirk. One day, as he rode past the parish kirk of Kippen, the elder of the place accosted him: "I'm sure, John, it's no' like the thing to see you ridin' in sic' a downpour o' rain sae far by to thae seceders. Ye ken the mercifu' man is mercifu' to his beast. Could ye no step in by?" "Weel," said John, "I wadna care sae muckle about stablin' my beast inside, but it's anither thing mysel' gain' in."

**What Is Prayed For.**—An old darky who was asked if in his experience prayer was ever answered, replied: "Well, sah, some pra'rs is ansud an' some isn't—'pends on what yo' asks fo'. Jest arter de wah, w'en it was mighty hard scratchin' fo' de culled brudren, I 'bsarved dat w'enebber I pway de Lo'd to sen' one o' Massa Peyton's fat turkeys fo' de ole man, dere was no notice took ob de partition; but w'en I pway dat he would sen' de ole man fo' de turkey, de ting was 'tended to befo' sunup nex' mornin', dead sartin."

**He Did.**—My ideal of the church of the present and of a considerable section of the future is illustrated by the sermon of a minister preaching to a company of miners. They were lying around in their loose array, listening or not, as the case might be, and the preacher himself was in his shirt-sleeves, but he was the man for the place. Somehow, right in the midst of his sermon, in which he had made no reference to hell whatever, a man half drunk rose up and said: "Hold up, pard, I have a question to ask. Do you believe in hell?" The preacher was a little taken aback—it would take a great preacher to be equal to the emergency. But he says, "Hold on, brother, if you ask a question like that you should stand up and face the music." The man, who had sunk back on the ground, got up again. "Now," said the preacher, "these are your neighbors, they know you and you know them. Now, straight and true, answer like a man, didn't you ever know some fellow that you thought ought to go to hell?" The man started, and then he said, "Say, pard, you bet I do." —*Prof. Milton S. Terry.*

**Grateful for It.**—A man stepped up to a well-known preacher once and said: "Well, sir, I am an evolutionist, and I want to discuss the question with you. I am also an annihilationist. I believe that when I die that will be the end of me." "Thank God for that!" devoutly ejaculated the minister, as he walked off and left the man perfectly dazed.

**Difference of Opinion.**—Bishop Blomfield when a young man once preached at Chesterfield on the text, "The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God." Anxious to know how he had succeeded, he asked one of his congregation, on the way home, how he liked the sermon. "Oh, Mr. Blomfield," replied the man, "I liked the sermon well enough; but I can't say I agree with you. I think there be a God, after all!"

**Cleanliness and Godliness.**—A traveler who required some hot water for shaving purposes on Sunday, and who was refused the same, got over the difficulty by ordering some hot grog and giving the whiskey to the attendant.

**Their Way.**—"What did the Puritans come to this country for?" asked a Massachusetts teacher of a class in American history. "To worship in their own way, and make other people do the same," was the reply.

**For the Rich.**—Bishop Warren of the Methodist Episcopal Church does not believe in gentle preaching to rich sinners. He says there are some pastors who go at it in this style: "Brethren, you must repent, as it were, and be converted, in a measure, or you will be damned to some extent."

**A Miracle.**—The mention of almsgiving recalls a somewhat ludicrous story of modern date, where a most inopportune miracle was wrought. The well-known French missionary, Father Bridaine, was always poor, for the simple reason that he gave away everything he had. One evening he asked for a night's lodging of the curate of a village through which he passed, and the worthy man, having only one bed, shared it with him. At daybreak, Father Bridaine rose according to custom, and went to say his prayers at a neighboring church. Returning from his sacred duty, he met a beggar who asked alms. "Alas, my friend, I have nothing!" said the good priest, mechanically putting his hand into his breeches pocket, where, to his astonishment, he found something hard wrapped up in paper, which he knew he had not left there. He hastily opened the paper and, seeing four crowns in it, said that it was a miracle! He gave the money to the beggar and hastened into the church to return thanks. The curate soon after arrived there, and Father Bridaine related the miracle with the greatest unction; the curate turned pale, put his hand in his pocket, and instantly saw that Father Bridaine, in getting up in the dark, had taken the wrong pair of breeches. He had performed a miracle with the curate's crowns.

**In All Humility.**—A woman in humble life was asked one day, on her way back from church, whether she had understood the sermon, a stranger having preached. "Wud I hae the presumption!" was her simple and contented answer.

**Candidacy.**—A negro waiter who met Governor Vance in a hotel in Philadelphia was a good theologian. The governor had known him "down South," and having made a few pleasant remarks he began to twit him about religious matters. "Well now, Joe," said the governor, "do you really believe in this election by God, that you speak of?" "'Deed I do, Massa Vance," said the negro, seriously, with a shake of the head. "Well, do you think I am elected to be saved?" "'Scasely know, Massa Vance; but I nebber heard ob any one being 'lected dat wasn't a canderdate."

**Science.**—While he was minister at Leeds, a poor woman who labored under the delusion that she was possessed by a devil applied to Dr. Priestley to take away the evil spirit which tormented her. The doctor attentively listened to her statement, and endeavored to convince her that she was mistaken. All his efforts proving unavailing, he desired her to call the next day, and he promised in the meantime to consider her case. On the morrow the unhappy woman was punctual in her attendance. His electrical apparatus being in readiness, with great gravity he desired the woman to stand upon the stool with glass legs, at the same time putting into her hand a brass chain connected with the conductor, and having charged her plentifully with electricity, he told her very seriously to take particular notice of what he did. He then took up a discharger and applied it to her arm, when the escape of the electricity gave her a pretty strong shock. "There," said she, "the devil's gone; I saw him go in that blue flame, and he gave me such a jerk as he went off! I have at last got rid of him, and I am now quite comfortable."

**Who Made the World?**—A Massachusetts bishop, visiting one of the churches of his diocese, requested that the children of the Sunday-school should be assembled to be catechized. The good bishop put this question rather suddenly to the little boy who stood trembling at the head of the class: "Who made the world?" The little fellow with quivering voice, replied: "I didn't."

**Parting Injunction.**—Some years ago, when "going West" was more of an undertaking than at present, a young man was leaving his home in Vermont for Illinois. The family were gathered to say farewell, and not without tears. The grandfather took the young man by the hand, and said: "Now, John, remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy; and look out for rattlesnakes, and be careful that nobody steals your watch."

Impartial.—At a recent dinner-party the subject of eternal life and future punishment came up for a long discussion, in which Mark Twain, who was present, took no part. A lady near him turned suddenly toward him and exclaimed: "Why do you not say anything? I want your opinion." Twain replied gravely: "Madam, you must excuse me. I am silent of necessity: I have friends in both places."

**In Paris.**—A commercial traveler, wishing to take a rise out of a clergyman who occupied the same compartment, asked him if he had ever heard that in Paris, as often as a priest was hanged, a donkey was hanged at the same time. The victim of the joke replied, in his blandest manner, "Well, then, let us both be thankful that we are not in Paris."

**Got 'Em Yet.**—Winston, a negro, was a preacher in Virginia, and his ideas of theology and human nature were often very original. A gentleman thus accosted him one Sunday: "Winston, I understand you believe every woman has seven devils. Now how can you prove it?" "Well, sah, did yo' ebber read in de Bible how de seben debbels were cast out ob Mary Magdalen?" "Oh, yes, I've heard of that." "Did yo' ebber hear ob dem being cast out ob any udder woman, sah?" "No, I never did." "Well den, de udders got 'em yet."

**His Prayer-Gage.**—A couple of raftsmen were in trouble on the Mississippi River during a gale. The raft was pitching and writhing as if suddenly dropped into Charybdis, while the waves broke over with tremendous uproar; and, expecting instant destruction, one of the raftsmen dropped on his knees and commenced praying with a vim equal to the emergency. Happening to open his eyes for an instant, he observed his companion, not engaging in prayer, but pushing a pole into the water at the side of the raft. "What's that yer doin', Moike?" said he; "get down an yer knees now, for there isn't a minit between us and purgatory." "Be aisy, Pat," said the other, as he coolly continued to punch the water with the pole; "be aisy now! phat's the use o' prayin' whin ye can foind bottom wid a pole?"

**Speeders.**—H—— was sheriff of the county, and C——, a Roman Catholic ecclesiastic—both of them hearty, whole-souled men, and each the owner of a fast horse. Driving through one of the main streets of the city at a 2:40 gait brought them within the reach of the law, and both accordingly found their way to the recorder's office, where due cause was demanded why fines should not be imposed. "Why," said the sheriff (who, it seems, was left behind in the race), "I was only following the church." "And I," quoth the priest, "was running away from the sheriff!" The recorder didn't see it in that light, however, and collected the fine.

**Better.**—On one occasion General R—— was taken suddenly ill with the cramp colic, and it was feared he would die. He had quite a number of slaves, and among them was old Harry, a very pious old darky. The general requested that Harry and the other slaves be called in immediately, to pray for him. They came in, and knelt and prayed with all their might, the General rubbing his body and groaning in agony. After a while he said he felt some easier, and again looking round on his blacks he exclaimed: "You black rascals, stop praying and go to your work; I think I shall get well now!"

**Heredity.**—A Canadian boy, too young to fully comprehend the doctrine of total depravity, but old enough to have at least a vague idea of the hereditary principle in mankind, was recently detected by his paternal ancestor in falsehood, and punished therefor by solitary confinement. The punishment over, the youngster accosted his father with the question: "Pa, did you tell lies when you were little?" The father, perhaps conscience-smitten, evaded the question, but the child, persistent, again asked: "Did you tell lies when you were little?" "No," said the father; "but why do you ask?" "Did ma tell lies when she was little?" "I don't know, my son. You must ask her." "Well," retorted the hopeful, "one of you must have told lies, or you could not have a boy who would!"

**Renouncing the World.**—Chatting with one of her neighbors not long since, a woman related her experience when converted, many years ago, as follows: "I used to be very gay, and fond of the world and all its fashions, till the Lord showed me my folly. I liked silks and ribbons and laces and feathers, but I found they were dragging me down to hell—so I gave them all to my sister!"

**Brain and Bulk.**—When Dr. Bethune was walking with a clergyman almost as full in person as himself, they spied another Brooklyn pastor who presented a perfect contrast to their rotundity, and who at the time was suffering from a horrible attack of dyspepsia. As he approached, Bethune said to his companion, within hearing of the third party, "See there! anybody that looks so cadaverous as that can't have a good conscience." The thin parson was wide-awake, and rejoined, "Brethren, I don't know about the conscience, but I'd rather have the gizzard of one of you than the brains of both."

**"The Lost Sheep."**—A curious incident occurred in a large and well-attended church in Clifton one Sunday evening. The preacher's subject was the "lost sheep," and during the sermon it so happened that a real live lost sheep strayed from Durdham Down, close by, and got itself entangled in the iron railings that surround the church. Thus it was that as the preacher made allusion to the "lost sheep" of the parable, the real live sheep at the church-door answered, "Bah!" in a very loud but piteous tone. "Which of you," said the preacher, "having a hundred sheep"—"Bah! bah!" replied the woolly captive outside. The audience, as it must be at once perceived, were placed in a position of considerable embarrassment, not to mention the poor preacher, especially when he continued, "For I have found the sheep"; and the creature at the door replied, still louder, "Bah! bah! bah!" The audience struggled hard, and the preacher also. They managed not to roar, and he just escaped breaking down.

**Sisterhood.**—"After the battle of Gettysburg," said a Union soldier, "I, as steward, remained with the wounded at Seminary Hospital, in that place. A colored servant of one of the officers, wishing something one day from the kitchen, asked a Sister of Charity for it, addressing her as 'Missus,' and received the usual reply of her order: 'Call me sister.' 'Oh yes, I would, but I'm a black man!' was the reply. The solemn, sad face of the sister relaxed into a smile as she gave him what he desired."

**Marksmanship.**—In the town of W——, Illinois, lived Deacon Wright, an exemplary member of the Freewill Baptist Church. But he was troubled with the weakness as common to deacons as to other men—that of an extra tillage of the "root of evil," and the usual objection to the root spreading. The church building being in want of repair, such as replastering, painting, etc., the deacon, as well as many others, was applied to, and he contributed his mite in conformity with the parable, at least as far as the mite went. One night during prayer-meeting, Elder Woodworth presiding, a large sheet of plaster fell from the ceiling upon the head of Deacon Wright, hurting him somewhat, but frightening and enraging him much more. He sprang to his feet and cried, "I will give ten dollars toward repairing this church!" when, in a solemn voice, Elder Woodworth responded, "Lord, hit him again!"

**A Posted Parson.**—Some thirty years ago, at one of the militia musters in Vermont, old Parson S——, a beloved and much-respected clergyman from the town of G——, was chaplain of the brigade. The brigade inspector, having gone the rounds of the companies, began inspecting field-officers. He came along to Chaplain S——, who was quietly sitting on his horse, and inquired, roughly, "Where are your arms?" Chaplain S—— meekly replied: "I believe, sir, I have all with me the law requires." "Not by a long sight," said the inspector. "Never let me see you on parade again without them." Chaplain S—— submissively bowed his head, but said nothing. After the parade was over, the officers being seated at the dinner-table (the inspector among the number), Chaplain S—— was called upon for a blessing. He prayed eloquently for the rank and file, general, colonel, majors, and lastly the inspector, who was especially remembered in the following words: "Remember our inspector: pardon his honest blunders, and give him more wisdom." That blessing gave them all a hearty appetite (the inspector excepted), and every one admitted that old Parson S—— was "posted."

**True Liberality.**—A Chicago negro in his prayer remembered "de white element in our population."

**Priestcraft Outwitted.**—An Italian noble, being at church one day, and finding a priest who begged for the souls in purgatory, gave him a piece of gold. "Ah! my lord," said the good father, "you have now delivered a soul." The count threw upon the plate another piece. "Here is another soul delivered," said the priest. "Are you positive of it?" asked the count. "Yes, my lord," replied the priest, "I am certain they are now in heaven." "Then," said the count, "I'll take back my money, for it signifies nothing to you now; seeing the souls are already got to heaven, there can be no danger of their returning to purgatory."

**A Real Scotch "Sawbeth."**—The Rev. Moncure D. Conway, while traveling in the neighborhood of the Hebrides, heard several anecdotes illustrative of the fearful reverence with which Scotchmen in that region observe the Sabbath. Says he: "A minister of the kirk recently declared in public that at a country inn he wished the window raised, so that he might get some fresh air, but the landlady would not allow it, saying, 'Ye can hae no fresh air here on the Sawbeth.'"

**A Powerful Preacher.**—Very soon after a Congregational chapel had been planted in a small Scotch community, an incident occurred which showed that the powers of its minister were appreciated in certain quarters. A boy named Johnny Fordyce had been indiscreet enough to put a sixpence in his mouth, and accidentally swallowed it. Mrs. Fordyce, concerned both for her boy and the sixpence, tried every means for its recovery, consulted her neighbors, and finally in despair called in a doctor, but without result. As a last resort, a woman present suggested that they should send for the Congregationalist "meenister." "The meenister!" chorused mother and neighbors. "Ay, the meenister," rejoined the old dame; "od's, if there's ony money in him he'll sune draw it oot o' 'm!"

**Division of Labor.**—An American preacher was holding forth to a somewhat wearied congregation, when he lifted up his eyes to the gallery, and beheld a "Little Pickle" pelting the people with chestnuts. Domine was about to administer a sharp rebuke for this flagrant act of disrespect, but the youth, anticipating him, bawled out, "You mind your preaching, and I'll keep the folks awake!"

**Appointed Time.**—Rev. Dr. W——, of P——, when he can find leisure, is fond of hunting and fishing. He is a keen shot and a ready wit. Coming home one day from a shooting excursion, with several ducks in his hand, he met a Quaker friend, whose salutation was, "Good morning, friend W——. Where did thee get those ducks?" "I shot them," was the answer. "Well, does thee think it is right to give pain to such harmless birds, and even to take away their life?" "Why not?" said the doctor. "You know that they, as well as we, must all die at some time; and if they can be of use to us as food, I do not see any harm in shooting them, any more than in killing the chickens you and I every day eat." "Yes," said the Quaker, "I know every creature must die when its time comes, but it seems cruel to take its life before that time." "Well," said the doctor, "friend H——, when, with a well-loaded gun, I get my eye on a duck, I generally find its time has come. So, even on your own view, there can't be any harm in killing it!" "Ah, friend W——," said the Quaker, with a laugh, "I see it is as hard to get away from thy wit as from thy shot!"

**Measuring His Credit.**—A certain laird in Fife, well known for his parsimonious habits, whilst his substance largely increased did not increase his liberality, and his weekly contribution to the church collection never exceeded the sum of one penny. One day, however, by mistake he dropped into the plate at the door a five-shilling piece, but discovering his error before he was seated in his pew, hurried back, and was about to replace the crown with his customary penny, when the elder in attendance cried out, "Stop, laird; ye may put in what ye like, but ye maun tak' naething out!" The laird, finding that his explanations went for nothing, at last said, "Aweel, I suppose I'll get credit for it in heaven." "Na, na, laird," said the elder, "ye'll only get credit for a penny."

**Solomon's System of Self-Defense.**—"Do you think it would be wrong of me to learn the 'noble art of self-defense'?" a religiously-inclined youth inquired of his pastor. "Certainly not," answered the minister. "I learned it in youth myself, and I have found it of great value during my life." "Indeed, sir! Did you learn the old English system or Sullivan's system?" "Neither. I learned Solomon's system," replied the minister. "Solomon's system?" "Yes. You will find it laid down in the first verse of the fifteenth chapter of Proverbs: 'A soft answer turneth away wrath.' It is the best system of self-defense of which I have any knowledge."

**Like a Sinner.**—A minister was riding through a section of the State of South Carolina, where custom forbade innkeepers to take pay from the clergy who stayed with them. The minister in question took supper without prayer, and ate breakfast without prayer or grace, and was about to take his departure when "mine host" presented his bill. "Ah, sir," said he, "I am a clergyman!" "That may be," responded the landlord, "but you came here, smoked like a sinner, ate and drank like a sinner, and slept like a sinner; and now, sir, you shall pay like a sinner."

**No Way to Treat Him.**—Vicar (to inebriated churchwarden): "Dear, dear, Mr. Jones, I am deeply grieved to see you in this state; why, you're so drunk you can't even stand." Inebriated churchwarden (evidently misunderstanding him): "Can't shtand, I should think not. Yer ought to know yerself better then 'spect me to, when yer know I have been paying all day, and it's your turn now. It's mean on yer to 'spect it."

**Personality of Paul.**—After the preliminary devotional exercises, the pastor called upon his deacons to "speak to the question." One immediately arose and began to describe the personal appearance of the great apostle to the Gentiles. He said Paul was a tall, rather spare man, with black hair and eyes, dark complexion, bilious temperament, etc. His picture of Paul was a faithful portrait of himself. He sat down, and another pillar of the church arose and said, "I think the brother preceding me has read the Scriptures to little purpose if his description of Paul is a sample of his Biblical knowledge. Paul was, as I understand it, a short, thick-set man, with sandy hair, gray eyes, florid complexion, and a nervous-sanguine temperament," giving, like his predecessor, an accurate picture of himself. He was followed by another, who had a keen sense of the ludicrous, and who was withal an inveterate stammerer. He spoke about as follows: "My bro-bro-brethren, I have ne-ne-never fo-found much ab-about the pe-pe-personal ap-pe-pe-pearance of P-p-paul. But one thing is clearly established, and tha-that is, P-p-paul had an imp-pe-pediment in his speech."

**Overdoing It.**—Mr. Peter Glass, minister of Crail, in Fife, about the middle of the eighteenth century, was one of the old school of Scottish Presbyterian clergymen—addressed himself in familiar terms to the Almighty—spoke to individuals of his congregation during public worship—and invariably preached in good broad Scotch, using all the homely technical terms appropriate to the subjects he happened to have in hand. His parishioners being mostly fishermen, he was praying one day that the Lord would fill the men's boats wi' herrin', up to the very tow-holes—that is, up to the spaces in which the oars work—when one of the persons concerned roared out, "Na, no that far, sir, or we wad a' be sunk!"

**Could Have Done Better.**—A good old gentleman was recently visited by two elders of the congregation to which he belonged. When they arrived at the door of his room the good man was engaged in prayer aloud. Not wishing to disturb his devotions, the two elders waited at the door till he had finished, having heard every word of the prayer. When they entered they complimented him on the ability and fervor of his prayer. "Ah!" he exclaimed; "if I had known you were listening, I would let you hear far better than that."

**Distinction.**—"Gentlemen and ladies," said the showman, "here you have a magnificent painting of Daniel in the lion's den. Daniel can be easily distinguished from the lions by the green cotton umbrella under his arm."

**Progressive.**—It is almost a proverb that the vices of men and nations are often the excesses of their virtues. The Dutch in modern times are said to be a little too reflective—that is, in Holland—a little too cautious, a little too slow, a little too peaceful, and a little more inclined to insist upon their rights than to emphasize duties. So Wesley's societies were a little too emotional, and they learned a lesson from the Dutch. In the Catskill Mountain region one of these societies was holding what they called a love-feast, and they had a glorious time. A man arose, and said he: "Brethren, never in my life was I in such a jubilant frame as I am now. I feel as if I was on board the old ship Zion." This was a Scriptural figure. They sang a hymn, and another man arose. Said he: "I feel that I am on board the old ship Zion, and I am happy to say that the Captain of our salvation is on board." This, too, was a Scriptural figure, and they sang again, and a third man got up in a tremendous state of excitement, and said he: "I say to you that I am on board the old ship Zion, and the Captain is on board, and I feel as if we had a fair wind for the New Jerusalem." And that was not very much out of the way, and they sang another hymn. By this time they were at fever-heat, and another man sprang up and said he: "My brethren, I am on board the old ship Zion, and the Captain is on board. We have got a tremendous wind for the New Jerusalem. But this is an age of improvements, and I feel that we have got steam on board, and we can go on no matter how boisterous the waves are." And as soon as he sat down, Sister Van Antwerp, a Dutch woman from back in the mountains, arose, and said she: "Brethren, I am glad that I am on board the old ship Zion, and I am glad that the Captain of our salvation is on board, and I am glad we have got a fair wind for the New Jerusalem. But about this here steam, I don't know—I hope you won't any of you bust your bilers, brethren." In that part of the country from then until now if any one becomes too excited, somebody says: "Don't forget Sister Van Antwerp, and don't bust your bilers."—*Rev. J. M. Buckley.*

**Soft Headed.**—A gay young spark of a flippant turn, traveling in a stage-coach, forced his sentiments upon the company by attempting to ridicule the Scriptures, and among other topics made himself merry with the story of David and Goliath, strongly urging the impossibility of a youth like David being able to throw a stone with sufficient force to sink it in a giant's forehead. On this he appealed to the company, and particularly to a grave old gentleman of the denomination called Quakers, who sat silent in one corner of the carriage. "Indeed, friend," replied he, "I do not think it at all improbable if the Philistine's head was as soft as thine."

**Saying Grace.**—Dr. Franklin, when a child, found the long graces used by his father before and after meals very tedious. One day after the winter's provisions were salted—"I think, father," said Benjamin, "if you were to say grace over the whole cask once for all it would be a vast saving of time."

**A Mohammedan Colonel.**—A well-known colonel in the Union service, who had been injured several times in various actions during the Civil War, received, at the battle of Fort Fisher, a wound which was considered fatal. As usual in such cases, the chaplain approached him, and was about offering words of consolation, when the wounded colonel interrupted him with —"Pass on; I'm a Mohammedan."

**Highland Christianity.**—A Highlander was visited on his death-bed by his clergyman, who exhorted Donald to prepare himself for another world, by a sincere repentance of all the crimes he had committed on earth; and strongly urged the absolute necessity of forgiving his enemies. Donald shrugged up his shoulders at this hard request, yet he at last agreed to forgive every person who had injured him except one, who had long been the Highlander's mortal foe, and of whom Donald hoped the parson too would make an exception. The holy man, however, insisted so much on his point that Donald at last said, "Weel, weel, sir, since there be no help for it, Donald maun forgive her; but," turning to his two sons, "may it gang hard wi' you, Duncan and Rory, if you forgive her!"

# STATESMEN AND POLITICIANS

**Got the Crowd.**—A Nevada politician was elected on the merits of a single speech. All he said was, "Fellow countrymen, follow me to yonder liquor-saloon!"

**No Chance for Him in Missouri.**—Jenkins was traveling in Missouri just before the Presidential election, and in the car right across from him two men were arguing as to the probable result of the election. Says one: "Bryan's the man." "No, sir. McKinley 'll get it," was the reply. Suddenly an Adventist, sitting behind them, spoke up and said: "My friends, do you know who is to be our next President? It is the Lord, who is coming at once, with his angels, to reign." Quick as thought, Jenkins, who imagined that some third-party candidate had been mentioned, sprang up, slapped the Millerite on the shoulder, and cried out, "Bet you twenty-five dollars he don't carry Missouri."

**A Relief.**—Tweed's death did one good thing. It took off about a million tons of fear from a lot of New York rascals who dreaded his blowing on them.

**Objected to the Place.**—An out-and-out party man, a landlord, who had accommodated his political friends for twenty years, happened to go into a nominating convention just as they had finished their business, and heard a delegate "move that this convention adjourn *sine die*." "Sine die!" said the landlord to a person standing near, "where's that?" "Why, that's way in the northern part of the county," said his neighbor. "Hold on, if you please, Mr. Cheerman," said the landlord, with great emphasis and earnestness, "hold on, sir. I've never had nor asked an office, and have worked night and day for the party, and now I think, sir, it is contemptible to go to adjourning this convention way up to Sine Die."

**Grant and the Politician.**—A certain Western colonel in Major-General Grant's army, took advantage of a sick-leave to canvass for a nomination to Congress. On receiving an application for an extension of his furlough, General Grant wrote on the back of it: "If Colonel ——— is able to travel over his district to electioneer for Congress, he is able to be with his regiment, and he is hereby ordered to join it immediately, or be dismissed from the service."

**Heir Apparent.**—Said an up-town politician to his son: "Look at me! I began as an inspector of elections, and here I am an alderman-at-large; and what is my reward? Why, when I die, my son will be the greatest rascal in the city." To which the young hopeful replied: "Yes, dad, when you die—but not till then."

**An Anti-Suffragist.**—A dirty, debased, and ignorant-looking man came to vote in a township of Michigan. Said one of the ladies, offering him a ballot, "I wish you would oblige us by voting this ticket." "What kind of a ticket is that?" said he. "Why," said the lady, "you can see for yourself." "But I can't read," he answered. "Why, can't you read the ballot you have there in your hand which you are about to vote?" the lady asked. "No," said he, "I can't read at all." "Well," said the lady, "this ballot means that you are willing to let the women as well as the men vote." "Is that it?" he replied, "then I don't want it, the women don't know enough to vote."

**Government.**—A young lady was inquiring of her old nurse, the widow of a pensioner, how she got on. "Badly enough, darlint, only the Guver'mint intinds to do something for us." "And what's Government, Nora?" "Is it jokin' ye are, Miss? Sure ivery child knows what's the Guver'mint. It's a half a dozen gintlemin an' the loikes, maybe, that meets an' thinks what's best for thimsilves, an' thin says that's best for us—an' that's the Guver'mint."

**Accomplishments and Principles.**—Mrs. Campbell, a Scotch lady, was recommended as sub-governess to the Princess Charlotte, and the old King George III formed a high opinion of her. She felt reluctant to accept the post, urging her deficiency in the necessary accomplishments. "Madame," said the King, "I hope we can afford to purchase accomplishments, but we cannot buy principles."

**Ready for the Retired List.**—"My fellow citizens!" cried an energetic candidate for Congress, "I have fought against the Indians! I have often had no bed but the battle-field, and no canopy but the sky! I have marched over the frozen ground till every step has been marked with blood!" His story told well till a shrewd-looking voter came to the front and asked, "Did you say you'd fought for the Union?" "Yes," replied the candidate. "And agin the Ingins?" "Yes—many a time!" "And that you had slept on the ground with only the sky for a kiver?" "Certainly." "And that your feet bled in marching over the frozen ground?" "That's so!" cried the exultant candidate. "Then I'll be darned if you ain't done enough for your country. Go home and rest. I'll vote for the other fellow!"

**Could Keep Up With Them.**—One of the reappointed being asked how he contrived to keep his place under successive administrations, replied that administrations must be smart that could change oftener than he could.

**Motive Power.**—One of the members of the Assembly of New York rejoiced in the name of Bloss. He had the honor of representing the county of Monroe, and if his sagacity as a legislator did not win for him the respect of his associates, his eccentricities often ministered to their entertainment. One day in the midst of a windy harangue that had become intolerable for its length and emptiness, a wordy member from the metropolis stopped to take a drink of water. Bloss sprang to his feet and cried, "Mr. Speaker, I call the gentleman from New York to order!" The whole assembly were startled and stilled; the "member from New York" stood aghast, with the glass in his hand, while the Speaker said: "The gentleman from Monroe will please state his point of order." To which Mr. Bloss, with great gravity, replied: "I submit, sir, that it is not in order for a windmill to go by water."

**A Good Representative.**—On one occasion Sir Henry Smith was canvassing in presence of numerous friends, and on asking a heavy-looking farmer for his vote, the man replied: "I'd vote for ye, Sir Henry, as usual, only you're such a fool." "Fool, am I?" retorted Sir Henry; "then I'm the very man to represent you." This diamond shaft of wit went to the farmer's heart, and with a loud guffaw he promised his vote.

**Good for the Tailor.**—A gentleman from the country applied to a certain member of the legislature for his support in getting a bill passed in which he was interested. The legislator said he would willingly vote for the bill if the applicant would aid him with a bill of his own. The proposition was accepted at once. The gentleman then inquired what was the title of the bill he was expected to assist with. "My tailor's bill," was the reply.

**Little Turncoats.**—A large Republican meeting in Clermont, Ohio, was attended by a small boy who had four young puppies which had not yet begun to see, and which he offered for sale. Finally, one of the crowd, approaching the boy, asked: "Are these McKinley pups, my son?" "Yes, sir." "Well, then," said he, "I'll take these two." About a week afterward the Democrats held a meeting at the same place, and among the crowd was to be seen the same boy with his two remaining pups. He tried for hours to obtain a purchaser, and finally was approached by a Democrat, who asked: "My little lad, what kind of pups are these you have?" "They're Bryan pups, sir." The Republican who had purchased the first two happened to be in hearing, and broke out at the boy: "See here, you young rascal, didn't you tell me that those pups I bought of you last week were McKinley pups?" "Y-e-s, sir," said the young dog merchant; "but these ain't—they've got their eyes open."

**Accomplishments Differ.**—When Themistocles was laughed at by some persons of greater accomplishments and gentler breeding, he answered, says Plutarch, "'Tis true I never learned to tune a harp or play upon a lute, but I know how to raise a small and inconsiderable city to glory and greatness."

**Oratorical Cutlery.**—How easy it is to make a tragedy into a farce, and to slip from the sublime to the ridiculous. Burke did this when, in the course of a debate in the House of Commons in 1793, he drew a dagger from his breast and threw it upon the floor of the House, saying: "That is what you are to obtain from an alliance with France." In the French chamber such an act would have produced great excitement, but at Westminster it only provoked ridicule. "The gentleman has brought his knife," said Sheridan, "but where is the fork?"

**Would Electioneer for Him.**—A distinguished candidate for an office of high trust in a certain State, who is "up to a thing or two," and has a high appreciation of live beauty, when about to set off on an electioneering tour, said to his wife, who was to accompany him for prudential reasons: "My dear, inasmuch as this election is complicated, and the canvass will be close, I am anxious to leave nothing undone that would promote my popularity, and so I thought it would be a good plan for me to kiss a number of the handsomest girls in every place where I may be honored with a public reception. Don't you think that would be a good idea?" "Capital!" exclaimed the devoted wife; "and to make your election a sure thing, while you are kissing the handsomest girls, I will kiss an equal number of the handsomest young men!" The distinguished candidate, we believe, has not since referred to this "pleasing means of popularity."

**Previous.**—Charles James Fox once said of Edmund Burke: "Burke is often right, but he is right too soon!"—*William R. Terrett.*

**Expounding a Dubious Text.**—Senator Pettus, in the course of a public debate, turned the shafts of ridicule on Messrs. Gallinger of New Hampshire and Beveridge of Indiana, keeping the Senators and gallery listeners in continuous laughter. He illustrated Mr. Gallinger's ignorance of law by telling an anecdote of a preacher whom he had once heard in the mountains of Alabama. This minister, he said, was as learned in the Bible as my friend from New Hampshire is in the law. He took his place in the pulpit. He had a good congregation and very attentive. These people up there have a profound reverence for the Master. Said the preacher, "Brethren, my text this morning will be, 'Seven sons did Milcah bear unto Enon.' Now if you look at the commentary you may find various meanings in this text, but, taking a common sense view of it, I will say this: I expect old Enon was sick and the doctor told his seven sons (strong, active fellows) that it was absolutely necessary he should have milk. Therefore the seven sons went out to look for the cows, and they could not find them anywhere in the whole neighborhood. But they came across a she bear, and they milked her and carried the milk to Enon. And so it is writ, 'Seven sons did milk a bear unto Enon.'"

**The Silver Question.**—My friend the silver man reminds me of a story. I was out West not long ago, where I met a friend who lives in Kansas, and he was telling me about the excitement over the free coinage of silver. He said that a man died out there whom nobody seemed to know. The funeral was held. A minister read a few passages from the Bible, and offered a prayer, and then he asked if there was any one in the audience who knew the deceased and wanted to make remarks. No one arose for a moment, but finally a lank, long-haired fellow stood up in the back part of the audience, and said: "If no one wants to occupy the time in speaking of the deceased, I would like to make a few remarks upon the free coinage of silver."—*E. S. Lacey.*

**Number One.**—Said Lord John Russell to Mr. Hume at a social dinner: "What do you consider the object of legislation?" "The greatest good to the greatest number." "What do you consider the greatest number?" continued his lordship. "Number one," was the commoner's reply.

**Turning the Knife in the Wound.**—It was readiness which made John Randolph so terrible in retort. He was the Thersites of Congress, a tongue-stabber. No hyperbole of contempt or scorn could be launched against him but he could overtop it with something more scornful and contemptuous. Opposition only maddened him into more bitterness. "Isn't it a shame, Mr. President," said he one day in the Senate, "that noble bulldogs of the Administration should be wasting their precious time in worrying the rats of the opposition?" Immediately the Senate was in an uproar, and he was clamorously called to order. The presiding officer, however, sustained him; and pointing his long finger at his opponents, Randolph screamed out, "Rats, did I say?—mice, mice!"

**A Classical Constituency.**—Andrew Jackson was once making a stump speech out West, in a small village. Just as he was concluding, Amos Kendall, who sat behind him, whispered: "Tip 'em a little Latin, general—they won't be satisfied without it." The man of iron will instantly thought upon the few phrases he knew, and in a voice of thunder wound up his speech by exclaiming: "*E pluribus unum! sine qua non! ne plus ultra! multum in parvo!*" The effect was tremendous, and the Hoosiers' shouts could be heard for miles.

**Sam Houston of Texas.**—" I was wending my way," says a traveler of Houston's time, " from the Old Capitol down Main street, when I learned that ' Old Sam ' had just come up from his plantation at the mouth of Cedar Bayou and stopped at the Fannin House. Never having seen him, I went there. He was seated on the veranda, surrounded by a crowd, who were listening eagerly to all he said. As I came up some one asked, ' Well, Governor, what do you think of Wigfall? ' (then a Senator in the Confederate Congress, and brigadier-general commanding the First Texas brigade in Virginia, and very popular with Texans, notwithstanding the enmity between him and Houston). ' Wigfall,' said ' Old Sam,' ' why, Wigfall has always been a good deal of a puppy, and if he continues on in his present course he will eventually become a good deal of a dog! ' And that passed current in Houston as a good style of anecdote."

**Self-Made.**—A drunken Congressman said to Horace Greeley one day: " I am a self-made man." " Then, sir," replied the philosophical Horace, " the fact relieves the Almighty of a great responsibility."

**Charged With Plagiarism.**—Soon after Chief Justice Chase assumed the gubernatorial chair in Ohio he issued his proclamation appointing a Thanksgiving Day. To make sure of being orthodox, the Governor composed his proclamation almost entirely of passages from the Bible, which he did not designate as quotations, presuming that every one would recognize them and admire the fitness of the words, as well as his taste in selection. The proclamation meeting the eye of a Democratic editor, he pounced at once upon it, and declared that he had read it before—couldn't exactly say where—but he would take his oath that it was a downright plagiarism from beginning to end. That would have been a pretty fair joke; but the next day the Republican editor came out valiantly in defence of the Governor, pronounced the charge libelous, and challenged any man living to produce one single line of the proclamation that had appeared in print before.

**Not the Only Fool.**—An old Dutchman who, some years ago, was elected a member of the legislature, said, in his broken English style, " Ven I vent to the lechislatur, I tought I vould find dem all Solomons dere; but I soon found dere was some as pig fools dere as I vas."

**Promising Candidate.**—Some years ago a candidate for office in Wales told his constituents that if they would elect him he would take care that they should have any kind of weather they liked best. This was a tempting offer, and they could not resist choosing a man who, to use their own language, "was more of a Cot Almighty than Sir Watkin himself." Soon after the election one of his constituents waited upon him and requested some rain. "Well, my good friend, and what do you want with rain? won't it spoil your hay?" "Why, it will be very serviceable to the wheat, and as to my hay, I have just got it in." "But has your neighbor got his in? I should suppose rain would do him some mischief." "Why, ay," replied the votary, "rain would do him harm indeed." "Ay, now you see how it is, my dear friend! I have promised to get any kind of weather you like; but if I give you rain, I must disoblige him; so your best way will be, I think, to meet together, all of you, and agree on the weather that will be best for you all—and you may depend upon having it."

**Going Unpledged.**—Judge Martin Grover, who was a political leader before his elevation to the bench, was once approached by a young lawyer ambitious for legislative honors. Judge Grover was not sure of the young man's integrity, and questioned him on this point. He finally said: "Young man, if you'll give your word that you won't steal when you get to Albany, I'll do what I can to help you go there." Assuming a dignified air, the young man replied: "I go to Albany absolutely unpledged, or I don't go at all."—*Louis Wiley.*

**Coveting Miseries.**—Proctor Knott once said, regarding the woes of a Congressman: "When I see him bidding adieu to the sweets of private life, for which he is so eminently fitted by nature, to immolate himself on the altar of his country, Homer's touching picture of the last scene between the noble Hector and his weeping family rises before my imagination; when I see him seated sorrowfully at a miserable repast of sea-terrapin and champagne, my very bowels yearn for him; and when I see him performing, perhaps, the only duty for which he is fully competent, signing the receipt for his monthly pay, I am so overwhelmed for his miserable condition that I wish I were in his place."—*Samuel S. Cox.*

*CHAMP CLARK*

*Photogravure after a photograph from life*

**Types.**—We know the modern statesman. He is apparent in the United States Senate to-day. When he stands up and, to quote Mr. Lincoln, fills his chest, throws back his head, glazes his eyes, opens his mouth, and leaves the rest to God, he fills the standard of the public man who was described by a eulogist of Colonel Yell, of Yellville, late of the Texas Legislature, when he said, "his books did not balance, but his heart always beat warmly for his native land." These statesmen make a standard unto themselves, like the man who was asked if he understood French: "I do when I speak it myself." And the outcome is about as satisfactory to us who watch and who have to bear the brunt of such statesmanship as that of the man who owned the clock, when he said: "When the hands of that clock stand at twelve and it strikes two, then I know it is twenty minutes to seven."—*Henry Elias Howland.*

**More to Come.**—In the days of Louis Napoleon the French had a witty cartoon, in which the *sansculottes* of the Revolution are represented as kicking out Louis XVI; Bonaparte kicking out the leaders of the First Republic; the Bourbons kicking out Bonaparte; Lamartine kicking out Louis Philippe; Napoleon III kicking out Lamartine, and underneath the picture are the ominous words—"To be continued." The moral is obvious.—*Isaac H. Bailey.*

**In the Cloak-room.**—Amos J. Cummings joined the cloak-room assembly not long since when they were discoursing on amusing interruptions of speeches. Amos said: "One of the funniest things of that sort I ever witnessed was in the closing days of the Fifty-second Congress. Colonel Charles F. Mansur of Missouri had been defeated for renomination. He was making a sort of farewell address to the House. *Inter alia* he said: 'I have worked hard during my six years here—very hard. My labors on the Committee on Claims were onerous and unceasing. I have reported on hundreds of bills. I have worked all day and sometimes all night. Time and time again I have remained in my committee-room in the Capitol until the morning light streamed through the windows.' Just there some irreverent wag inquired, 'What was the ante, Colonel?' which question was received with a roar of laughter, cutting off Mansur's brilliant peroration."—*Champ Clark.*

**Tariff Talk.**—In our neighborhood last fall, when the Mc Kinley act was a live but wearisome topic, a man was haled into court on a charge of assault. When he told his story the judge let him go. The prisoner said: "I was sitting quietly in my house, when a tramp came along and demanded something to eat. He was an ugly-looking fellow, and I told my wife I thought we had better feed him. She got him a good meal, but he began to complain of his victuals. We let it pass without comment, to avoid difficulty. When he had finished, he tipped back his chair, put his feet on the table, lighted his pipe, and began to spit on the floor. I was angry, but prudently forebore to take notice. Then he insulted my wife. But she begged me to let it go. At last he began to talk tariff—and then I took a sled-stake and knocked him down." The judge said: "You ought to nave killed him."—*George A. Marden.*

**Dog Law.**—The first ballot-reform bill, so-called, that ever found its way to an American legislature was introduced early in 1888 in the legislature of New York. We do not boast much of the law we have, which was the outcome of a long and bitter contest between the Governor and the legislature. It reminds me somewhat of a dog law which a Kentucky legislator wanted a lawyer to draft. "Well, what kind of a dog law do you wish to have?" said the lawyer. The lawmaker replied: "I want a good, broad, safe, Democratic dog law, that will please my constituents and won't interfere with the rights of the dogs."—*Charles T. Saxton.*

**On Hand.**—I was reminded of a story, told by a friend, of President Adams (John Quincy), who was once Professor of Rhetoric, you know, in Harvard College. Mr. Adams delivered lectures on rhetoric and oratory which were greatly admired; but when these came to be collected into a volume it was not as popular, I believe, as it should have been. One day, in the early morning, a good while afterward, walking past the open door of the publishers' warehouse, before business hours, he thought he would inquire if there might be perhaps a copy left; and going in, he asked a boy who was sweeping out the store if he knew whether there was a copy there of certain "Lectures by Mr. John Quincy Adams on Rhetoric." "A copy!" replied the boy, "they've got a whole cellarful of them down-stairs."—*Rev. R. S. Storrs.*

**Free Speech.**—A tavern-keeper in the Alleghany Mountains, who after declaring to a wayfarer who had put up with him that his tavern was "Liberty Hall," where every one had a right to express his political sentiments without challenge, concluded by threatening the destruction of his guest, because the latter had given his opinion very freely against the political actions of the then President, General Jackson. "Stranger," says the landlord, "this is 'Liberty Hall'; but if any man says anything against Gineral Jackson, I will send daylight through him."—*Dennis McMahon.*

**Reed and Springer.**—Probably no utterance of an American statesman has been more frequently quoted than Henry Clay's famous declaration: "I would rather be right than be President." No reminiscence of Mr. Reed is oftener referred to in the cloak-room than his tilt with Hon. William M. Springer, for many years a Representative in Congress, once chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means, and later a United States judge in the Indian Territory. Mr. Springer was a frequent speaker in the House. One day he said in debate: "I say, with Henry Clay, 'I'd rather be right than be President.'" "But," drawled Reed, "the gentleman from Illinois will never be either."

**Observe the Inflection.**—When Elbridge Gerry was chosen Governor of Massachusetts—the first Democratic governor that we had had for a great while—old Dr. Osgood of Medford, the last of our Tory clergy, was obliged to read the Governor's proclamation. You know the form—if you do not, his Excellency the Governor will remind you of it and refresh your memory. He read, "Elbridge Gerry, Governor! God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts!"—*James Russell Lowell.*

**Altered if Necessary.**—You can understand how largely I sympathize with Rufus Choate when, in attending a concert, he said to his daughter, who was by his side: "My dear, interpret to me the libretto, lest I dilate with the wrong emotion." If I should make any such mistake, I beg you to accept from me the utterance of the politician from Texas—I do not know whether it was the immortal Flanagan or not—who, after addressing the audience, said to them: "Fellow citizens, them are my sentiments, but if they don't suit you they can be changed."—*Seth Low.*

**Faring Worse.**—It is related of that sturdy Vermont Senator and once Postmaster-General, Jacob Collamer, that a friend said to him, whilst a Presidential nominating convention was sitting, " Mr. Collamer, did you know that they were talking of presenting your name as a candidate? " " Well," he replied, " they might go further and fare worse, and they probably will."—*John H. Converse.*

**What He Thought.**—An Indiana stumper, while making a speech, paused in the midst of it, and exclaimed: " Now, gentlemen, what do you think? " Instantly a man rose in the assembly, and with one eye partially closed, modestly, with a strong Scotch brogue, replied: " I think, sir, I do, indeed, sir—I think if you and I were to stump the country together we would tell more lies than any other two men in the country, sir, and I'd not say a word myself during the whole time, sir! "

**Webster and the Fisherman.**—A friend of Daniel Webster relates that as he was riding with the great statesman one summer day in his carriage, at Marshfield, a plain-looking man—a neighbor of Webster—who had been fishing, passed near the carriage, with his basket on his arm and pole on his shoulder. Mr. Webster halted and called to him. He came up and Mr. Webster put out his hand to salute him. " My hand is not fit to be touched," said the fisherman. He had been dressing fish, and his hand was unwashed. " Never mind," said Mr. Webster, " I have dressed many a fish." And he shook his hand as heartily as though it had been the hand of a President. " Well, what luck? " said Mr. Webster. " Poor," was the reply. " I have done but little." " I am sorry," was the answer, " but you have this to comfort you: the less taken, the more is left; the wheel of fortune is up and down, and poor luck to-day promises better to-morrow."

**Early Prayers.**—An anecdote is told of " Prince " John Van Buren when a student at Princeton College. He was negligent in attendance upon prayers, and the then President, Dr. North, expostulated with him upon the subject, and said: " Mr. Van Buren, we have prayers at six o'clock in the morning, and would like to see you there." " Well," replied Mr. Van Buren, " the trouble is, Dr. North, you have prayers so very late, I cannot sit up to that hour. Now, if you had prayers at five o'clock, I would try and sit up."

**A Royal Explanation.**—The satirical epitaph, written upon King Charles II, at his own request, by his witty favorite the Earl of Rochester, was not more severe than just:—

Here lies our sovereign lord, the King,
  Whose word no man relies on,
Who never said a foolish thing,
  And never did a wise one.

"This," observed the Merry Monarch, when he first read this epitaph, "is easily accounted for—my discourse is my own, my actions are the Ministry's."

**Politicians Rising.**—I believe that it was while William H. Seward was holding the position of Secretary of State that, as he saw the elevator going up to his office laden with citizens of diplomatic aspirations, he remarked: "This is the largest collection for foreign missions that I ever saw taken up."—*Rev. Heman L. Wayland.*

**Who He Was.**—A gentleman called to see the Duke of Cambridge. Farquhar, a favorite spoiled servant, said curtly to the visitor: "Ah, sir, you can't see his royal highness in this permiscus sort of way. No, sir, you must wait, you must wait." The gentleman took the treatment good-naturedly, and even talked a few moments with the man, who was original and amusing. Then he said: "Well, Mr. Farquhar, you are a very pleasant fellow, but, as my time is valuable, I cannot wait any longer. Tell his royal highness that Lord ——— has called," mentioning one of her majesty's ministers. Farquhar pushed up his spectacles and looked a moment in silence straight at Lord ———, then said coolly, without the slightest embarrassment, "Why did you not tell me your name first? How could I know you were a lord and a cabinet minister by looking at you? Of course you will see his royal highness at once"; and he announced him.

**The Majority Question.**—A politician was lately endeavoring to prove that doers of good are always in the minority, and, by parity of reasoning, that his party, being in the minority, were right. To illustrate, he said: "Paul was in the minority, but who was right? Peter was in a minority, but who was right?" The orator was "sat upon" when some one in the gallery shouted: "Judas Iscariot was in the minority, but who was right?"

**Satisfactory Either Way.**—While a party convention in Texas was in session two ardent Roberts men met on the streets of Austin. One of them, who is noted for his convivial tendency, said to the other: "Suppose we get up a grand complimentary banquet to celebrate Roberts's nomination?" "Yes, but suppose he slips up on the nomination?" "Then let the complimentary banquet be in honor of his defeat."

**Cads.**—Visiting Briton: "Ya-as, Miss Wosalind—but your politicians—aw—are a lot of cads, y' knaw. You are—aw—wuled by a set of wiotous wascals whom you wouldn't dweam of—aw—inviting to your house." Rosalind: "True; but in England you are governed by persons who wouldn't dream of inviting you to theirs."

**A Much Harder Question.**—"What," said an interviewer to a candidate, "do you intend to do if you are elected?" "My goodness!" said the poor fellow, "what shall I do if I'm not elected?"

**Chance for a Joke.**—When Governor Harvey and Treasurer Hayes of Kansas were about to be sworn into their respective offices, they met in the Governor's private room. While waiting for the Supreme Court judge, who was detained for a few moments beyond the appointed time, the treasurer elect said: "It would be a good joke if the chief justice should make a mistake and swear in the best-looking man for Governor." "Yes," the Governor promptly replied; "and it would be a greater joke if he should swear in the honestest man as treasurer."

**Not Ambitious.**—"No," said a leading Kansas citizen, "no, boys, I won't accept the office of county treasurer. I'm comfortably fixed, like my home and neighbors, and my family like me. I don't want to have to skip for Canada and leave all this. Much obliged for the chance, but I can't accept."

# BENCH AND BAR

**Pleasing the Young Laird.**—A man was being tried for his life in the court of a Highland chieftain, and the jury for a long time hesitated to give a verdict, and displayed an inclination to acquit the defendant. Just as they were about to decide, somebody whispered, "The young laird (that is, the eldest son of the chieftain) has never seen an execution." Upon which a verdict of guilty was given, purely to gratify the young gentleman with a spectacle.

**Saved.**—Some lawyers seem to have no sense of honor in the means by which they try to discredit the testimony of those opposed to them; in illustration of which we need only adduce the following specimen of cross-questioning. Counsel: "Mr. Jenkins, will you have the goodness to answer me, directly and categorically, a few plain questions?" Witness: "Certainly, sir." "Well, Mr. Jenkins, is there a female living with you who is known in the neighborhood as Mrs. Jenkins?" "There is." "Is she under your protection?" "Yes." "Do you support her?" "I do." "Have you ever been married to her?" "I have not." (Here several jurors scowled gloomily on Mr. Jenkins.) "That is all, Mr. Jenkins." Opposing Counsel: "Stop, one moment, Mr. Jenkins; is the female in question your mother?" "She is."

**Remission.**—Once in a Kentucky court Tom Marshall was using quite abusive language, and the judge, after one or two reprimands, fined him ten dollars for contempt. Mr. Marshall looked at the judge with a smile and asked where he was to get the money, as he had not a cent. "Borrow it of a friend," said the court. "Well, sir," answered Mr. Marshall, "you are the best friend I have; will you lend me the money?" "Mr. Clerk," said the judge, "you may remit the fine. The State is as able to lose it as I am."

**Will for the Deed.**—An Edinburgh solicitor was once visited by an elderly, respectable-looking man, who stated that he had come to have his will drawn up. Seeing the prospect of a good client, the solicitor devoted much time to drawing up the instrument, in which property, shares, and funds to a considerable amount were assigned to certain relatives. When the client had paid many visits, and was at length pleased with the wording of the will, the solicitor asked where the property, etc., was invested. The client replied, "Oh, I haven't any! I only want my relatives to see after I'm dead what I would have done for them had I been able."

**Valuable Evidence.**—In a case of assault, where a stone had been thrown by the defendant, the following evidence was drawn out of a Yorkshireman: "Did you see the defendant throw the stone?" "I saw a stone, and I'ze pretty sure the defendant throwed it." "Was it a large stone?" "I should say it wur a largish stone." "What was its size?" "I should say a sizeable stone." "Can't you answer definitely how big it was?" "I should say it wur a stone of some bigness." "Can't you compare it to some other object?" "Why, if I wur to compare it, so as to give some notion of the stone, I should say it wur as large as a lump of chalk."

**Nepotism.**—A Persian merchant, complaining heavily of some unjust sentence, was told by the judge to go to the cadi. "But the cadi is your uncle," urged the plaintiff. "Then you can go to the grand vizier." "But his secretary is your cousin." "Then you may go to the sultan." "But his favorite sultana is your niece." "Well, then, go to the devil!" "Ah! that is still a closer family connection," said the merchant, as he left the court in despair.

**Jury, Not Judge.**—Mr. S——, a young member of the New York bar, is somewhat noted for his sarcasm, when excited, as well as for his ordinary humor and wit. A short time since, in the management of a tough case in one of the higher courts, he quoted in presence of court and jury the proverb, "Cast not thy pearls before swine." As he arose to sum up, having been somewhat nettled at the repeated rulings of the court against him, the judge facetiously remarked to him: "Be careful, Mr. S——, that you do not cast your pearls before swine." "Don't be alarmed, your honor; I am about to address the jury, not the court!"

**Legal Geography.**—A story is told of a lawyer examining a witness in a trial, the subject of which was a ship. Among other questions, he asked where the ship was at a particular time. "Oh!" replied the witness, "the ship was then in quarantine." "In quarantine, was she? And pray, sir, where is quarantine?"

**Both Correct.**—The suit was for slander, and had assumed the form of a cross-suit for the improper use of the unruly member. Counsel on each side was of the highest standing. All Virginians will assent to this when told that Samuel Taylor was for the plaintiff and Benjamin Watkins Leigh for the defendant. The court being opened and the case being called, the judge said: "Mr. Taylor, are you ready in this case?" Mr. Taylor replied, "If Jerry Moody is here, I am ready." "Mr. Leigh, are you ready?" "May it please your honor, I am ready if Jerry Moody is here." "Sheriff, call Jerry Moody." The sheriff went to the door and lustily called thrice for Jerry Moody to come into court. Soon Jerry, a tall, thin, straight man, came forward. The jury were sworn. Then Jerry was sworn. In his solemn and forcible manner Mr. Taylor said to the witness, "Be so good as to tell the court and jury all you know about this case." Witness said: "Well, I have often heard the defendant say that the plaintiff was a rogue, a thief, and a liar; and I have often heard the plaintiff say that the defendant was a rogue, a thief, and a liar; and they were the only times I ever heard either of them tell the truth."

**Obliging the Judges.**—A barrister was met by a friend the other day in the street, laden with a lot of law-books. Pointing at the books, his friend said, "Why, I thought you carried all that stuff in your head!" "I do," quickly replied the lawyer, with a knowing wink; "these are for the judges."

**The Eye of the Law.**—A Florida police justice was trying to impress upon a prisoner, who was to testify in his own behalf, the solemn nature of an oath. Assuming his most pompous tone, the magistrate thus addressed him: "Prisoner at the bar! In taking this solemn oath to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, take care that you do not allow yourself to be tempted to commit a wilful perjury. Remember that the eyes of an all-seeing Providence and of the village constable are upon you."

**He Caught Her Out.**—Chapman, the Hartford lawyer, was busy with a case at which a lady was present, with whom he had already had something to do as a witness. Her husband was present—a diminutive, meek, forbearing sort of a man—who, in the language of Mr. Chapman, " looked like a rooster just fished out of a swill-barrel "; while the lady was a large, portly woman, evidently the " better horse." As on the former occasion, she " balked " on the cross-examination. The lawyer was pressing the question with his usual urgency, when she said, with vindictive fire flashing from her eyes: " Mr. Chapman, you needn't think you can catch me; you tried that once before." Putting on his most quizzical expression, Mr. Chapman replied. " Madam, I haven't the slightest desire to catch you; and your husband looks to me as if he was sorry he had! " The husband faintly smiled assent.

**Would Not Join the Gang.**—There is a story of how Judge Grier set aside the unjust verdict of a jury against an unpopular man, with the remark, " Enter the verdict, Mr. Clerk. Enter, also, set aside by the court. I want it understood that it takes thirteen men to steal a man's farm in this court."

**How He Could Evade the Law.**—A young Jew was on the point of being married to a Christian, on which his father, not objecting to the religion of the lady, but to the smallness of her fortune, expostulated with his son, and told him that he might marry a woman with more money, and that if he married without his consent he would cut him off with a shilling. The son replied that whether his father consented or not he would have the object of his wishes, adding that if he were prevented he would turn Christian, and then claim the benefit of the law, and obtain half of what the father possessed. At this answer the old Jew was greatly confounded, and resolved to apply to counsel to know if there was any such law. The counselor replied that there certainly was; and that the son, upon turning Christian, would obtain half his father's fortune. " But if you'll make me a present of ten guineas," he added, " I'll put you in a way to disappoint him, and the graceless dog shall not be able to obtain a farthing." At this news the Jew's hopes revived, and giving the lawyer the money, he begged him to say how he was to proceed. " Why," said the lawyer, " you have nothing to do but to turn Christian yourself."

**Would Not Disturb Him.**—A friend having pointed out to Sheridan that Lord Kenyon had fallen asleep at the first representation of the great wit's play, "Pizarro," and that, too, in the midst of Rollo's fine speech to the Peruvian soldiers, the dramatist felt rather mortified; but, instantly recovering his usual humor, he said: "Ah, poor man! let him sleep; he thinks he is on the bench."

**A Definition.**—Plunkett (afterward Lord Chancellor of Ireland) had a keen insight into character which made him promptly alive to the shrewd sense and caustic humor of the peasantry of the counties embraced by the circuit. A witness who was very ready with his answers on the direct examination was very obtuse when Plunkett commenced to cross-examine him. On Plunkett taunting him with his change of manner, the witness said he couldn't help it; the questions put him "in a doldrum." "A doldrum!" repeated the judge; "what is that? I never heard the word before." "Oh, my lord," said Plunkett, "it is an affection common enough. It is a confusion of the head, proceeding from a corruption of the heart."

**Contempt of Court.**—There was a very irascible old gentleman who formerly held the position of justice of the peace in one of our cities. Going down the main street one day, a boy spoke to him without coming up to his honor's idea of deference. "Young man, I fine you five dollars for contempt of court." "Why, Judge," said the offender, "you are not in session." "This court," responded the judge, thoroughly irritated, "is always in session, and consequently always an object of contempt!"

**Long-Distance Argument.**—Lawyer Hirsch had a voice like a bull of Bashan. One of his cases was set down for two o'clock on a Monday afternoon. While the judge was disposing of cases in the morning, Hirsch's clerk appeared before him. "Mr. Hirsch sent me to tell you that he is acting as referee in an important case this afternoon," said the clerk, "and he hopes you will adjourn the hearing set down for two o'clock." "Where will he be at that hour?" asked the judge. "In his office in Pine street," the clerk replied. "Very well," said the judge, with a merry twinkle of the eye, "tell him to begin his argument at two o'clock in his office. I can hear him just as plainly as though he was in court."

**Buying a Verdict.**—"It's a hundred dollars in your pocket," whispered the defendant's lawyer to the juror, "if you can bring about a verdict of manslaughter in the second degree." Such proved to be the verdict, and the lawyer thanked the juror warmly as he paid him the money. "Yes," said the juror, "it was tough work, but I got there after a while. All the rest went in for acquittal."

**Forgot Him.**—Judge Stone and his friend Starr, two prominent lawyers, started for home from a neighboring city, where they had been attending court. Both were somewhat addicted to the ardent, and carried a bottle with them. When they arrived at ———, a half-way station, they both alighted to replenish the bottle and get warm. Let Judge Stone tell the rest in his own words: "I got into the buggy and rode along. Before I had gone a great ways it occurred to me that I had forgotten something. I looked under the seat and ascertained that my books were all there. I felt in my pockets and discovered my papers to be all right. I concluded that I must be mistaken, and drove along, although I was unable to rid myself entirely of the conviction that I had left something. Finally I arrived at my destination, and was met by a friend, who asked, 'Where's Starr?' 'That's it, I declare! I've left Starr!'"

**Associate Wanted.**—William M. Evarts told this good story. A few summers since, at the urgent request of one of his younger daughters, he sent up to his country place in Vermont a donkey for her use. She had read about donkeys, but was not familiar with their peculiar vocalism. The animal's strange noises inspired her with the profoundest pity for his evident distress. So she wrote to her father, "Dear papa, I do wish you would come up here soon—my donkey is so lonesome."

**Gave Him the Cash.**—A few days since one of our popular attorneys called upon another member of the profession and asked his opinion upon a certain point of law. The lawyer to whom the question was addressed drew himself up and said: "I generally get paid for telling what I know." The questioner drew a half-dollar from his pocket, handed it to the other, and coolly remarked: "Tell me all you know and give me the change." There is coldness between the parties now.

**Laugh on the Lawyer.**—The following colloquy took place between Counsellor Sealingwax and a witness who "would talk back": "You say, sir, the prisoner is a thief?" "Yes, sir. 'Cause why, she has confessed she was." "And you also swear she worked for you after this confession?" "Yes, sir." "Then we are to understand that you employ dishonest people to work for you, even after their rascalities are known?" "Of course. How else could I get assistance from a lawyer?"

**Spaced Out Too Much.**—A judge, in remanding a criminal called him a scoundrel. The prisoner replied, "Sir, I am not as big a scoundrel as your honor"—here the culprit stopped, but finally added—"takes me to be." "Put your words closer together," said the judge.

**His Client Won Over.**—Governor S—— was a splendid lawyer, and could talk a jury out of their seven senses. He was especially noted for his success in criminal cases, almost always clearing his client. He was once counsel for a man accused of horse-stealing. He made a long, eloquent, and touching speech. The jury retired, but returned in a few moments and, with tears in their eyes, proclaimed the man not guilty. An old acquaintance stepped up to the prisoner, and said: "Jem, the danger is past; and now, honor bright, didn't you steal that horse?" To which Jem replied: "Well, Tom, I've all along thought I took that horse; but since I've heard the Governor's speech, I don't believe I did!"

**A Great Lawyer on Work.**—Rufus Choate believed in hard work and struggle. When some one said to him that a certain fine achievement was the result of accident, he exclaimed: "Nonsense! You might as well drop the Greek alphabet on the ground and expect to pick up the Iliad."

**Disqualified.**—The plaintiff in a suit brought against the city of New York had been injured by a fall, caused by "a corporation hole," and during the trial, Dr. Willard Parker being upon the stand in behalf of the plaintiff, the associate counsel of the city cross-examined him, and elicited the remark that the plaintiff was so injured that he could lie only on one side. The answer was no sooner given than the counsel said: "I suppose, doctor, you mean he would make a very poor lawyer?"

**Not in the Assembly.**—During the cross-examination of the plaintiff in a suit, the following colloquy took place between him and the defendant's attorney: "Were you ever in Albany?" "Yes, sir." "How long were you there?" "Six months, sir." "Were you in the penitentiary at the time?" "Yes, sir; but I never was in the Assembly, sir." The rejoinder was enjoyed by the spectators, who remembered that the attorney did once occupy a seat in the House.

**A Test of Ale.**—A good story is told of a trial justice in the town of Spencer, Mass., in relation to enforcing the prohibitory law. In one case a man was arraigned for liquor-selling—the article sold being thin, sour, and beady. The judge ordered the officer to bring along with the prisoner a pitcher of ale. The prisoner pleaded that he had not violated the law; the ale was not intoxicating. "We will see about that," said the justice; "you drink half of what is in the pitcher, and I will drink the other half, and then I will adjourn court a while and see." The ale was divided and drunk, and the court adjourned. On reassembling, short work was made of the case. "Guilty, and sentenced for three months."

**Not Color-Blind.**—At a trial in an Alabama town, one of the witnesses, an old lady of some eighty years, was closely questioned by the opposing counsel relative to the clearness of her eyesight. "Can you see me?" said he. "Yes." "How well can you see me?" persisted the lawyer. "Well enough," responded the lady, "to see that you're neither a negro, an Indian, nor a gentleman."

**Silence is Golden.**—A pert young lawyer once boasted to a member of the bar that he had received two hundred dollars for speaking in a certain lawsuit; the other replied, "I received double that sum for keeping silent in that very case."

**Fencing.**—Lawyer: "Now, Mr. A——, was the fence alluded to a good, strong fence?" Uncle Will: "Yes, sir." Lawyer: "Well, what sort of a fence was it?" Uncle Will (holding in): "It was a Buncombe fence, sir." Lawyer (thinking he had cornered the old man): "Now, squire, will you oblige the court by giving your definition of a Buncombe fence?" Uncle Will: "A Buncombe fence, sir, is a fence that is bull-strong, horse-high, and pig-tight!" Uncle Will was dismissed from the stand, and retired with flying colors.

**Pitying the Poor Woman.**—In one of the courts some time ago, a very pretty young lady appeared as a witness. Her testimony was likely to result unfavorably for the client of a pert young lawyer, who addressed her very superciliously with the inquiry: "You are married, I believe?" "No, sir." "Oh! only about to be married?" "No, sir." "Only wish to?" "Really, I don't know. Would you advise such a step?" "Oh, certainly! I am a married man myself." "Is it possible? I never should have thought it. Is your wife deaf or blind?"

**Nothing But the Truth.**—In a Kansas court a witness, a tall, awkward fellow, was called to testify; and after he was sworn, the counsel for the defense said to him, "Now, sir, stand up and tell your story like a preacher." "No, sir!" roared the judge; "none of that; I want you to tell the truth!"

**Circumlocution.**—An old lawyer was giving advice to his son, who was just entering upon the practice of his father's profession. "My son," said the counselor, "if you have a case where the law is clearly on your side, but justice seems to be against you, urge upon the jury the vast importance of sustaining the law. If, on the other hand, you are in doubt about the law, but your client's case is founded in justice, insist on the necessity of doing justice, though the heavens fall." "But," asked the son, "how shall I manage a case where both law and justice are dead against me?" "In that case, my son," replied the lawyer, "talk round it!"

**Dilution.**—An English judge stated that it had always been his opinion that calling many witnesses to prove one fact was like adding a large quantity of water to a small quantity of brandy—it made it weak.

**"Thou Art the Man."**—After a severe cross-examination, the counsel for the government paused, and then putting on a look of severity, and an ominous shake of the head, exclaimed: "Mr. Witness, has not an effort been made to induce you to tell a different story?" "A different story from what I have told, sir!" "That is what I mean." "Yes, sir, several persons have tried to get me to tell a different story from what I have told, but they couldn't." "Now, sir, upon your oath, I wish to know who those persons are." "Waal, I guess you've tried 'bout as hard as any of them."

**A Cunning Counsel.**—The following extraordinary story is told of a Chicago lawyer. Mr. Van Arman was engaged to defend a woman who had caused the death of her husband by administering a poisoned cake. He swallowed a piece of the cake as a proof of the innocence of his client. Immediately afterwards a telegram was brought to him announcing the sudden illness of his wife. He obtained permission to leave the court to answer the message. On his return he finished his speech for the defense, and obtained a verdict of acquittal. It transpired afterwards that the despatch received was a false one, and that his temporary absence was employed in swallowing an antidote and getting rid of the effect of his dangerous meal.

**A Small Inheritance.**—At the trial of Horne Tooke, Lord Eldon, speaking of his own reputation, said: "It is the little inheritance I have to leave my children, and, by God's help, I will leave it unimpaired." Here he shed tears, and to the astonishment of those present, Mitford, the Attorney-General, began to weep. "Just look at Mitford," said a bystander to Horne Tooke, "what on earth is he crying for?" Tooke replied: "He is crying to think what small inheritance Eldon's children are likely to get."

**A Dry Pump.**—A small Scotch boy was summoned to give evidence against his father, who was accused of making a disturbance in the street. Said the bailie to him: "Come, my wee mon, speak the truth, and let us hear all ye ken about this affair." "Weel, sir," said the lad, "d'ye ken Inverness street?" "I do, laddie," replied his worship. "Weel, ye gang along it and turn into the square and across the square ——" "Yes, yes," said the bailie, encouragingly. "An' when ye gang across the square ye turn to the right, and up into High street, and keep on up High street till ye come to a pump." "Quite right, my lad; proceed," said his worship; "I know the old pump well." "Well," said the boy, with the most infantile simplicity, "ye may gang and pump it, for ye'll no pump me!"

**Big Word.**—O'Connell, in addressing a jury, having exhausted every other epithet of abuse, stopped for a word, and then added, "this naufrageous ruffian." When afterward asked by his friends the meaning of the word, he confessed he did not know, but said, "he thought it sounded well."

**Guilty and Not Guilty.**—"May it please your honor," said the counsel, "the indictment isn't sustained, and I shall demand an acquittal on direction of the court. The prisoner is on trial for entering a dwelling in the night-time, with intent to steal. The testimony is clear that he made an opening, through which he protruded himself about half-way and, stretching out his arms, committed the theft. But the indictment charges that he actually entered the tent or dwelling. Now, your honor, can a man enter a house, when only one half of his body is in, and the other half out?" "I shall leave the whole matter to the jury. They must judge of the law and the fact as proved," replied his honor. The jury brought in a verdict of "guilty," as to one half of his body from the waist up, and "not guilty" as to the other half. The judge sentenced the guilty part to two years' imprisonment, leaving it to the prisoner's option to have the not guilty half cut off or take it along with him.

**An Unreasonable Disturber.**—While Judge Gary of Chicago was once trying a case he was disturbed by a young man who kept moving about in the rear of the room, lifting chairs and looking under things. "Young man," Judge Gary called out, "you are making a great deal of unnecessary noise. What are you about?" "Your honor," replied the young man, "I have lost my overcoat, and am trying to find it." "Well," said the venerable jurist, "people often lose whole suits in here without making all that disturbance."

**For Want of Practice.**—At a circuit held in a certain judicial district an action of ejectment was tried "by the court without a jury." The suit was brought to recover possession of a cemetery. The plaintiff was an incorporated religious society, and the defendant, as it appeared, was a practising physician. The court, after hearing the proofs and arguments, proceeded to state the grounds of his decision, and ordered judgment for the plaintiff. Whereupon the defendant's counsel arose and asked the court to state more fully the reasons for the decision. "Certainly," said his honor; "but as you have heard what I have said, I have but two additional reasons to give: One is, that the church seems to need a cemetery; and the other, that the doctor has failed to show that his practice is sufficiently large to require him to keep a burying-ground of his own!"

**Very Little in Stock.**—When James T. Brady, the celebrated lawyer of New York, first opened a lawyer's office, he took a basement room which had been previously occupied by a cobbler. He was somewhat annoyed by the previous occupant's callers, and irritated by the fact that he had few of his own. One day an Irishman entered. "The cobbler's gone, I see," he said. "I should think he had," tartly responded Brady. "And what do you sell?" he inquired, looking at the solitary table and a few law-books. "Blockheads," responded Brady. "Begorra," said the Irishman, "ye must be doing a moighty foine business—ye've got but one left."

**Mercy Seasoned with Raillery.**—Once, at the chambers of Sir William Jones, while some books were being removed, a large spider dropped upon the floor and Sir William said to Mr. Day, the philanthropist, who stood near him, "Kill that spider, Day; kill that spider!" "No," said Mr. Day, with that coolness for which he was so conspicuous, "I will not kill that spider, Jones; I do not know that I have a right to kill that spider! Suppose when you are going in your coach to Westminster Hall, a superior being who, perhaps, may have as much power over you as you have over this insect, should say to his companion, 'Kill that lawyer; kill that lawyer!' how should you like that, Jones? and I am sure to most people a lawyer is a more obnoxious animal than a spider."

**Pat and the Lawyers.**—While a number of lawyers and gentlemen were dining together at Wiscasset, some time ago, a jolly son of the Emerald Isle appeared and called for dinner. The landlord told him he should dine when the gentlemen were done eating. "Let him dine with us," whispered a limb of the law, "and we shall have some fun with him." The Irishman took his seat at the table. "You were not born in this country?" said one. "No, sir; I was born in Ireland." "Is your father living?" "No, sir; he is dead." "What is your occupation?" "Trading horses." "Did your father ever cheat any one while here?" "I suppose he did, sir." "Where do you suppose he went to?" "To heaven, sir." "Has he cheated any one there?" "He has cheated one, I believe." "Was he prosecuted?" "He was not," said Pat; "but he missed that because the man he cheated searched the kingdom of heaven, and couldn't find a lawyer."

**Would Not Be Shelved.**—It is told of Robert Treat Paine, who was on the bench of the Supreme Court in Massachusetts, that when he got to be aged, and the bar desired to have him withdraw from the bench, they appointed Mr. Harrison Gray Otis to go and see him. Mr. Otis suggested to the judge that it must be a very great inconvenience for him to leave his home so often and for so long. "Are you not afraid that this excessive work will kill you?" "Yes," said the judge, "but a man cannot die in a better cause than administering justice." "But, Judge Paine, do you see as well as you used to?" "Oh, yes; I can see in my glasses perfectly." "Do you hear as well as you used to?"—for it was notorious that he could not hear anything unless it was bawled in his ear. "Oh, yes; I hear perfectly, but they don't speak as loud as they did before the Revolution!"

**Tears in Court.**—A lawyer was once pleading a case that brought tears into the jurors' eyes, and every one gave up the case as gone for the plaintiff. But the opposing counsel arose and said: "May it please the court, I do not in this case propose to bore for water, but—" Here the tears were suddenly dried, laughter ensued, and the defendant got clear.

**Kissing in Court.**—In a Southern court a negro was called as a witness. The judge, who is noted for his austerity, held out the Bible and the witness was sworn, and was, of course, expected to kiss the book. But the witness was unused to criminal proceedings, and entertained curious ideas of the manner and propriety of swearing, and stood erect. "Why don't you kiss?" demanded the magistrate. "Sah?" "Ain't you going to kiss?" was again inquired. "Sah?" repeated the astonished darky, evidently mistaking the meaning of the court, and surprised beyond measure at such an invitation. "Kiss, I tell you!" thundered the judge. "Yes, sah!" exclaimed the frightened and trembling darky, nerving himself for the contemplated embrace, and without any more ado the long arms of the son of Ham were thrown around the neck of the judge, and a stentorian smack resounded through the court-room.

**Strictly Professional.**—An attorney, on being called to account for having acted unprofessionally in taking less than the usual fees from his client, pleaded that he had taken all the man had; he was thereupon fully acquitted.

**The Effect It Had.**—Two citizens were arraigned in court for fighting in the street. It is the privilege of such offenders each to make a statement of the facts before his honor the judge. One of the belligerents, a Mr. P——, was remarkably slow of speech, and very deliberate in his actions. After the statement of his rival was concluded, Judge H—— called Mr. P—— to the stand. "Well, Mr. P——, please give your account of this affair." "Waal, Jedge," said Mr. P——, "you see J—— there and myself had some little talk about an old matter of business, and he stated something that wasn't so, and I told him he lied, Jedge, and he knocked me down, Jedge, he did; and he caught hold of my whiskers, Jedge, and he dragged me two or three yards over the ground, Jedge; and—" "But," says Judge H——, interrupting, "Mr. P——, were you hurt or frightened much during the time?" "Waal, Jedge, I can't say that I was frightened, but I was tremendously fatigued!"

**The Sailor's Answer.**—Rufus Choate, in an important assault and battery case, at sea, had Dick Barton, chief mate of the clipper ship "Challenge," on the stand. "And now tell me in what latitude and longitude you crossed the equator." "I sha'n't." "Ah, you refuse, do you?" "Yes—I can't." "Indeed! You are chief mate of a clipper ship, and unable to answer so simple a question?" "Yes, 'tis the simplest question I ever had asked me. Why, I thought every fool of a lawyer knew that there ain't no latitude at the equator."

**Restitution.**—A lawyer on his death-bed willed all his property to a lunatic asylum, stating as his reason for so doing that he wished his property to return to the liberal class of people who had patronized him.

**The Lost Bank-Note.**—A lawyer at a circuit town in Ireland dropped a ten-pound note under the table while playing cards at an inn. He did not discover his loss until he was going to bed, but then returned immediately. On reaching the room he was met by the waiter, who said: "I know what you want, sir; you have lost something." "Yes, I have lost a ten-pound note." "Well, sir, I have found it, and here it is." "Thanks, my good lad, here is a sovereign for you." "No, sir, I want no reward for being honest; but," looking at him with a knowing grin, "wasn't it lucky that none of the gentlemen found it?"

**Didn't See Him Steal.**—Josh was brought before a country squire for stealing a hog, and three witnesses swore that they saw him steal it. A wag having volunteered as counsel for Josh, and knowing the scope of the squire's brain, arose and addressed him as follows: "May it please your honor, I can establish this man's honesty beyond the shadow of a doubt; for I have twelve witnesses ready to swear that they did not see him steal it." The squire rested his head for a few moments upon his hand, as if in deep thought, and then with great dignity arose, and brushing back his hair, said: "If there are twelve who did not see him steal it, and only three that did, I discharge the prisoner. Clear the room!"

**No Proof Required.**—You remember the old story of the Indiana judge, who was declared by an enthusiastic neighbor to be the most distinguished jurist who had ever sat on the bench in that State. "You can't prove that," said the man he was talking to. "I don't need to," was the answer; "he admits it himself."—*George A. Marden.*

**How the Jury Went.**—The New-Englander has come into the majority—this has nothing to do with the speech, but I happen to think about it—a little differently from what a colored brother did the other day in Macon, Georgia. They make majorities differently down there. There was an indictment of a white man for an election fraud, and the evidence of his guilt was so plain that it was necessary, in order to get along well, to have the jury a little looked to. In point of fact, everybody who was too much colored was challenged off except one old darky, who remained. The eleven white jurors, when they retired, considered how they should present the appearance of the ordinary jury and still set free the acknowledged guilty prisoner. So, when they came into the jury-room, they moved, in the first place, that they elect a foreman, and that the foreman should not have a vote except in case of a tie. That struck the colored brother as a fair arrangement and he voted for it. Then they elected Uncle Remus foreman, and then they balloted—and there were eleven for acquittal, and, of course, there was no tie! When the foreman, in the suitable pride of his office, came into court and was asked for his verdict, he said: "If de court please, de jury am gone Democratic."—*Charles Dudley Warner.*

**Fully Considered It.**—In Illinois and some other States there is an old law on the statute-books to the effect that in criminal cases the jury is "judge of the law as well as the facts." Though not often quoted, once in a while a lawyer with a desperate case makes use of it. In one case the judge instructed the jury that it was to judge of the law as well as the facts, but added that it was not judge of the law unless it was fully satisfied that it knew more law than the judge. An outrageous verdict was brought in, contrary to all instructions of the court, who felt called upon to rebuke the jury. At last one old farmer arose: "Jedge," said he, "weren't we to jedge the law as well as the facts?" "Certainly," was the response; "but I told you not to judge of the law unless you were clearly satisfied that you knew the law better than I did." "Well, Jedge," answered the farmer, as he shifted his quid a little, "we considered that p'int."

**Double-Dealing.**—They have a good joke on a rising young lawyer of Troy. His eloquence had cleared a man charged with offering counterfeit money, and the grateful man gave him fifty dollars for his services. He tried to use some of the money after the fellow left the town, and found that every dollar of it was counterfeit.

**Very Good Advice.**—A gentleman ordered a suit of clothes from a tailor, and especially enjoined him that they must be made by the next Tuesday. Tuesday came, and no clothes. The outraged gentleman was not able to smother his disappointment, and berated the tailor pretty soundly for failing in his positive promise. The tailor plainly told his customer to go to pandemonium. The customer, red with rage, rushed across the street to a lawyer. "I want your advice," said the gentleman, "that infamous fellow has not only kept me here in the city on expense, to the great detriment of my business, and disappointed me in a suit of clothes, but when I went to remonstrate with him about it, what do you suppose the impudent rascal told me? He told me to go to a hot place down below." With these words the gentleman laid a ten-dollar bill on the desk, and said: "Now, what would you do?" "Do you mean this for a retainer?" asked the lawyer. "I do," was the reply. "Then," said the lawyer, quietly folding up the ten and putting it in his pocket, "he told you to go below? Well, my advice to you is, don't do it."

**He Had to Serve.**—"When I was a young man," relates a story-telling gentleman, "I spent several years in the South, residing a while at Port Hudson, on the Mississippi River. A great deal of litigation was going on there about that time, and it was not always an easy matter to obtain a jury. One day I was summoned to act as a juror, and went to the court to get excused. On my name being called, I informed his honor, the judge, that I was not a freeholder, and therefore was not qualified to serve. 'Where do you reside?' 'I am stopping, for the time being, at Port Hudson.' 'I presume, then, you board at the hotel?' 'I take my meals there, but I have rooms in another part of the town.' 'So you keep bachelor's hall?' 'Yes, sir.' 'How long have you lived in that manner?' 'Six months.' 'I think you are qualified,' gravely replied the judge, 'for I have never known a man to keep bachelor's hall the length of time you mention who had not dirt enough to make him a freeholder!'"

**A Poor Likeness.**—A lawyer had his portrait taken in his favorite attitude—standing with his hands in his pockets. His friends and clients who went to see it all exclaimed: "Oh, how like the original!" "'Tain't like him," said an old farmer; "don't you see he's got his hands in his own pockets?"

**O'Connell's Readiness.**—The following is an instance of the ready tact and infinite resource of O'Connell in the defence of a client: In a trial at Cork for murder, the principal witness swore strongly against the prisoner. He particularly swore that a hat found near the place of the murder belonged to the prisoner, whose name was James. "By virtue of your oath, are you sure that this is the same hat?" "Yes." "Did you examine it carefully before you swore, in your information, that it was the prisoner's?" "I did." "Now, let me see," said O'Connell, as he took up the hat and began to examine it carefully on the inside. He then spelled aloud the name James slowly, and repeated the question as to whether that hat contained the name, when the respondent replied, "It did." "Now, my lord," said O'Connell, holding up the hat to the bench, "there is an end of the case—there is no name whatever inscribed in the hat." The result was an instant acquittal.

**Dunce to Jurist.**—" When I was first admitted to the bar," says Judge G——, " I was one day riding the wearisome road through the piney woods, and as chances favored me, to break the monotony, I came upon an old field log schoolhouse. It was the hour of recreation, no doubt, for the children were scattered through the woods, frolicsome and merry, and the schoolroom was deserted, except in one instance, where a lazy, lolling, tallow-faced, cotton-headed, lack-lustre-eyed boy hung half way out of the window—the personification of stupidity itself. Upon the spur of the moment, I determined to amuse myself at his expense. So as I walked my horse past him, I, with the true schoolboy whine, commenced spelling aloud: 'B-a-k-e-r, baker.' Cotton-head gazed at me full in the face an instant, without change of expression or feature, and then his mouth slowly opened, and with an undisguised snarl, he shouted and returned: 'F-oo-l, fool.' I left instantly, or rather as soon as I could recover my senses."

**Covering the Case.**—The contradictory character of the pleas sometimes put forward in courts of law is well illustrated in the following case, either real or supposed. The suit was for the value of a teakettle which had been borrowed, and, it was alleged, injured by the borrower. The contentions of the defendant were three: First, that he never borrowed the kettle at all; second, that the kettle was damaged when it was borrowed; and third, that it was perfectly sound when it was returned.

**Withdrew His Plea.**—An Irishman was put upon trial, and was asked if he was guilty. He said, " Not guilty, your honor, not guilty." He was then asked, " Are you prepared for trial?" " Oh, no," said he, " I don't care to bother you to try me. I don't want to put you to that trouble. I would just as soon go without it." " But you must be tried," said the judge. " Well," he said, " I am ready." So they called Tim Rafferty. The Irishman looked at him and watched him as he was going to the witness stand. " Your honor," said he, " is that man going to be a witness against me?" " Yes, I believe so. Is that so, Mr. District Attorney?" " Yes, your honor." " Then I withdraw my plea of not guilty, and I plead guilty; not that I am guilty, but I want to save Tim Rafferty's soul."—*John R. Brady.*

**Might as Well Give Up.**—An Iowa judge was telling stories in a hotel lobby, and he related an amusing incident that had occurred in his court when a colored man was brought up for some petty offence. The charge was read, and as the statement, "The State of Iowa against John Jones," was read in a loud voice, the colored man's eyes bulged nearly out of their sockets, and he seemed perfectly overcome with terror and astonishment. When he was asked if he had anything to say, or pleaded guilty or not guilty, he gasped out: "Well, yo' honah, ef de whole State ob Iowa am again dis one pore niggah, I's gwine ter gib up right now."

**Got Off Well.**—Shortly after Colonel D. P. Dyer was admitted to the bar in Pike County he was appointed by the court to defend an old fellow by the name of Jones, who was indicted for enticing a slave to leave his master. The feeling in those days against abolitionists was very bitter. The case was tried and submitted to the jury. In a few minutes that body returned a verdict of guilty and assessed the punishment of Jones at two years in the State penitentiary. Johnson Hendrick, an old farmer, heard the verdict and immediately went to Jones and said: "Mr. Jones, I congratulate you." To which Jones replied, "Sir, I don't think there is anything to be congratulated for." "Oh, yes," said Hendrick: "if you had had another lawyer like Dyer, you would have gone up for five years instead of two."—*Champ Clark.*

**A Gentleman, but a Fool.**—Judge Marshall once found himself suddenly brought to a halt by a small tree which intervened between the front wheel and the body of his buggy. Seeing a servant at a short distance, he asked him to bring an ax and cut down the tree. The servant told the judge that there was no occasion for cutting down the tree, but just to back the buggy. Pleased at the good sense of the fellow, Judge Marshall told him that he would leave him something at the inn hard by, where he intended to stop, having then no small change. In due time the man applied, and a dollar was handed him. Being asked if he knew who it was that gave him the dollar, he replied: "No, sir; I concluded he was a gentleman by his leaving the money, but I think he is the biggest fool I ever saw."

**Caution and Candor.**—A certain lawyer who had succeeded in obtaining the acquittal of a man charged with stealing a gun, called upon his late client to ask his vote and interest on the occasion of a parliamentary election. The man happening to be away from home, the candidate made himself and his business known to the voter's wife, who said no doubt her husband would vote for him for his kindness in saving him from being sent to prison for stealing the gun. "The alleged stealing of the gun," mildly suggested the lawyer; but it was no use, the lady's pride was touched: "Alleged be bothered!" she said, "why, we've got the gun up-stairs now."

# DOCTOR AND PATIENT

**To the Doctor's Intended.**—" So you are engaged to Dr. B——. It must be very nice to be engaged to a doctor. Every time he calls, you know—and of course that must be very often—you feel as if you were getting for nothing what everybody else would have to pay three dollars for."

**Blind Inference.**—Doctor: " Thomas, did Mrs. Popjoy get the medicine I ordered yesterday? " Thomas: " I b'leeve so, sir; I see all the blinds down this morning."

**"Know'd What He Giv' Him."**—During the war, one of those lovely ladies, who devoted themselves to relieving the sufferings of the soldiers, was going through a ward of a crowded hospital. There she found two convalescent soldiers sawing and hammering, making such a noise that she felt it necessary to interfere in her gentle way. " Why," she said, " what is this?—what are you doing? " " What we doin'? Makin' a coffin—that's what." " A coffin? indeed, and whom is it for? " " Who for? that feller over there "—pointing behind him. The lady looked, and saw a man lying on his white bed, yet alive, who seemed to be watching what was being done. " Why," she said, in a low voice, " that man isn't dead. He is alive, and perhaps he won't die. You had better not go on." " Go on! Yes, yes, we shall. The doctor he told us. He said, make the coffin; and I guess he know'd what he giv' him."

**Self-Incriminating.**—A remarkably honest Chicago doctor sent in a certificate of death the other day with his name signed in the space reserved for " Cause of death."

**Kill and Cure.**—A pig would seem the best subject for medical students to experiment on, as he could be killed first and cured afterward.

**Not Mincing Matters.**—Dr. Jephson of Leamington was noted for being brusque and unceremonious. A great London lady, a high and mighty leader of society, who was taken suddenly ill, sent for him. Jephson was so off-hand with her Grace that she turned on him angrily and asked: "Do you know to whom you are speaking?" "Oh, yes," replied Dr. Jephson, quietly; "to an old woman with the stomach-ache."

**The Female Physician.**—A young lady graduate of a Western medical college, when asked by her father what he should get her for a birthday present, caused that gentleman to turn pale by exclaiming: "Oh, my darling pa! If you would only go to the hospital and buy me the head and arm of a man I should be the happiest girl in the world. I could dissect them on the kitchen table, you see."

**Saw It Clearly.**—"My friend called with me on a lady who was suffering from goiter," said a young physician. "He exhibited great sympathy and recommended a number of remedies, all of which had been tried with no good result. After a few moments of reflection he made a new suggestion. 'There is a lady doctor who has been making some wonderful cures up in Westchester County. I wish you'd go and consult her.' 'What's her name?' 'Oh, that's just what I've been trying to recollect. Now it isn't Jones, or Smith, or Brown, or any of those short names. Let me see; let me see. Oh! now I have it; I remember now. Yes, it's Miss Clara Voyant. That's the name.'"

**Had Tried Electricity.**—"Have you given electricity a trial for your complaint, madam?" asked the minister, as he took tea with the old lady. "Electricity!" said she. "Well, yes, I reckon I has. I was struck by lightning last summer and hove out of the window; but it didn't seem to do me no sort of good."

**Missing the Doctor.**—"You look so happy that I suppose you have been to the dentist and had that aching tooth pulled," said a Galveston man to a friend with a swollen jaw. "It ain't that that makes me look happy. The tooth aches worse than ever; but I don't feel it." "How is that?" "Well, I feel so jolly because I have just been to the dentist and he was out." And the happy man cut a pigeonwing on the sidewalk.

**A Complimentary Notice.**—Dumas one day dined at the house of Dr. Gistal, a celebrity of Marseilles. After dinner the good doctor brought his distinguished guest an autograph album, and asked him to add his name to it. "Certainly," said Dumas, and he wrote: "Since the famous Dr. Gistal began to practice here they have demolished the hospital—" "Flattery!" cried the delighted doctor. "And on its site made a cemetery," added the author.

**A Sure Cure.**—Hostetter McGinnis, who has ruined his constitution by getting drunk again, went to the sanctum of an Austin doctor and said: "I am troubled with unpleasant dreams at night. How can I prevent myself from dreaming bad at night?" "Well, perhaps, the best remedy for you to try first is to do all your sleeping before sundown," said the doctor, solemnly.

**Many Operations.**—Sir Astley Cooper, on visiting the French capital, was asked by the chief surgeon of the empire how many times he had performed some wonderful feat of surgery. He replied that he had performed the operation thirteen times. "Ah, monsieur, I have done him one hundred and sixty times. How many times did you save his life?" continued the curious Frenchman, after he looked into the blank amazement of Sir Astley's face. "I," said the Englishman, "saved eleven out of thirteen. How many did you save out of a hundred and sixty?" "Ah, monsieur, I lose dem all; but the operation was very brillante!"

**Talking and Hay-Fever.**—Bethlehem, New Hampshire, during the summer is full of hay-fever victims. They don't enjoy complete immunity there from the disease, but it doesn't tackle them so severely as at home. The language heard at the hotels there is peculiar. A guest will throw his eyes heavenward, and remark: "Id loogs like raid this—atchee—mordig." "Yes," replied another, "I thig—iatchuuuu!—I thig—aacheee!—yes, I thig we'll have sub—kratschuuu—fallig weather be—cheeeeaitsch!—fore evedig."

**Remarkable Symptoms.**—"Well, Patrick," asked the doctor, "how do you feel to-day?" "Och, Doctor, dear, I enjoy very poor health intirely. The rheumatics are very distressin', indade; when I go to slape I lay awake all night, an' my toes is swelled as big as a goose hen's egg; so whin I sthand up I fall down immajit."

**Dead, but in Peril.**—Smith, who had always been a "tough one," has just died. The physician is met coming from the house by Brown, who asks: "Doctor, how is Smith? Is he out of danger?" Physician: "No. He is dead, poor fellow; but he is far from being out of danger, I fear."

**Two Kinds of Doctors.**—The Rev. Dr. Channing had a brother, a physician, and at one time they both lived in Boston. A countryman in search of the divine knocked at the physician's door. "Does Dr. Channing live here?" he asked. "Yes, sir." "Can I see him?" "I am he." "Who? you?" "Yes, sir." "You must have altered considerably since I heard you preach." "Heard me preach?" "Certainly. You are the Doctor Channing that preaches, ain't you?" "Oh, I see you are mistaken now. It is my brother who preaches. I am the doctor who practises."

**Only One Required.**—"You just take a bottle of my medicine," said a quack doctor to a consumptive, "and you'll never cough again." "Is your medicine as fatal as that?" gasped the consumptive.

**Didn't Know the Place.**—A young man who had left his native city to study medicine in Paris, and had been applying his time and the paternal remittances to very different purposes, received a visit from his father, who intended making a short stay in the capital to inspect its wonders. During an afternoon stroll together, the day after the elder's arrival, the father and son happened to pass in front of a large colonnaded building. "What is that?" said the senior, carelessly. "I don't know, but we'll inquire," answered the student. On the query being put to an official, he shortly replied: "That? It is the School of Medicine."

**A Clever Diagnosis.**—Wife (to sick husband): "The doctor says your system needs a stimulant and has prescribed whiskey." Patient (eagerly): "That physician has diagnosed my case correctly; he knows his business. When are we to begin?" Wife: "Right away. You are to take half a teaspoonful after each meal."

**Her Affliction.**—I am not afflicted like the dyspeptic lady who consulted her physician and reported his conclusion. "The doctor," she said, "told me that my real difficulty was that I hadn't sufficient gall to justify my victuals."—*Charles Emory Smith.*

**Modern Miracles.**—A physician, who is something of a wag, called on a colored Baptist minister, and propounded a few puzzling questions: "Why is it," said he, "that you are not able to do the miracles that the apostles did? They were protected against poisons and all kinds of perils; how is it that you are not protected in the same way?" The colored brother replied promptly: "Don't know 'bout dat, doctor; I 'spect I is. I's tooken a mighty sight ob strong med'cine from yo', doctor, an' I's 'libe yit!"

**Why One Still Lived.**—"How many deaths?" asked the hospital physician, while going his rounds. "Nine." "Why, I ordered medicine for ten." "Yes, but one wouldn't take it."

**Great Invalid.**—There lives in Chicago a lady named Mallaby, whose sudden illnesses and more sudden recoveries are the cause of wonder among her many friends. The doctor's carriage stands at her door of an afternoon, and in the evening she will be out to ball or party, radiant with health and beauty. These sudden conversions were well hit off by a friend on inquiring after Mrs. Mallaby, having heard shortly before that she was very ill. "Oh!" said he, "she is bad—very bad; she wasn't expected to live yesterday." "Is it possible?" he replied. "Yes. She called up Mr. Mallaby, and bid him good-by; called up the children, and bid them good-by; called up John, and told him to bring the carriage to the door; and in half an hour she was shopping in town!"

**Not Disposed to Evade.**—Paterfamilias (reading doctor's bill): "Well, doctor, I have no objection to pay you for the medicine, but I will return the visits."

**A Partnership.**—"I called at Dr. Physic's office one day," relates a gentleman, "and found one of the most noted sexton-undertakers lying on a settee, waiting for the return of the doctor. The easy familiarity of his position, and the perfect at-homeativeness, led me to say: 'Why, Mr. Plume, have you gone into partnership with the doctor?' 'Yes,' he replied, as he raised himself up, 'we've been together some time: I always carry the doctor's work home when it is done.'"

**A Matter of Taste.**—Surgeon: "Your pulse is still very high, my friend! Did you get those leeches all right I sent the day before yesterday?" Patient: "Yes, sir; I got 'em right enough; but mightn't I have 'em b'iled next time, sir?"

**Not to Last Long.**—There is no worse occupation for an earnest physician than to listen to the complaints of people who pretend to be ill. Dr. ———, who was called by one of his patients for nothing about once a week, ended by inquiring: "Then you eat well?" "Yes." "You drink well?" "Yes." "You sleep well?" "Certainly." "Wonderful!" said the doctor, as he prepared to write a prescription. "I'm going to give you something that will put a stop to all that."

**Writing Too Much.**—"Doctor," said Frederick Reynolds, the dramatist, to Dr. Baillie, the celebrated physician, "don't you think that I write too much for my nervous system?" "No, I don't," said Dr. Baillie; "but I think you write too much for your reputation."

**If Not One Way, Then Another.**—"Well, my good woman," said the doctor, "how is your husband to-day?" "Better," said the woman, "and gone to the field." "I thought so," said the doctor; "the leeches have cured him." "Oh, yes, they did him a great deal of good, if he couldn't take them all." "Take them all! Why, how did you apply them?" "Oh, I managed it; I boiled one half and fried the other. He got down the boiled ones very nicely, and was better the next morning, and to-day he's quite well." "Umph," said the doctor, shaking his head, "all right, if they have cured him, but they would have been better applied externally." "Well," said the woman, "I'll do so the next time; I'll make a poultice of them."

**No Doubt of It.**—Professor (to class in surgery): "The right leg of the patient, as you see, is shorter than the left, in consequence of which he limps. Now, what would you do in a case of this kind?" Bright student: "Limp, too."

**A Shrewd Reply.**—The doctor's testimony went to prove the insanity of the party whose mental capacity was the point at issue. On a cross-interrogation he admitted that the person in question played admirably at whist. "And do you seriously say, doctor," said the learned counsel, "that a person having a superior capacity for a game so difficult, and which requires, in a pre-eminent degree, memory, judgment, and combination, can be at the same time deranged in his understanding?" "I am no card-player," said the doctor, with great address, "but I have read in history that cards were invented for the amusement of an insane king."

**Prescription and Pun.**—A physician was called upon to see a seamstress who felt indisposed. He inquired as to her health, and she responded very appropriately, "Well, it's about sew sew, doctor, but seams worse to-day, and I have frequently stitches in the side." The doctor hemmed as he felt her pulse, said she would mend soon; and left a prescription.

**A Cure for Consumption.**—Captain de L——, an aide-de-camp to the Duke of Wellington, was at Torquay in an advanced stage of consumption, when he heard that Bonaparte had escaped from Elba and was again at Paris. The captain sent for his medical attendant, and asked him how long he might hope to live. "With care, several months," replied the doctor. "Several months only," said the brave man; "then I may as well die in battle as in my bed." He joined his regiment, fought at Waterloo, received a wound which took away all the diseased part of his lungs, and lived for many years.

**National Antipathies.**—Young Dr. Smith: "A patient got very angry the other day because I advised him to take a Turkish bath." Mrs. Dr. Smith: "I don't see why anybody should get mad about that." Young Dr. Smith: "Well, this fellow was a Greek."

**Sleeping-Potion for the King.**—Zimmermann, who was very eminent as a physician, went from Hanover to attend Frederick the Great in his last sickness. One day the king said to him: "You have, I presume, sir, helped many a man into another world?" This was rather a bitter pill for the doctor; but the dose he gave the king in return was a judicious mixture of truth and flattery. "Not so many as your majesty, nor with so much honor to myself."

**Evidence of the Service.**—A physician, on presenting his bill to the executor of the estate of a deceased patient, asked, "Do you wish to have my bill sworn to?" "No," replied the executor; "the death of the deceased is sufficient evidence that you attended him professionally."

**Trade Names.**—"A man came in here one day," said the apothecary, "and asked for a 'raw-shell' powder. He meant a Rochelle powder. On another occasion a customer demanded a 'sidelight' powder. He got it. A lady came in once, and, holding up a pint bottle, said: 'What will you charge to fill this with pheumonia?'"

**The Wrong Advice.**—A *bon-vivant* who has felt a little jaded of late goes to see his doctor. "Eat lightly," says the doctor, "of simple food; no truffles, no wine, no coffee, no liquors; don't gamble, go to bed early, and I guarantee you the best of health." "Pshaw! I know all that as well as you," replied the patient. "What I demand of you is the means to do precisely the opposite of what you tell me to do."

**The Patient Reproved.**—Dr. Abernethy, on one occasion, was visiting a lady who after describing her complaints, added, "O doctor, whenever I lift my arm it pains beyond endurance." "Then, madam," said the doctor, "you are a great fool for lifting it."

**Returned the Fees.**—On one occasion Professor X—— was called in consultation with Dr. Gregory, about a patient of his who happened to be a student of medicine. The day before, however, Dr. Gregory had called alone, and on going away was offered the customary guinea. This the stately physician firmly refused; he never took fees from students. The patient replied that Professor X—— did. Immediately Gregory's face brightened up. "I will be here to-morrow in consultation with him. Be good enough to offer me a fee before him, sir." To-morrow came, and the student did as he had been requested. "What is that, sir?" the professor answered, looking at his proffered guinea; "a fee, sir? What do you take us to be—cannibals? Do we live on one another? No, sir. The man who could take a fee from a student of his own profession ought to be kicked—kicked, sir, out of the faculty! Good morning!" and with that the celebrated physician walked to the door, in well-affected displeasure. Next day, to the astonishment of the patient, Professor X—— sent a packet with all the fees returned.

**Short Tether.**—Wife: "Oh, doctor, Benjamin seems to be wandering in his mind!" Doctor (who knows Benjamin): "Don't trouble about that—he can't go far."

**The New Disease.**—"Your husband requires rest," said the doctor, as he came from the sick-chamber. "He will soon be well; he has a bad attack of tickerosis." "Tickerosis, doctor! Why, that's a new disease, isn't it?" "Yes, quite new. It is caused by watching the ticker in the broker's offices. It affects the optic nerve and the spinal column."

**Pope's Postscript.**—During Pope's last illness a squabble happened in his chamber between his two physicians, who mutually charged each other with hastening the death of the patient by improper prescriptions. Pope at length silenced them, saying, " Gentlemen, I only learn by your discourse that I am in a dangerous illness; therefore, all I ask is that the following epigram may be added after my death to the next edition of the ' Dunciad ' by way of postcript:—

'Dunces rejoice, forgive all censures past,
The greatest dunce has killed your foe at last.' "

**Mortality Reduction.**—" Keep 'em alive, boy! keep 'em alive!" said an old physician to his young brother practitioner. " Dead men pay no bills."

**Saved Something.**—The boldness, but not the success of modern surgery is exemplified in the following dialogue, which can be found in a little book of jokes on the doctors: " What is on that plate? That is a tumor; it is a very large tumor; it weighs 112 pounds; the patient weighed 88 pounds. Was the tumor removed from the patient? No; the patient was removed from the tumor. Did you save the patient? No, we did not save the patient, but we saved the tumor."

**New Books Not Needed.**—A medical student at Bowdoin College once asked Professor Cleaveland of that institution if there were not some works on anatomy more recent than those in the college library. " Young man," said the professor, measuring the entire youthful scholar at a glance, " there have been very few new bones added to the human body during the last ten years."

# LINCOLN

**Not Dead, Anyhow.**—At the time when General Burnside's force was besieged in Knoxville, Tenn., with an apparent danger of being starved into surrender, a telegram came one day to the President from Cumberland Gap announcing that firing was heard in the direction of Knoxville. "Glad of it!" exclaimed Mr. Lincoln. "Why should you be glad of it?" asked a friend who was present, in some surprise. "Why, you see," he explained, "it reminds me of Mrs. Sallie Ward, a neighbor of mine. She had a very large family. Occasionally one of her numerous progeny would be heard crying in some out-of-the-way place and she would exclaim, 'There's one of my children that isn't dead yet!'"

**Nobility No Obstacle.**—A young European receiving his lieutenant's commission, assured Mr. Lincoln that he belonged to the oldest nobility of his own country. "Never mind that," said the President; "it will not be an obstacle to your advancement."

**The Presidential Chin-Fly.**—Shortly before his second nomination, Lincoln, hearing a member of his cabinet mentioned as a probable competitor for the Presidency, told the following story: "My brother and I were once plowing on an Illinois farm. I was driving the horse and he was holding the plow. The horse was lazy, but on one occasion he rushed across the field so that I with my long legs could scarcely keep up with him. On reaching the end of the furrow, I found an enormous chin-fly fastened on him and knocked it off. My brother asked me what I did that for. I told him I didn't want the old horse bitten in that way. 'Why,' said my brother, 'that's all that made him go!' Now, if Mr. ——— has a Presidential chin-fly biting him, I'm not going to knock it off, if it will only make his department go!"

**Got a Good Rating.**—Several years before Mr. Lincoln received his nomination for the Presidency he received a letter of inquiry from the East concerning the financial standing of a gentleman in his own town, and his reply was: "Dear sir: I know Mr. X—— and his standing. He has a wife and baby that I think a fair valuation of might be fifty thousand dollars. There is a table in his office that I believe to be worth a dollar and a half, and there are three chairs worth about a dollar, and there is a rat-hole in the corner that will bear looking into."—*John H. Boyd.*

**An English Story.**—It will be remembered that Virginia was one of the last States to secede, and did not do so until she had exhausted every effort to effect a compromise; and when she did so, the few Southern States that were still hesitating followed her example, and war became inevitable. Matters were coming to a crisis, when the leading men of Virginia sent a deputation of three of their number to wait on Mr. Lincoln. They tried to impress him with a sense of the gravity of the situation, and urgently entreated that he would do something to calm the excitement amongst the people, whose irritation at the threats of the Administration and of the Northern States, was getting beyond control. It was just after the taking of Fort Sumter and Lincoln's having called out seventy-five thousand men to coerce the South. "But what would you have me do?" said Mr. Lincoln. "Mr. President," replied one of the deputation, "I would beg you to lend me your finger and thumb for five minutes"—meaning of course, that he wished to write something that should allay the prevailing excitement. But Mr. Lincoln did not choose to understand him. "My finger and thumb!" he repeated; "My finger and thumb! What would you do with them? Blow your nose?" The deputation retired in disgust, and Virginia seceded!

**Grant's Brand.**—When the removal of General Grant from his command was requested by a delegation who waited upon the President, he asked why Grant should be removed. "Because he drinks so much whiskey," was the reply. Lincoln's face was as expressive as his speech when he responded: "Ah! that's it. By the way, gentlemen, can you tell me where Grant gets his whiskey? I think I'd better send a barrel of that whiskey to every general in the field."

**Highly Accredited.**—The clerical spokesman of a delegation that once called to give him advice, urged their views upon Lincoln with many quotations from the Scriptures. At last, the President put an end to this kind of argument by saying, "Well, gentlemen, it is not often that one is favored with a delegation direct from the Almighty!"

**Talking to a Jury.**—Once during the argument in a lawsuit, in which Lincoln represented one party, the lawyer on the other side was a glib talker, but not reckoned as deeply profound or much of a thinker. He would say anything to a jury which happened to enter his head. Lincoln, in his address to the jury, referring to this, said: "My friend on the other side is all right, or would be all right, were it not for the peculiarity I am about to chronicle. His habit—of which you have witnessed a very painful specimen in his argument to you in this case—of reckless assertion and statements without grounds, need not be imputed to him as a moral fault, or as telling of a moral blemish. He can't help it. For reasons which, gentlemen of the jury, you and I have not the time to study here, as deplorable as they are surprising, the oratory of the gentleman completely suspends all action of his mind. The moment he begins to talk, his mental operations cease. I never knew of but one thing which compared with my friend in this particular. That was a small steamboat. Back in the days when I performed my part as a keel-boatman, I made the acquaintance of a trifling little steamboat which used to bustle and puff and wheeze about the Sangamon river. It had a five-foot boiler and seven-foot whistle, and every time it whistled it stopped."

**He Told the Secret.**—When the Sherman Expedition—which captured Port Royal—went out, there was great curiosity to know where it had gone. One of a committee visiting President Lincoln at his official residence, importuned him to disclose the destination. "Will you keep it entirely secret?" asked the President. "Oh! yes, upon my honor." "Well," said the President, "I'll tell you." Assuming an air of great mystery, and drawing the man close to him, he kept him a moment awaiting the revelation with an open mouth, and in great anxiety, and then said, in a loud whisper which was heard all over the room, "The expedition has gone to—sea!"

**Eulogy.**—Nearly all historical characters are impossible monsters distorted by flattery, or by calumny deformed. We know nothing of their peculiarities, or nothing but their peculiarities. To these great oaks there clings but little of the soil of humanity. Washington is now only a steel engraving. About the real man who loved, and lived, and hated, and schemed, and fought, we know but little; the glass through which we look at him is of such high magnifying power that the features have grown exceedingly indistinct. Hundreds of people are now engaged in smoothing out the lines of Lincoln's face—forcing all features to the common mold—so that he may be known, not as he really was, but as they think he should have been. Lincoln was not a type. He stands alone. He had no ancestors, he had no fellows, and he has no successors.—*Robert G. Ingersoll.*

**Dwarfs.**—Once during the Civil War Barnum was at Washington, exhibiting General Tom Thumb and Admiral Nutt. Mr. Lincoln said: "You have some pretty small generals, but I think I can beat you."

**For the Benefit of the Enemy.**—After Mr. Lincoln had sent the name of the Rev. Mr. Shrigley to the Senate for confirmation as hospital chaplain in the army, a self-constituted committee of the Young Men's Christian Association called on him to protest against the appointment. After Mr. Shrigley's name had been mentioned the President said: "Oh, yes, I have sent it to the Senate. His testimonials are highly satisfactory, and the appointment will no doubt be confirmed at an early day." The young men replied: "But, sir, we have come not to ask for the appointment, but to solicit you to withdraw the nomination on the ground that Mr. Shrigley is not evangelical in his sentiments." "Ah!" said the President, "that alters the case. On what point of doctrine is the gentleman unsound?" "He does not believe in endless punishment," was the reply. "Yes," added another of the committee, "he believes that even the rebels themselves will finally be saved; and it will never do to have a man with such views hospital chaplain." The President hesitated to reply for a moment, and then responded with an emphasis they doubtless long remembered: "If that be so, gentlemen, and there be any way under heaven whereby the rebels can be saved, then let the man be appointed!"

**Lincoln's Practical Shrewdness.**—After the death of Chief Justice Taney, and before the appointment of Mr. Chase in his stead, a committee of citizens from the Philadelphia Union League, with a distinguished journalist at their head as chairman, proceeded to Washington for the purpose of laying before the President the reason why, in their opinion, Mr. Chase should be appointed to the vacancy on the bench. They took with them a memorial addressed to the President, which was read to him by one of the committee. After listening to the memorial the President said to them, in a very deliberate manner: "Will you do me the favor to leave that paper with me? I want it in order that, if I appoint Mr. Chase, I may show the friends of the other persons for whom the office is solicited by how powerful an influence and by what strong personal recommendations the claims of Mr. Chase were supported." The committee listened with great satisfaction, and were about to depart, thinking that Mr. Chase was sure of the appointment, when they perceived that Mr. Lincoln had not finished what he intended to say. "And I want the paper, also," continued he, after a pause, "in order that, if I should appoint any other person I may show his friends how powerful an influence and what strong recommendations I was obliged to disregard in appointing him." The committee departed as wise as they came.

**Passes to Richmond.**—A gentleman called on the President, and solicited a pass for Richmond. "Well," said the President, "I would be very happy to oblige you, if my passes were respected; but the fact is, sir, I have, within the last two years, given passes to two hundred and fifty thousand men to go to Richmond, and not one has got there yet."

**Had No "Pull."**—A California gentleman, an earnest supporter of the Union, had vainly sought by the regular channels to obtain a pass through the lines to see a brother in Virginia, who was also a good Union man. Finally he obtained an interview with Mr. Lincoln and stated his case. "Have you applied to General Halleck?" inquired the President. "Yes, and met with a flat refusal." "Then you must see Stanton." "I have, and with the same result." "Well, then," said the President, "I can do nothing, for you must know that I have very little influence with this administration."

**Pardon Refused.**—President Lincoln, having been applied to to pardon a repentant slave-trader who had been sentenced to prison, answered the applicant: "My friend, if this man had been guilty of the worst murder that can be conceived of, I might, perhaps, have pardoned him. You know the weakness of my nature—always open to the appeals of repentance or of grief; and with such a touching letter and such recommendations, I could not resist. But any man who would go to Africa and snatch from a mother her children, to sell them into interminable bondage, merely for the sake of pecuniary gain, shall never receive pardon from me."

**Duration of the War.**—A personal friend said to him: "Mr. President, do you really expect to end this war during your administration?" "Can't say, can't say, sir." "But, Mr. Lincoln, what do you mean to do?" "Peg away, sir, peg away; keep pegging away!"

**Lincoln's First Speech.**—Abraham Lincoln is said to have made his maiden speech at Richland, Sangamon County, Illinois, in 1832. He was then a Whig, and a candidate for the legislature. The speech was short and sensible. Lincoln was only twenty-three years of age, and timid. Secondly, his friends and opponents in the joint discussion had rolled the sun nearly down. Mr. Lincoln saw that it was not a proper time to discuss the questions fully, and that was why his remarks were so brief. The speech was as follows: "Gentlemen, Fellow Citizens: I presume you all know who I am. I am humble Abraham Lincoln. I have been solicited by many friends to become a candidate for the legislature. My politics are short and sweet, like an old woman's dance. I am in favor of a national bank. I am in favor of the internal improvement system, and a high protective tariff. These are my sentiments and political principles. If elected, I shall be thankful; if not, it will be all the same."

**The President's Choice.**—During a conversation in 1864 on the Presidential election, which was near at hand, a gentleman remarked to Mr. Lincoln that nothing could defeat him but Grant's capture of Richmond, followed by his nomination at Chicago and acceptance. "Well," said the President, "I feel very much like the man who said he didn't want to die particularly, but if he had got to die, that was precisely the disease he would like to die of."

**Bridge-Building.**—"I once knew," said Mr. Lincoln, "a good, sound churchman, whom we'll call Brown, who was on a committee to erect a bridge over a very dangerous and rapid river. Architect after architect failed, and at last Brown said he had a friend named Jones, who had built several bridges, and could build this. 'Let's have him in,' said the committee. In came Jones. 'Can you build this bridge, sir?' 'Yes,' replied Jones; 'I could build a bridge to the infernal regions, if necessary.' The sober committee were horrified; but when Jones retired, Brown thought it but fair to defend his friend. 'I know Jones so well,' said he, 'and he is so honest a man and so good an architect, that, if he states soberly and positively that he can build a bridge to Hades—why, I believe it. But I have my doubts about the abutment on the infernal side.' So," Mr. Lincoln added, "when politicians said they could harmonize the Northern and Southern wings of the Democracy, why, I believed them. But I had my doubts about the abutment on the Southern side."

**Wouldn't Last Long.**—A gentleman, about whose Teutonic origin there could be but one opinion, was passing along the street, when he came to a halt before one of the huge posters announcing the coming of the Panorama of Paradise Lost. He read this line, "A Rebellion in Heaven," when he broke forth as follows: "A rebellion in heaven: mein Gott! id lasts not long now—Onkel Abe ish tare."

**Crossing the Political Niagara.**—Some gentlemen from the West were excited and troubled about the commissions or omissions of the administration. President Lincoln heard them patiently, and then replied: "Gentlemen, suppose all the property you were worth was in gold, and you had put it in the hands of Blondin to carry across the Niagara River on a rope; would you shake the cable, or keep shouting out to him—'Blondin, stand up a little straighter—Blondin, stoop a little more—go a little faster—lean a little more to the north—lean a little more to the south'? No, you would hold your breath as well as your tongue, and keep your hands off until he was safe over. The Government is carrying an immense weight. Untold treasures are in our hands. We are doing the very best we can. Don't badger us. Keep silence, and we'll get you safe across."

**His Re-Election.**—The stories of President Lincoln grew better and better as he grew older. One of the best was told to a visitor who congratulated him on the almost certain purpose of the people to re-elect him. Mr. Lincoln replied that he had been told this frequently before, and that when it was first mentioned to him he was reminded of a farmer in Illinois who determined to try his own hand at blasting. After successfully boring and filling in with powder, he failed in his effort to make the powder go off; and after discussing with a looker-on the cause for this, and failing to detect anything wrong in the powder, the farmer suddenly came to the conclusion that it would not go off because it had been shot before.

**For Chestnut Venders.**—"I remember a good story," said Lincoln, "when I hear it, but I never invented anything original: I am only a retail dealer."

**Plain Words for "the Plain People."**—An extra session of Congress was called in the July following Mr. Lincoln's first inauguration. In the message then sent in, speaking of secession, and the measures taken by the Southern leaders to bring it about, there occurs the following remark: "With rebellion thus sugar-coated, they have been drugging the public mind of their section for more than thirty years, until at length they have brought many good men to a willingness to take up arms against the Government," etc. It is said that when the message was being printed the Government printer was a good deal disturbed by the use of the term "sugar-coated," and finally went to the President about it. Their relations being of the most intimate character, he told Mr. Lincoln frankly that he ought to remember that a message to Congress was a different affair from a speech at a mass-meeting in Illinois; that the message became a part of history, and should be written accordingly. "What is the matter now?" inquired the President. "Why," said the printer, "you have used an undignified expression in the message"—and then, reading the paragraph aloud, he added, "I would alter the structure of that, if I were you." "That word," replied Mr. Lincoln, "expresses precisely my idea, and I am not going to change it. The time will never come in this country when the people won't know exactly what sugar-coated means."

**A Question of Sides.**—A clergyman remarked to President Lincoln: "I hope the Lord is on our side." The President replied: "I am not at all concerned about that, for I know the Lord is always on the side of the right. But it is my constant anxiety and prayer that I and this nation should be on the Lord's side."

**Advising an Adviser.**—A Western farmer sought President Lincoln day after day until he procured the much desired audience. He had a plan for the successful prosecution of the war, to which Mr. Lincoln listened as patiently as he could. When he was through, he asked the opinion of the President upon his plan. "Well," said Mr. Lincoln, "I'll answer by telling you a story. You have heard of Mr. Blank, of Chicago? He was an immense loafer in his way—in fact, never did anything in his life. One day he got crazy over a great rise in the price of wheat, upon which many wheat speculators gained large fortunes. Blank started off one morning to one of the most successful of the wheat speculators, and with much enthusiasm laid before him a plan by which he (the said Blank) was certain of becoming independently rich. When he had finished, he asked the opinion of his hearer upon his plan of operations. The reply came as follows: 'My advice is that you stick to your business.' 'But,' asked Blank, 'what is my business?' 'I don't know, I am sure, what it is,' says the merchant; 'but whatever it is, I advise you to stick to it.' And now," said Mr. Lincoln, "I mean nothing offensive, for I know you mean well, but I think you had better stick to your business, and leave the war to those who have the responsibility of managing it."

**Knew Him Well.**—A teacher in a Brooklyn school recently asked her pupils each to draw a likeness of Abraham Lincoln. One boy, struggling with the task, and very doubtful about the result, wrote under his work the legend, "A friend of Lincoln's father."

**Undistributed Patronage.**—One of the best morsels of wit ever uttered by President Lincoln was when he had the smallpox in the mild form of varioloid. It was the smallpox all the same, and no one dared to come near the White House. The weary man enjoyed the respite wonderfully, although he said: "Is it not too bad that now, while I have something to give to everybody, no one comes near me!"

**A Great Relief.**—An officer under the Government called at the Executive Mansion, accompanied by a clerical friend. "Mr. President," said he, "allow me to present to you my friend, the Rev. M. F——, of ———. Mr. F—— has expressed a desire to see you, and have some conversation with you, and I am happy to be the means of introducing him." The President shook hands with Mr. F——, and desiring him to be seated, took a seat himself. Then—his countenance having assumed an expression of patient waiting—he said, "I am now ready to hear what you have to say." "Oh, bless you, sir," said Mr. F——, "I have nothing special to say. I merely called to pay my respects to you and, as one of the million, to assure you of my hearty sympathy and support." "My dear sir," said the President, rising promptly, his face showing instant relief, and with both hands grasping that of his visitor, "I am very glad to see you; I am very glad to see you, indeed. I thought you had come to preach to me!"

**His Ludicrous Simile.**—In his eulogy of Chief Justice Chase Senator Evarts told a characteristic anecdote of Mr. Lincoln. It was in reference to the distribution of Government patronage that he said, at the outset of his administration, "I am like a man letting rooms at one end of his house while the other is on fire." And this ludicrous simile is certainly an incomparable description of the system as he found it.

**Lincoln's Compassion.**—When a friend of Lincoln's asked him to pardon a technical deserter, condemned to death, the President replied: "Well, I think the boy can do us more good above ground than under ground." . . . In response to a plea for the pardon of another condemned soldier, the President said: "Well, I don't believe it will do that boy any good to shoot him—give me the pen!" . . . He once pardoned twenty-four sentenced deserters at the same time. To a general who declared that such mercy to the few was cruelty to the many, Lincoln answered: "There are already too many weeping widows in this country. For God's sake don't ask me to add to the number, for I won't do it." . . . In similar circumstances he observed that some generals complained that he injured the discipline of the army by granting so many pardons, and he added: "It rests me after a hard day's work if I can find some good excuse for saving a man's life."

**An Unfortunate Precedent.**—At the famous peace conference on a steamer in Hampton Roads, between President Lincoln and three Confederate commissioners, one of the latter insisted upon the recognition of the power of Jefferson Davis to make a treaty as an indispensable condition of peace. As a precedent, he cited the correspondence between Charles I and his Parliament. Mr. Lincoln, with an expression of grim humor, replied: "Upon questions of history I must refer you to Mr. Seward, for he is posted in such things, and I don't pretend to be bright. My only distinct recollection of the matter is that Charles lost his head."

**Lincoln's Autobiography.**—Abraham Lincoln's only autobiography was written in 1848 at the request of Charles Lanman, who was then making up his "Dictionary of Congress," and had asked Mr. Lincoln for a sketch of his life. The following is Abraham Lincoln's written reply: "Born February 12, 1809, in Hardin County, Kentucky. Education, defective. Profession, lawyer. Have been a captain of volunteers in the Black Hawk War. Postmaster at a very small office. Four times a member of the Illinois legislature. And was a member of the lower House of Congress. Yours, etc., A. Lincoln."

**Fixed the Blame.**—After Lee had taken Harper's Ferry, the President, realizing how great a calamity it was to the Northern arms, determined, if possible, to fix the responsibility. Halleck was summoned, but did not know where the blame lay. "Very well," said Lincoln, "I'll ask General Schenck." The latter could throw no light upon the question further than to say he was not to blame. Milroy was the next to be called to the presence of the commander-in-chief, and to enter a plea of "not guilty." Hooker was next given a hearing, and "Fighting Joe" made an emphatic disclaimer of all responsibility. Then the President assembled the four in his room, and said: "Gentlemen, Harper's Ferry was surrendered, and none of you, it seems, is responsible. I am very anxious to discover who is." After striding across the room several times, the President suddenly threw up his bowed head and exclaimed, "I have it! I know who is responsible." "Who, Mr. President; who is it?" anxiously inquired the distinguished quartet. "Gentlemen," said the President, "General Lee is the man."

**Crossing a River.**—Dr. Bellows of New York gave an account of an interview with President Lincoln in which he unsuccessfully endeavored to obtain his views. The doctor asked what should be done with the slaves which were captured as the army advanced. The President hesitated a little, and then, according to his custom, related a story. He said that a company of clergymen, being once at a conference, suddenly learned that a bridge by which most of them had expected to return home had been carried away by a freshet. They stopped talking on religious topics, and began to debate how they could cross the swollen river. One old-fashioned minister, however, kept silence throughout the discussion, and after wasting hours in useless dispute, the others asked him why he did not give his opinion. " My brethren," said he, " I have lived a great many years, and I never yet have been able to tell how I should cross a river until I came to it."

**Whose, Then?**—An Englishman, in conversation with Mr. Lincoln, said, " Why, no gentleman in England blacks his own boots, you know." " Pshaw! " replied Lincoln, " whose boots do they black? "

# WAR AND SOLDIERS

**Negro Shrewdness.**—An avaricious Jamaica planter, during the Civil War, frequently curtailed his negroes' weekly allowance of herrings and Indian meal. The negroes more than once went in a body and demanded the reason of this treatment; but the answer they always got was, "The provision ships have been taken by American privateers." This satisfied them for some time; but at length being exhausted by long fasting, and weary of the same story, they went to their master and said, "Massa, de provisions tooken ebry day by 'Merican privateer. Now why 'Merican privateer no take de ships wid de grubbin'-hoe an' de pick-axe?"

**A Patriotic Maryland Lady.**—In making the surveys for the intrenchments to be made on the northern and eastern sides of the city of Washington, during the Civil War, the engineer officers came to a lovely spot near Bladensburg. A pretty cottage stood on the brow of the hill, surrounded on all sides by shrubbery, grapevines, orchards, shade-trees, a superb lawn, and a beautiful flower-garden. It was the residence of a lady and her daughters, the husband and father being away fighting in the service of his country. The line of the intrenchments, as surveyed, passed directly over this spot. The officers made several surveys, in hopes of finding some way in which to avoid the necessity of occupying this property at all; but in vain. Calling upon the lady, therefore, the officers explained, in the most delicate manner, the object of their visit, and the military necessity which doomed her beautiful grounds to destruction. The lady listened in silence. Tears came to her eyes. She arose, walked to the open window, looked for a moment upon the lovely scene, and then, turning to the officers, said: "If it must be so, if my country demands it, I give it freely."

**Needless Torture.**—During one of the battles in Mexico, a French officer was wounded severely in the thigh, and for four or five days several surgeons were engaged attempting to discover the ball. Their sounding gave him excruciating pain. On the fifth day he could bear it no longer, and cried to the surgeons, "Gentlemen, in heaven's name, what are you about?" "We are looking for the ball." "Mon Dieu! why didn't you say so at first? It is in my waistcoat pocket!"

**A Mother's Indignation.**—In a train on a railroad which runs into New York, a scene occurred during the Civil War which could never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. A person dressed as a gentleman, speaking to a friend across the car, said, "Well, I hope the war may last six months longer. If it does, I shall have made enough to retire from business. In the last six months I've made a hundred thousand dollars —six months more and I shall have enough." A lady sat behind the speaker, and necessarily heard his remark; but when he was done she tapped him on the shoulder, and said to him: "Sir, I had two sons—one was killed at the battle of Fredericksburg, the other was killed at the battle of Murfreesboro." She was silent a moment, and so were all around who heard her. Then, overcome by her indignation, she suddenly slapped the speculator, first on one cheek and then on the other, and before the fellow could say a word, the passengers sitting near, who had witnessed the whole affair, seized him and pushed him hurriedly out of the car, as one not fit to ride with decent people.

**Coolness in the Tropics.**—I think I may tell you of one little incident that occurred down at San Juan, speaking of the courage of the men and the coolness and nonchalance with which men will view things in time of trial and danger and distress. There was a large, long, colored cavalryman there, as they were going up—I didn't see this, but I was told of it afterwards—and a Spaniard had been shot through the head immediately in front of the cavalryman and had fallen like a log. The Spaniard had been smoking a cigarette, and it was still alight, and this soldier looked at him and reached down his hand and said: "I don't reckon yo' want dat no mo', honey," and he took the cigarette and smoked it. That is the kind of men they had down there, and that shows how badly they were scared.—*Wallace F. Randolph.*

**Woke Him Too Soon.**—On a certain occasion, when Colonel Barre brought forward a motion in the British Parliament on the subject of the navy, Lord North said to a friend: "We shall have a tedious speech from Barre to-night. He'll give us our naval history from the beginning, not forgetting Sir Francis Drake and the Armada. Let me sleep until he comes near our own times and then wake me." His friend at length aroused him from his slumber. "Where are we now?" inquired North. "At the battle of The Hague, my lord," was the reply. "Oh, my dear fellow," said the Prime Minister, "you have waked me a century too soon."—*Charles T. Saxton.*

**Too Bad.**—A good story is told of a Quaker volunteer in the Union army who was in a Virginia skirmish. Coming into pretty close quarters with a Confederate, he remarked: "Friend, 'tis very unfortunate, but thee stand just where I am going to shoot," and blazing away, down came his man.

**The Dying Soldier.**—After the battle of Gettysburg, a Union soldier was found in a secluded spot on the field, where wounded he had laid himself down to die. In his hands, tightly clasped, was an ambrotype containing the portraits of three small children; and upon this picture his eyes, fixed in death, rested. The last object upon which the dying soldier looked was that image of his children. As he silently gazed upon it, his soul passed away. Who can describe the feelings of this patriot father, as he thus looked into the pictured faces of those children, so soon to be made orphans by his own sacrifice. Wounded and alone—the din of battle still sounding in his ears—he lies down to die. His last thoughts and prayers are for his family; he has finished his work; his last battle has been fought, he has freely given his life to his country—and now, commending his loved ones to the Eternal Goodness, he takes his departure from the world.

**Alienations of War.**—The Civil War produced many strange alienations. Two Kentuckians, father and son, were on a railroad train in Indiana. The father was a Confederate prisoner, the son was a Federal guard on the platform of the car. The old man, seeing his son, presumed to take more liberty than the rule allowed, and put his head outside the door. His son hastily advanced, piece at the shoulder, with a sharp—"Get back there, you old rebel!"

**Entering a British Square.**—This graceful anecdote is related of General Canrobert. On their way to the Crimea several French generals with a detachment of troops landed at Malta, and during the maneuvers of some British regiments undertaken at French request, a desire was expressed to see the British formation for resisting cavalry. Squares were at once formed, and General Canrobert rode into one, the men making way for him to pass. As he did so he took off his cocked hat, saying with a bow, " It is only by permission that a French officer ever enters a British square."

**A Great Victory.**—A Russian general rides forward to the Grand Duke. " I have the honor, your Imperial Highness, to announce a great victory." " Very well. Go and congratulate your troops." " There are none left."

**Shot a Mule at Them.**—General Sheridan's experience on the Plains satisfied him that the Indian of the period is a disgusting individual, though once in a while one is found who has a bit of drollery. A band of Indians, the general said, had made a sudden attack on a detachment of his men, who fortunately had a mountain howitzer, mounted on a mule. Not having time to take it off and put it in position, they backed up and blazed away at the Indians. The load was so heavy that mule and all went tumbling down-hill toward the savages, who, not understanding that kind of fighting, took to their heels. Afterward one of them was captured, and when asked why he ran, replied: " Me big Injin; not afraid of little guns or big guns; but when white man loads up and fires whole jackass at Injin me don't know what to do."

**For the Officers.**—A soldier, telling his mother of the terrible fire at Chickamauga, was asked by her why he did not get behind a tree. " Tree," said he, " there wasn't enough for the officers! "

**What Kind of a Horse?**—Just after a fresh conscription, an old farmer, from the West, who knew President Lincoln, called to pay his respects to the President. Slapping the Chief Magistrate upon the back, he exclaimed: " Well, old hoss, how are you? " Old Abe, being thoroughly democratic in his ideas, and withal relishing a joke, responded: " So I'm an old hoss—am I? What kind of a hoss, pray? " " Why, an old draft-hoss, to be sure," was the rejoinder.

**Beating the Chancellor.**—Prince Bismarck had to confer the Iron Cross on a hero of the rank and file. Thinking to try his humor (which was of the elephantine order) on the man, he said, "I am authorized to offer you, instead of the Cross, a hundred thalers. What do you say?" "What is the Cross worth?" quietly asked the man. "Oh, about three thalers." "Very well then, your Highness; I'll take the Cross, and ninety-seven thalers."

**Too Great a Man.**—During the Revolution an officer, not habited in the military costume, was passing by where a small company of soldiers were at work making some repairs on a small redoubt. The officer stopped his horse, and seeing the timber scarcely moved, asked the commander why he did not take hold and render a little aid. The latter appeared to be somewhat astonished, and turning to the officer with the authority of an emperor, said: "Sir, I am a corporal." "I ask your pardon, Mr. Corporal." Upon this he dismounted from his elegant steed, flung the bridle over a post, and lifted till the sweat stood in great drops upon his forehead. When the timber was elevated to its proper station, turning to the man clothed in brief authority, he said: "Mr. Corporal, when you have another such job, and have not men enough, send for your commander-in-chief, and I will come and help you a second time." It was Washington.

**Last Drop.**—"General," said an American major, "I always observe that those persons who have a great deal to say about being ready to shed their last drop of blood, are amazin' partic'lar about the first drop."

**Good Reason for Abstinence.**—A party of volunteers in the royal service, being taken prisoners by the Highland army at the battle of Falkirk in 1746, were put into a barn at the village of St. Ninians, where, during the whole evening they remained without meat or drink. At length an exciseman, one of the Glasgow militia, undertook to speak for himself and companions to a Celtic sergeant who had the command of the guard. "Sergeant," said he, "do you mean to starve us to death? If it's our turn to-day, it may be yours to-morrow; though we be prisoners of war, are we to get neither victuals nor drink?" "What the muckle deevil," replied the Highlander, with great state, "do you want wi' ta vittal and drink? you hang ta morn whether or no."

**Inherited His Cleanliness.**—Colonel Cockburne rose from the rank of a private to that of commander-in-chief at a British station. One morning at a review of the garrison, he saw that the dress of one of the soldiers was much soiled, and stepping up to him, demanded in a haughty tone, "How dare you, you rascal, appear in so dirty a state? Your shirt is as black as ink. Did you ever see me in such a plight when I was a private?" "No, may it please your honor, I never did," replied the trembling culprit, "but then, to be sure, your honor's mother was a washerwoman."

**A Female Rip Van Winkle.**—When the Union troops under McClellan and Rosecrans, in the summer of 1861, were penetrating the mountain region of West Virginia, as they marched through a quiet nook on the side of Laurel Ridge, they saw a venerable matron standing in the door of a log-cabin. One of the men fell into conversation with her, and found that her views on the issues of the day were not very well defined. At length he said: "You'll not refuse to hurrah for Old Abe, will you, old lady?" "Who's Old Abe?" asked the old dame, growing more astonished every minute. "Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States." "Why, ain't Ginrul Washin'ton President?" "No! he's been dead for more than sixty years." "Ginrul Washin'ton dead?" she repeated in blank amazement. Then, rushing into the cabin, she called, "Yeou, Sam!" "Well, what is it, mother?" said a voice within. In a moment she reappeared with a boy of fifty, who, the men afterwards learned, was her son. "Only to think, Sam," she cried excitedly, "Ginrul Washin'ton's dead. Sakes alive! I wonder what's going to happen next."

**Leave It to Posterity.**—When the British soldiers were about to march out and lay down their arms at Yorktown, Washington said to the American army: "My boys, let there be no rejoicing over a conquered foe. When they lay down their arms don't huzza; posterity will huzza for you."

**Waste of Ammunition.**—During the Civil War a certain Indiana company, almost worn out with marching, was straggling along, with very little regard to order. Hurrying up to his men, the captain shouted, "Close up, boys! D—n you, close up! If the enemy were to fire on you when you're straggling along that way, they couldn't hit a d—n one of you!"

**Dear Old Flag.**—Uncle Jacob M'Googinson showed a strong love for the "old flag," in a peculiar way, under trying circumstances. When it was hauled down amidst the loud hurrahs and yells of an excited crowd of secessionists gathered before the empty barracks, old Uncle Jacob claimed it earnestly, his white head and bent frame trembling with emotion. "Boys, give it to me! I fout under that flag at New Orleens, and in Georgy, and 'way in Floridy 'mong the Seminoles. I love that old flag, boys! Give it to me; don't tear it, boys; give it to your Uncle Jacob, what's so often fout under it. It 'll make my ole woman a most beyutiful dressing-gown!"

**A Matter of Time.**—It is always dangerous to call in the services of a novice on occasions of emergency. This fact was impressed on me most forcibly during one of the prominent engagements in the Civil War. When the commanding general had decided to make a decisive movement to determine the fate of the day, and had made all necessary dispositions of the troops, he called to a young staff-officer who had just joined the army, and told him that when he gave the order for the final advance, he wanted him to take out his watch and tell the exact time. The young officer stepped forward, with that look of vanity and self-consciousness upon his face which is only begotten of youth and inexperience. He thought the supreme moment of his life had arrived, and when the final order was given, he pulled out his watch in the presence of a group of anxious staff-officers and promptly informed the general that—it had run down! And, sir, it sometimes happens that a speech-maker does not fully recognize the fact until he has opened his mouth, that he has "run down." When Gibbon was writing his Roman history, it is said that it took him more than twenty years to finish his "Rise and Fall." There are times when an extemporaneous speaker may accomplish this in less than that many minutes. —*Horace Porter.*

**Must Have Been an Accident.**—At a council of generals early in the Civil War, one remarked that Major ——— was wounded, and would not be able to perform a duty that it was proposed to assign him. "Wounded!" said Jackson. "If it really is so, I think it must have been by an accidental discharge of his duty."

**The Gallant Sixty-Ninth.**—Two gallant sons of Erin, being just discharged from the service, were rejoicing over the event with a wee taste of the cratur, when one, who felt all the glory of his own noble race, suddenly raised his glass and said, "Arrah, Moike, here's to the gallant ould Sixty-ninth: The lasht in the field and the first to lave!" "Away wid yees, man," said Mike, "yees don't mane that." "Don't mane it, is it? Thin phat do I mane?" "Yees mane," said Mike—and he raised his glass high, and looked lovingly at it—"Here's to the gallant ould Sixty-ninth—aqual to none!" And so they drank.

**Couldn't Call Him Down.**—Among the paroled Confederate soldiers who were sent to Cairo was a man a little over seven and a half feet in height. He started out with the Missouri troops at the commencement of the war, and stuck to them until the end, and never received a scratch. Soon after he was mustered into the service, the regiment to which he belonged appeared before the colonel on dress parade, and the colonel, who prided himself on the fine appearance and good size of his men, cast his eyes along the line with a smile of self-satisfaction, until they rested on the towering form of the Missourian, when he knit his brows, and called out fiercely in thunder tones, "Get off that stump, you impertinent scoundrel, or I'll order you under arrest." The soldiers looked at each other, wondering what the colonel meant, but no one moved. Finding his authority treated with disrespect, he fairly boiled with rage, and advancing to the soldier, he exclaimed, "What in the devil are you standing on?" The soldier respectfully replied, "On my feet, colonel." The colonel was completely taken back, as he surveyed this tall specimen of humanity from head to foot in blank amazement; he mumbled an apology for his rude remarks, and hastened away, leaving his men convulsed with laughter. "Get off that stump" became a by-word with the Missouri Confederates, and it doubtless lived as long as the long Missourian.

**He Was Simply Wounded.**—One of Steedman's soldiers, an Englishman, was wounded. Steedman noticed him limping, and called out, "Jack, are you wounded?" "Yes, I'm 'it." "Where are you hit, Jack?" "Oh, I'm 'it in the 'ip, but (in great anxiety lest Steedman should send him to the hospital) hit don't 'urt me. I'm only 'it in the 'ip; hit don't 'urt me."

**Extended the Time.**—A captain in one of the Union regiments who had been drinking quite freely met a private of his company in the same condition. The captain ordered him to halt, and endeavoring in vain to assume a firm position on his feet, and to talk with dignified severity, exclaimed, "Private Smith, I'll give you t'l (hic) four o'clock to gissober in." "Cap'n," replied the soldier, "as you're a (hic) d—n sight drunkerniam, I'll give you t'l five o'clock to gissober in."

**Disability from Stammering.**—A soldier, about to be sent on an expedition, said to the officer directing the drafts, "Sir, I cannot go, because I—I—stutter." "Stutter!" says the officer, "you don't go to talk, but to fight." "Ay, but they'll p-p-put me on g-g-guard, and a man may go ha-ha-half a mile before I can say, 'Who-who-who goes there?'" "Oh, that is no objection, for there will be another sentry placed along with you, and he can challenge and you can fire." "Well, b-b-but I may be taken and run through the b-b-body before I can cry qu-qu-quarter!"

**Relaxing Discipline.**—The colonel of an Alabama regiment was famous for having everything done up in military style. Once, in '62, while field-officer of the day and going his tour of inspection, he came on a sentinel from the Eleventh Mississippi regiment sitting flat down on his post, with his gun taken entirely to pieces, when the following dialogue took place: Colonel: "Don't you know that a sentinel while on duty, should always keep on his feet?" Sentinel (without looking up): "That's the way we used to do when the war first began; but that's played out long ago." Colonel (beginning to doubt if the man was on duty): "Are you the sentinel here?" Sentinel: "Well, I'm a sort of a sentinel." Colonel: "Well, I'm a sort of officer of the day." Sentinel: "Well, if you'll hold on till I sort of git my gun together, I'll give you a sort of salute."

**"Our Rights."**—The following conversation occurred at Normandy, Tennessee, between a Confederate prisoner, captured at Knoxville, and the correspondent of a Northern paper: "Are you going to take the oath?" "No; I'll rot in prison first." "What are you fighting for?" "Our rights." "What are your rights?" "Well"—hesitating, and attempting to clear his throat—"well, I can't 'xactly tell yer; the fact is, I can't read; but there's them that does know."

**A Loyal House.**—A certain Federal regiment was in Northern Mississippi, and halting near a fine mansion, the boys were making for the chicken quarter, when the lady of the house appealed to the colonel for protection, declaring that she was a good Union woman, and that they all stood up for the Government! Just then one of the children cried out, "Oh, mother, that horrid Yankee's got Jeff Davis [a big rooster], and is going to wring his neck!" There was no further doubt about the loyalty of that household.

**Shirts on Compulsion.**—It will be seen, from what follows, that General Butler's tyranny did not stop at taxing grogshops. It seems that after the expulsion of the Confederates from New Orleans, the dead walls of that city were suddenly covered with conspicuous bills containing the following sentence: "Get your shirts at Moody's, 207 Canal street." A planter, a secessionist, came to town some months after Butler had taken the reins in his hands, and marveled much at the cleanliness and good order he found prevailing; also he was surprised at this notice, which everywhere stared him in the face. "Get your shirts at Moody's?" said he to an acquaintance he met in the street; "what does this mean? I see it everywhere posted up. What does it mean?" "Oh," was the reply, "that is another of the outrageous acts of this fellow Butler. This is one of the orders of which you hear so much. Don't you see? he has ordered us to get our shirts at Moody's, and we have to do so. It is, of course, suspected that he is a silent partner in the concern, and pockets the profits." The poor planter listened with eyes and mouth open and replied: "I don't need any shirts just now, and it's a great piece of tyranny; but this Butler enforces his orders so savagely that it is better to give in at once," and accordingly he went to "Moody's" and purchased half a dozen shirts—on compulsion.

**Fire In His Rear.**—George Washington was once at a dinner party, where his host had set him with his back to a fiery red-hot stove. Finding it quite too hot for comfort, after some squirming, he beat a retreat for a more comfortable position, at the same time explaining the reason. "Why," said the hostess, jocularly, "I thought an old general like you could stand fire better than that." "I never could stand a fire in my rear," replied the general.

**Not in Company "H."**—The night after the battle of Peachtree Creek, fought July 20, 1864, a party of half a dozen Union soldiers were discussing the events of the day, and mentioning the names of their comrades who had been killed or wounded, among the list of whom most of them had some particular friend to mourn. At last Daniel Probert, an Englishman, but as good a soldier as ever wore the blue, remarked that his friend Bill, during the last charge, was "'it in the harm, but hit was an 'armless 'it!"

**No Longer Exclusive.**—Just after the battle of Williamsburg General Magruder and his staff stopped at the house of a widow on the road, and engaged dinner. Soon after their arrival a Louisiana soldier came up, and accosted the landlady with: "Madam, can I get dinner?" "Yes, sir," was the reply; "but as I am preparing dinner for General Magruder and staff, and have not room at my table for more, you will have to wait for a second table." "Very well, ma'am. Thank you," said the soldier, taking his seat in a position to command a view of the dining-room. Watching the movements of the servants, he waited until the feast was on the table, and while his hostess proceeded to the parlor to announce dinner to her distinguished guests, he entered the dining-room, and, seating himself at the table, awaited further developments, trusting to his impudence to get him out of the scrape. Upon the entrance of the party of officers there were found to be seats for all but one, and one politely returned to the parlor to wait. The General took a seat next to the soldier, and, after the first course was finished turned to him and asked: "Sir, have you any idea with whom you are dining?" "No," coolly replied the soldier; "I used to be very particular on that score; but since I turned soldier I don't care whom I eat with, so that the victuals are clean."

**Beaten But Not Scattered.**—A soldier of Bates's division of the Confederate army, after the command had run two days from Nashville, had thrown away his gun and accouterments, and alone in the woods sat down and commenced thinking—the first chance he had had for such a thing. Rolling up his sleeves, and looking at his legs and general physique, he thus gave vent to his feelings: "I am whipped, badly whipped, and somewhat demoralized, but no man can say I am scattered."

**Had Had Good Instruction.**—General Bragg's retreating proclivities are well illustrated by the following satire which appeared in a Southern paper: After the battle of Chickamauga, a soldier who had been within the enemy's lines and escaped was carried before General Bragg and questioned in relation to what he saw. He said the rout was complete, and the enemy in full retreat when he left. The General asked him if he knew what a retreat was? He looked at the General with surprise and said: "Why, General, haven't I been with you in your whole campaign?"

**Striking a Hog.**—The First Texas cavalry formed part of the Union force under General Davidson in his raid to Pascagoula from Baton Rouge. Severe orders had been issued against straggling and foraging. One night, after a hard day's march, Colonel Haynes and Major Holt of the First Texas had just got comfortably to bed when a big hog set up a most unearthly squealing in the neighborhood of the camp. The colonel immediately began to rouse an orderly to send for the officer of the day, when the major, opening his eyes, yawned out: "Lie down, Colonel, that is none of our men." "How do you know it is none of our men?" "Well, Colonel, I have campaigned a heap more with this regiment than you, and I have found out that when the First Texas strikes a hog it never squeals but once."

**Incident of Lookout Mountain.**—It was near sundown when General T. J. Wood, whose conduct all through the three days' battle marked him as one of the ablest leaders of the national armies, rode along the lines of his division. Loud shouts of enthusiasm everywhere greeted his appearance, until at last his feelings, no longer controllable, broke out in a speech: "Brave men!" said he, "you were ordered to go forward and take the rifle-pits at the foot of these hills; you did so; and then, by the eternal! without orders, you pushed forward and took all the enemy's works on top! Here is a fine chance for having you all court-martialed! and I myself will appear as the principal witness against you, unless you promise me one thing." "What is it? what is it?" laughingly inquired his men. "It is," resumed the General, "that as you are now in possession of these works you will continue, against all opposition of Bragg, Johnston, Jeff Davis, and the devil, steadfastly to hold them!"

**English as She Is Understood.**—When a wounded Confederate, a French creole, was brought on board a Federal transport, after the battle of Shiloh, in answer to all questions about his position, the battle itself, the Southern situation, etc., his invariable answer was: "*Non comprends vous*, monsieur. Me no understand Anglaise." After a few hours had elapsed, and the nurse had been busily engaged in serving hot soup to other wounded soldiers, one of them approached our Frenchman and said, in pure Western patois, "Hallo, mister! won't ye hev some soup?" "Yes, sir-ee! by damn!" There was no difficulty in making him understand after that.

**"Most Thar!"**—During McClellan's march up the Peninsula a tall Vermonter got separated from his regiment and was tramping along through the mud trying to overtake it. He came to a crossing and was puzzled which road to take, but a native came along and the soldier inquired: "Where does this road lead to?" "To hell," answered the surly Southron. "Waal," drawled the Green Mountain boy, "judgin' by the lay o' the land and the looks o' the people, I cal'late I'm most thar."

**Obeying Orders.**—While in front of Petersburg, General Butler received information that his favorite horse, "Almond Eye," had been accidentally killed by falling into a ravine. Upon the departure of his informant, the General, without waiting to verify the report, ordered an Irishman to go and skin the horse. "Phat! Is 'Almond Eye' dead?" asked Pat. "What's that to you? Do as I bid you, and ask no questions." Pat went about his business, and in an hour or two returned. "Well, Pat, where have you been all this time?" "Skinning the harse, yer anner." "Does it take nearly two hours to perform such an operation?" "No, yer anner; but thin, ye see, it tuck half an hour to catch 'm."

**Knew He Was There.**—A Confederate officer uncommonly tall, with prodigious length of limb, was seen approaching by a private who, as the officer drew nearer, observed that he was mounted on a particularly small horse and wore a hat so much too large for him as practically to hide his face from view. Struck with the ridiculousness of such a figure, the private called out to the officer, "Come down out of that hat! I know you're there, for I can see your boots."

**Flag Presentation.**—The following took place at a flag presentation in the Army of the Cumberland, May 1, 1863: The flag was presented to the Fifteenth Indiana Volunteers on behalf of some young ladies of the State by the chaplain, and received for the regiment by General G. D. Wagner. The regiment was in line, and the rest of the brigade assembled to witness the ceremony. The General, in the course of his speech, said: "Tell the young ladies of your town that when the war is over their then sanctified gift shall be returned to them, unless torn to shreds by the enemy's bullets." "An' thin we'll take 'em back the pole!" cried an Irishman in the regiment. The brigade, officers and men, committed a breach of discipline by laughing immoderately, and Pat received a pass to go to town next day.

**Pitt's Intentional Forgetfulness.**—Mr. Pitt, speaking in the House of Commons of the glorious war preceding that in which England lost the colonies, called it "the last war." Several members cried out: "The last but one!" He took no notice and, soon after, repeating the mistake, was interrupted by a general cry of "The last war but one! The last war but one!" "I mean, sir," said Pitt, turning to the Speaker, and raising his sonorous voice, "I mean, sir, the last war that Britons would wish to remember."

**A Secret.**—Stonewall Jackson had not seen his home since the war broke out; nor would he, he declared, until it was over—unless the war itself should take him thither. He firmly declined the luxury of "hospitable mansions" along the line of march; nor after his occupation of Winchester could he, without much difficulty, be induced to pass a night in the house of any old friend in Frederick, Clarke, or Jefferson. He preferred to sleep among his men. It was one of these Valley friends of his who miscarried so absurdly in an attempt to cajole him out of his imperturbable reticence. The gentleman, at whose house Jackson had been induced to make a brief visit in passing, was eagerly curious to learn what the next movement of the ubiquitous commander would be; so he boldly claimed his confidence on the score of ancient friendship. After a few minutes of well-affected concern and reflection the grim joker buttonholed his bore. "My stanch old friend," said he, with mysterious deliberation, "can—you—keep—a secret?" "Yes, General!" "So can I."

**General Grant Obeyed Orders.**—General Grant was walking the dock at City Point, absorbed in thought, and with the inevitable cigar in his mouth, when a negro guard touched his arm, saying, "No smoking on the dock, sir." "Are these your orders?" asked the General, looking up. "Yes, sir," replied the negro, courteously, but decidedly. "Very good orders," said Grant, throwing his cigar into the water.

**"Attack at Once!"**—The day before Grant attacked Fort Donelson, the troops had had a march of twenty miles, part of it during a bitter cold night. Grant called a council of war, to consider whether they should attack the fort at once, or should give the troops a day or two's rest. The officers were in favor of resting. Grant said nothing till they had all given their opinion; then he said: "There is a deserter come in this morning—let us see him, and hear what he has to say." When he came in, Grant looked into his knapsack. "Where are you from?" "Fort Donelson." "Six days' rations in your knapsack, have you not, my man?" "Yes, sir." "When were they served out?" "Yesterday morning." "Were the same rations served out to all the troops?" "Yes, sir." "Gentlemen," said Grant, "troops do not have six days' rations served out to them in a fort if they mean to stay there. These men mean to retreat—not to fight. We will attack at once."

**Comedy of Battle.**—A cluster of mangled fellows were huddled about a field-hospital waiting surgical attention. A big brawny trooper, with a bullet in his left leg and another in his right arm, hobbled up, holding his wounded arm in his left hand. "Doctor," said he, with much less piety than pain; "the d—d rebs came pretty near hitting me." Another fellow, blowing blood copiously from his nose—the point of which had been shot off—as a whale spouts sea-water, interposed, "the d—d rascals"—sputter—"come d—d near"—another blow and sputter—"missin' me!"

**A Hard Kicker.**—An Illinois colonel felt it his duty to praise the double-acting arms used in the Civil War, which were called Belgian muskets. Said he, "In platoon firing with the Belgian musket I can tell what I cannot with any other arm, and that is, how many pieces have been fired." "How can you tell that?" "Oh, I count the men on the ground. It never deceives me. It is 'fire and fall back,' flat."

**A No-Sider.**—A correspondent tells the following story of one of the farmers in the vicinity of Culpeper, Virginia, whose possessions lay in a district where both Union and Confederate armies foraged. The old chap, one day, while surveying ruefully the streaks in the soil where his fences once stood, remarked with much feeling: "I hain't took no sides in this yer rebellion, but I'll be dog-gorned if both sides hain't took me."

**Would Not Deny It.**—The sharp sayings of General W. T. Sherman if collected in book form would make a large volume. Some time during the latter part of the Civil War, or just after it, the society people of the South were in the habit of turning up their noses at "Old Tecumseh" as not blue-blooded. In support of their charge it was reported and published in the Southern newspapers that he had once kept a corner grocery. Some of the younger members of the family wrote to the general, inclosing a cutting from a Southern paper to this effect, and asked him to deny it. The old warrior wrote back that he did not think there was any necessity for a denial, "because, for my part, I think a corner a very good place to keep a grocery."

**His Chief Regret.**—One of the soldiers in the battle of Shiloh happened to be inordinately fond of card-playing. During the fight he had three of his fingers shot off. Holding up his mangled member, he gazed at it with a look of ineffable sorrow, and exclaimed, as a big tear stole into the corner of his eye: "I shall never be able to hold a full hand again!"

**Soldier and Shakespearian.**—General Tuttle while in command of a division at Shiloh, had in his command B——, an inveterate old bohemian, who got maudlin on every possible occasion. The general, in going the rounds on inspection day, found B——, for perhaps the fiftieth time, undergoing the usual punishment for drunkenness—lashed to the fifth wheel of the caisson. The day was intensely hot; B——, lashed at an angle of forty-five degrees, was gazing intently into the muzzle of a six-pounder which pointed directly toward him. The general, on discovering the situation, hailed him: "Hallo, B——! what are you doing there?" B——, with as much dignity as he could muster, replied in a deep, tragic voice: "General, I am seeking the bubble reputation even in the cannon's mouth!"

**Made Him Feel Smaller.**—"In 1864," said a Northern soldier, "I was in Libby prison, and was paroled in October of that year. While Ross, the chief clerk (who, by the by, was a fine little fellow, and always fond of a joke), was busy paroling the boys, a huge Michigander strolled up to have his name entered. Ross, looking up and seeing such a large specimen of humanity, asked him his height. "Six feet six," he replied. Ross then made the query, "How large do the boys grow in your country, old fellow?" "Waal, I don't know, boss; but our babies are a mighty sight bigger than you!"

**A Brave Irishman.**—A Union regiment, fiercely attacked by a whole brigade in one of the battles of Mississippi, and being unable to withstand such great odds, was compelled to fall back about thirty or forty yards, losing, to the utter mortification of the officers and men, its flag, which remained in the hands of the enemy. Suddenly, a tall Irishman, a private in the color company, rushed from the ranks across the vacant ground, attacked the squad of Confederates who had possession of the conquered flag, with his musket felled several to the ground, snatched the flag from them, and returned safely to his regiment. The bold fellow was, of course, immediately surrounded by his jubilant comrades and greatly praised for his gallantry. His captain appointed him a sergeant on the spot; but the hero cut everything short by the reply, "Oh, niver moind, Captain—say no more about it. Oi dhrapped me whuskey-flask among thim Johnnies an' went to get it back, an' I thought oi moight as well bring along th' ould flag!"

**Dodging.**—At one of the liveliest skirmishes of '63 a gallant colonel was at the head of his men as they were formed in line of battle, under the fire of the enemy. As the shells exploded over them, his boys would involuntarily duck their heads. The colonel saw their motions, and in a pleasant way exhorted them, as he rode along the line, to hold up their heads and act like men. He turned to speak to one of his officers, and at that moment an eighteen-pounder shell burst within a few yards of him, scattering the fragments in all directions. Instinctively, he jerked his head almost to the saddle-bow, while his horse squatted with fear. "Boys," said he, as he straightened up and reined his steed, "you may dodge the large ones!"

**A Story of the Wilderness.**—In the battles of the Wilderness the Twentieth Massachusetts regiment was in the thick of the fight, and one color-bearer after another was shot down almost as fast as the men could be replaced. But such was the eagerness to keep the flag aloft that at one time two men —Irishmen—caught hold of the standard at once, as it was about to fall, and struggled for it. Just then a shot struck the staff, cutting it in two, and leaving one man with the flag, and the other with the broken stick. "Bedad!" said the man with the short end of the staff, "th' inimy decoided for us this toime!" and went to loading and firing again, as coolly as if nothing had happened.

**Uncle Sam Everywhere.**—A soldier of a Pennsylvania regiment, who was wounded at the battle of Chancellorsville, and left on the field, afterwards related his adventures to the colonel. When the tide of battle had swept past the spot where he lay, a Confederate soldier came to him and took away his canteen, haversack, musket, and accouterments, and finally demanded his coat and shoes. At this the Pennsylvanian at first demurred, but he was forced to submit. "Where do you belong?" asked the Confederate. "To Pennsylvania," was the reply. "And what are you doing down here in Virginia?" "Vell, I comes down here to fight," said the unlucky Bucks County man. "To fight, eh?" said the Virginian; "why don't you fight in your own State, if you want to fight: what business have you here in Virginia?" The question might have been a poser for some, but the brave Dutchman replied: "Vell, I fights mit Onkel Sam, and Onkel Sam he goes efryvere."

**Couldn't Understand It.**—A war-beaten veteran of Longstreet's corps made a funny remark to a prominent politician who conversed with him while coming in from the front. Said he, "I do not understand this; Lee has won a big victory over Grant on the Rapidan, and told us so, and that night we retreated. Then he won another in the Wilderness, and told us so, and we retreated to Spottsylvania. Then he won another tre-men-jus victory, and I got tuk prisoner; but I reckon he has retreated ag'in. Now, when he used to lick them, the Yanks fell back and claimed a victory, and we understood it. Now Lee claims victories, and keeps a fallin' back, and I can't understand it."

**Neither One Nor the Other.**—A squad of volunteers, out scouting, came across a female in a log-cabin in the mountains. After the usual salutations, one of them asked her, "Well, old lady, are you a secesh?" "No," was the answer. "Are you Union?" "No." "What are you, then?" "A Baptist, an' always have been."

**He Got There First.**—"I was much amused," said a Civil War correspondent, "at the Confederate prisoners' account of Stonewall Jackson's admission into heaven. They were strong admirers of General Jackson, and especially of the great success of his flank movements. 'The day after his death,' said they, 'two angels came down from heaven to carry General Jackson back with them. They searched all through the camp, but could not find him. They went to the prayer-meeting, to the hospital, and to every other place where they thought themselves likely to find him, but in vain. Finally, they were forced to return without him. What was their surprise to find that he had just executed a splendid flank movement, and got into heaven before them!'"

**At the Front.**—On the day of President Lincoln's funeral, a bronzed and weather-beaten soldier, anxious to obtain a better view of the procession, happened to step before a party of ladies and gentlemen. One of the gentlemen nudged him on the elbow, at the same time observing, "Excuse me, sir, but you are right in front of us." Bowing handsomely in return, the soldier replied, "That is nothing remarkable for me, sir; I have been in front of you for three years."

**General Logan and the Irishman.**—Just before the capture of Savannah, General Logan, with two or three of his staff, entered the station at Chicago one fine morning, to take the cars east, on his way to rejoin his command. The general being a short distance in advance of the others, stepped upon the platform of a car and was about to enter it, but was stopped by an Irishman with: "Ye'll not be goin' in there." "Why not, sir?" asked the general. "Because thim's a leddies' caer, and no gintleman 'll be goin' in there widout a leddy. There's wan sate in that caer over there, av yees want it," at the same time pointing to it. "Yes," replied the general, "I see there is one seat, but what shall I do with my staff?" "Oh, bother yer staff!" was the petulant reply. "Go an' take the sate, and stick yer staff out av the windy."

**An Even Chance.**—A stage traveler in Arkansas, during the war between the States, stopped at a wayside house where lived one of the brightest beauties of that section. Presuming on the privileges of mature age, the traveler asked her if it were possible that she had not married yet. "No, sir," she replied; "and what's more, I don't intend to till the very last one of the volunteers gets back. I mean to wait and let them all have an even chance."

**Famous Words.**—There are two or three old Dutch words which have resounded through the world: "*Neen, nimmer!*"—"No, never!" When the order was given by the Roman legions to the Batavians in the woods, at the mouth of the Rhine, to lay down their arms, the answer which came back from those ancient Dutchmen was, "*Neen, nimmer!*" And they kept their word. When the hosts and fleets of Spain dictated to the struggling Dutch of four centuries ago, "Give up your religion," the answer that came back from the men, and the women too, was "*Neen, nimmer!*" And they repeated the answer for eighty years. When the admiral of the Spanish fleet, with his twenty-six big galleons of war ordered the commander of the disabled Dutch ship "Klaaszoon" to surrender, the answer that came back from the commander was "*Neen, nimmer!*" and he fought for two days and nights longer. And when, on the third day, the admiral called out, "Strike your flag; we will give you quarter," the Dutchman, with the orange flag nailed to the stump of the shattered mainmast, and his crew on their knees on the deck, shouted back, "*Neen, nimmer!*" and set fire to the magazine, and went up in smoke and glory. And when the English fleet arrived before the walls of Nieuw Amsterdam, and the commander called upon the governor to surrender, Stuyvesant, as he stood on the ramparts of his rickety old fort, with his sixteen soldiers, shrieked: "*Donder en bliksem! neen, nimmer!*" until they carried him and his wooden leg away.—*G. de Weckherlin.*

**Went Him One Better.**—Among the excuses offered for exemptions some are extremely ludicrous. In Smyth County, Virginia, we learn, one man on enrolling himself wrote opposite his name, "one leg too short." The next man that came in, noticing the excuse, and deeming it pretty good, thought he would make his better, and wrote opposite his name, "both legs too short!"

**Respect the Uniform.**—A colored sentinel was marching on his beat in the streets of Norfolk, Virginia, when a white man passing by, shouldered him insolently off the sidewalk into the street. The soldier, on recovering himself, called out: "White man, halt!" The white man went straight on. The sentinel brought his musket to a present, cocked it, and hailed again. "White man, halt, or I'll fire!" The white man, hearing shoot in the tone, halted and faced about. "White man," continued the sentry, "come here!" He did so. "White man," said the soldier again, "I doan care one cent 'bout this yere 'tiklar Cuffee; but white man bound to 'speck dis uniform. White man, move on."

**Virginia and North Carolina.**—The staff of the Confederate General Wise were riding through a rather forlorn part of North Carolina, and a young Virginian of the staff concluded to have a little fun at the expense of a long-legged specimen of the genus homo, who wore a very shabby gray uniform and bestrode a worm fence at the roadside. Reining in his horse, he accosted him with, "How are you, North Carolina?" "How are you, Virginia?" was the ready response. The staff-officer continued: "The blockade on turpentine makes you rather hard up, don't it? No sale for tar now, is there?" "Well—yes," was the slow response. "We sell all our tar to Jeff Davis now." "The thunder you do! What on earth does the President want with your tar?" North Carolina answered: "He puts it on the heels of Virginians to make them stick on the battle-field!"

**Life and Death of a Soldier.**—A surgeon in one of the military hospitals at Alexandria, wrote in a private note: "Our wounded men bear their sufferings nobly; I have hardly heard a word of complaint from one of them. A soldier from Maine—a victim of the slaughter at Fredericksburg—lay in this hospital, his life ebbing away from a fatal wound. He had a father, brothers, sisters, a wife, a little boy of two or three years of age, on whom his heart seemed set. Half an hour before he ceased to breathe I stood by his side, holding his hand. He was in the full exercise of his intellectual faculties, and was aware that he had but a very brief time to live. He was asked if he had any message to leave for his dear ones at home, whom he loved so well. 'Tell them,' said he, 'how I died—they know how I lived!'"

**Southern Opinions.**—At every movement of General Sherman's army he captured some Confederates, and occasionally a few came forward and voluntarily gave themselves up. One of them being asked what he thought of the Union forces and General Sherman, replied: "Sherman gits on a hill, flops his wings and crows; then yells out, 'Attention! creation! by kingdoms, right wheel, march!' and then we git."

**Could Love But One.**—During Sherman's famous march to the sea, General Longstreet's instructions were to keep up a continual attack on his flank and turn it if possible. This was difficult work and very exhausting. In order to get a little sleep it was General Longstreet's habit, while his army was on the march, to ride ahead of it for six or seven miles, and wait until it had passed beyond him for two or three, when he would arise and ride ahead as before. On awakening at one of these times, he found himself in the midst of a number of stragglers and camp-followers, and just before him on the road, screened by a bush, sat a poor abject-looking mortal, engaged in a soliloquy, which General Longstreet, on listening, heard as follows: "Here I am, a poor miserable beggar. My shoes are gone; my clothes are almost gone. I'm weary, I'm sick, I'm hungry. My family have been killed or scattered, and may be now wandering helpless and unprotected in a strange country. And I have suffered all this for my country. I love my country. Yes, I would—I would die—yes, I would die willingly if it were necessary, because I love my country. But if this war is ever over, I'll be damned if I ever love another country."—*A. A. McCormick.*

**Taking the Oath.**—At Richmond, Virginia, a modest young country girl, on applying for rations to one of the Federal relief agents, was asked if she had ever taken the oath. "No, indeed, sir," was her terrified reply; "I never swore in all my life." "But you must take the oath, my good girl," said the agent, "or I cannot give you the rations." "No, indeed, I can't, sir," said the girl; "mother always taught me never to swear." The agent mildly persisted, and the maiden as pertinaciously refused all attempts at persuasion, until, overcome at last by the dreadful conflict between necessity and her high sense of moral duty, she stammered out, with downcast lids, "Well, sir, if you will make me do such a horrid, wicked thing, then d—n the Yankees!"

**Changing Shirts.**—After a long march a captain ordered, as a sanitary precaution, that his soldiers should change their undershirts. The orderly sergeant said that half the men had only one undershirt each. The captain hesitated a moment, then said: "Military orders must be obeyed; let the men change with each other."

**An Impromptu Truce.**—One of those biting cold mornings, while the armies of Meade and Lee were staring at each other across the little rivulet known as Mine Run, when moments appeared to be hours, and hours days, so near at hand seemed the deadly strife, a solitary sheep leisurely walked along the run on the Confederate side. A vidette fired and killed the sheep, and dropping his gun, advanced to remove the prize. In an instant he was covered by a gun in the hands of a Union vidette, who said, "Divide is the word or you are a dead Johnnie." This proposition was assented to, and there, between the two skirmish lines, Mr. Confederate skinned the sheep, took one half, and moved back to his post, when his challenger, in turn dropping his gun, crossed the run, got the other half of the sheep, and again assumed the duties of his post amid the cheers of his comrades, who expected to help him eat it. Of the hundreds of hostile men arrayed against each other on either bank of that run, not one dared to violate the truce intuitively agreed upon by these two soldiers.

**New Hero.**—A soldier in one of the Union hospitals, who had lost one of his arms, was rejoicing over the fact. Said he: "My grandfather lost a leg in the Revolutionary War, and our family have been bragging over it ever since. That story is an old one, and now I am going to be the hero of the family."

**Jackson's Horsemanship.**—During a great battle a straggler who had built a nice fire in the old field and was enjoying it all to himself, observed what he took to be a squad of cavalry. The man in front seemed to be reeling in his saddle. The straggler ran out to him and said, "Look here, old fellow, you are mighty happy. Where do you get your liquor from? Give me some, I'm as dry as a powder-horn." Imagine his feelings when he found it was Stonewall Jackson—the most ungraceful rider in the army, and whose usual motion was a swaying from side to side.

**Looking Alike.**—"I suppose you will see," wrote a soldier in the Army of the Potomac to his sister, "that I have written mother's letter with a pencil, and yours with pen and ink. It is because we have just had a lot of penholders and pens given us by the Government. We have also had a box and a half of shoe-blacking given to each man. You will remember that in my last letter I stated that F——, one of the privates, had no shoes. When the colonel gave us the blacking he said he wanted us to look as much alike as possible. So F—— went to work and blacked his feet and polished them; and when the colonel came along on dress parade, he asked F—— why he did that. He replied, 'To look as much alike as possible.' The colonel burst out laughing, and went, after parade, to the store and with his own money bought F—— a pair of shoes."

**Appearance of Stonewall Jackson.**—A Yankee captain, captured in the battles beyond Richmond, was brought to some brigadier's headquarters. Being fatigued, he lay down under a tree to rest. Pretty soon General Lee and staff rode up. The Yankee asked who he was, and when told, praised his soldierly appearance in extravagant terms. Not long after, Jackson and his staff rode up. When told that that was Jackson, the Yankee bounced to his feet in great excitement, showing that he was much more anxious to see Stonewall than Lee. He gazed at him a long time. "And that's Stonewall Jackson?" "Yes." "Waal, I swan he ain't much for looks"; and with that he lay down and went to sleep.

**Amenities of Picket Duty.**—The First Delaware regiment was on picket, and confronting the enemy. "Barney," the sergeant-major, espied a cow, which had just escaped from the enemy's lines, with a Confederate in hot pursuit, both coming towards neutral territory. "Barney," seizing his sword, rushed towards the scene. Secesh, seeing the advance, halted. Imagine his surprise, when "Barney," ran up to the cow, and, waving his sword, gave her a gentle poke with it, and started her towards the Federal lines. The Confederate, astonished at the audacity, cried out: "Hallo, you d—d Yank! bring that cow back here! She belongs to us." "Barney," flourishing his sword, stopped, looked back towards him, and responded: "Who are you cursing, you darned rebel? The animal has seceded!"

**Civil War Dentistry.**—"We marched," said a Vermont soldier, "through a cornfield, and the men lay down with Ayres's battery, which is connected with our brigade, and took position. The enemy saw us, and poured in a perfect hurricane of canister, grape, and shell, but did little damage. Then old Ayres opened, and for three hours I could not hear myself think. The air was full of bursting shells and whistling balls, mingled with the roar of artillery and the crack of the sharpshooters' rifles. General Brooks would not lie down as his men did, but stood up in plain sight. I told the boys he would get hit before night, and so he did; a ball struck him in the cheek and knocked out two teeth, but did no other injury. I have told you before how short and gruff he is. When he was struck, one of the men who was close beside him, asked him if he was wounded. 'No, sir; had a tooth pulled,' said the old man; and he never left the field until after dark."

**Fighting "Alex."**—At the battle of Winchester a young soldier called "Alex" was detailed for duty in guarding army property. He stood at his post until about the time his regiment made its famous charge, when he joined it and helped to decide the day. The young soldier was brought before a court martial, and with tears streaming down his face, and between sobs, said: "You may shoot me if you must, but dad told me, on leaving home, that when there was any fighting going on I must be in the thickest, and I was. Now, if you want your 'stuff' guarded when there is a fight, somebody besides me must do it."

**Not a Climber.**—We have heard somewhat of jealousies in the army at Santiago. I recollect hearing of only one instance of the kind, and I was not a witness to that. General Shafter, I am informed, came up to General Wheeler and asked him what the condition of affairs was in front. There was a large royal palm standing right there. General Wheeler gave him a very accurate account of the troops in front and the rifle-pits and things of that kind, and General Shafter said to General Wheeler: "How did you find this out? Have you got any prisoners?" General Wheeler answered: "No; I climbed up that tree." General Shafter looked at the tree and then at General Wheeler, and said: "I wish I could do that." But he didn't—possibly out of consideration to the tree.—*Wallace F. Randolph.*

**His Other Eye.**—An officer, who had lost an eye, supplied its place with a glass one, which he always took out when he went to bed. Being in an inn, he took out his eye, and gave it to the maid who attended, desiring her to lay it on the table. The maid still waiting and staring, he asked her, "What do you wait for?" "Only for the other eye, sir," said she.

**Old Saying.**—While the Army of the Potomac was making its way into Virginia a party of soldiers, hungry and fierce, had just reached a rail fence, tied their horses, and pitched their officers' tent, when four pigs incautiously approached the camp. The men, on noticing them, immediately decided on their capture. They stationed two parties, one at each end of a V in the fence, with rails to complete the other two sides of a square; two men were then sent to scatter corn before the pigs and lead them along inside the V, when the square was finished and the pigs penned. A cavalry officer, whose men had attempted their destruction with their sabres, came up and said, "Ah! the pen is still mightier than the sword!"

**"War Is Hell."**—While the body of Zollicoffer lay upon the ground in front of a Minnesota tent, surrounded by soldiers, an excited officer rode up, exclaiming to the men: "What are you doing here? Why are you not at the stretchers, bringing in the wounded?" "This is Zollicoffer," said a soldier. "I know that," replied the officer; "he is dead, and could not have been sent to h—l by a better man, for Colonel Fry shot him."

**When He First Put That Uniform On.**—Lieutenant-General Sherman was not the neatest of mortals, and one day an intimate friend in the Army of the Tennessee asked him why he dressed so. "I'll tell you," said the general. "When I was second lieutenant, I was ordered one day to Washington city, and went in all the glory of a bran-new uniform. I was standing in front of the hotel, sunning myself, and quietly smoking a cigar, when I became aware that I had attracted the attention of a number of small boys, who gathered around in such numbers, and with such admiring countenances upturned to mine, that I could not but notice them. As I did so, one of the boldest of them spoke up in a loud voice and asked: "'Mister, where is your engine goin' to squirt?'"

**The Only Private.**—At a bar conclave during the 60's at a Southern hotel, generals, majors, etc., were each, with much declamation, giving an account of an incident of the war. A quiet man stood by, and at last said: "Gentlemen, I happened to be there, and perhaps might be able to refresh your memories as to what took place;" and he gave, succinctly and inoffensively, an exact detail of a smart action. The hotel-keeper said to him, "Sir, what might have been your rank?" "I was a private," was the reply. Next day the quiet man, as he was about to depart, asked for his bill. "Not a cent, sir; not a cent," answered the proprietor. "You are the very first private I ever met."

**How He Liked It.**—General Hawley, with the soul of wit, to show the horrors of war, briefly related for a purpose how he once asked one of his subordinates in his first battle, "Colonel, how did you like it?" "Well," said he, "I am satisfied; but when I saw my men going down all around me, I thought, 'Can't this confounded thing be compromised?'"—*Samuel S. Cox.*

**All Men Look Alike.**—A Michigan officer in the Spanish war had a colored attendant whose ideas of military discipline were those of a martinet. Owing especially to the thieving proclivities of some of the Cuban hangers-on, he was under strict command not to let anything go from the officer's tent without a personal order from him. One evening as the officer and General Wheeler met, some distance from the camp, the general said with a smack of his lips: "I hear, sir, that you received some very fine brandied peaches from home." "Yes, general, they're prime, and I'm going to send you some. Meantime you had better stop at my tent on the way in and have my man give you a can." When the officer reached his quarters he was approached by his attendant with an elaborate salute and: "Did you tell dat Gen'l Wheelah, sah, dat he could call heah, sah, and procu' a can ob dem brandied peaches, sah?" "Yes; of course you gave them to him?" "No, sah," with another athletic salute; "no, sah; I knows my duties, sah. I done tole Gen'l Wheelah dat all men look alike to me, sah, an' if he didn't hab no ordah he couldn't hab no peaches, sah, 'less he oba'come me by powah ob supeiah numbers, sah." "Why, you black rascal, what did he say?" "He jes' grin and bo' it, sah."

**Not the Place for Him.**—A Confederate soldier was seen by General Lee, who met him retiring from the front with what Lee thought unbecoming haste. Lee said to him: "Why don't you go back to the front? There is the place where a soldier should be when a battle is going on." The reply was, "General, I have been there, and I give you my word of honor it is not a place where any self-respecting man would care to be."—*Seth Low.*

**An Incident of Shiloh.**—During the battle of Shiloh a German officer hurriedly rode up to an aid and inquired for Grant. "That's him with the field-glass," said the aid. Wheeling his horse about, the officer furiously rode up to the general, and touching his cap, thus addressed him: "Sheneral, I vants to make one report; Schwartz's battery vos took." "Ah!" says the general, "how was that?" "Vell, you see, Sheneral, der sheshenists come up in front of us, der sheshenists flank us, un der sheshenists come in der rear of us, und Schwartz's battery vos took." "Well, sir," says the general, "you of course spiked the guns?" "Vat," exclaimed the German, in astonishment, "schpike dem guns, schpike dem new guns!—no, it vould schpoil dem." "Well," said the general, sharply, "What did you do?" "Do? vy, we took dem back again!"

**The Missiles at Antietam.**—Broken railroad iron and blacksmiths' tools, hammers, chisels, etc., were fired from Confederate cannon. Some of these missiles made a peculiar noise, resembling "which away, which away," by which the national troops came to distinguish them from the regular shot and shell, and as they heard them approaching, would cry, "Turkey! turkey coming!" and fall flat to avoid them. An artillerist, a German, when he saw the tools falling around him, exclaimed, "Mein Gott! shall ve haf to come der blacksmith's shop next?"

**Great Thieves.**—When General Sherman was riding through Georgia, a citizen came up to him and said with great earnestness: "General, I want protection; your men have stolen my pigs, lifted my hen-roosts, and emptied my cellar; they have stolen everything except my hope of immortality; thank God, they can't steal that." "I don't know about that," said the general: "the Nineteenth Maine is coming along next."—*Henry Elias Howland.*

**A Bold Defiance.**—In the great Dutch war, in the reign of Charles II, the English fleet and that of Holland fought in the Channel for three days successively, but advice came that an armistice was concluded, and the hostile parties began to exchange civilities. On board a Dutch man-of-war was a sailor so remarkably active as to run to the masthead, and stand upright upon the truck, after which he would cut several capers, and conclude with standing upon his head. One of the English tars, piqued for the honor of his country, ran up to the top like a cat, and essayed to throw up his heels like the Dutchman, but he missed his poise, and came down rather faster than he went up. The rigging broke his fall, and he lighted on his feet unhurt. As soon as he had recovered his speech, he ran to the side and exultingly cried out to the Dutchman, "There, you lubber; do that if you can."

**An Embarrassing Unanimity.**—A commandant of cavalry, a good soldier, but rather rough to his men, understood that there were many murmurings against him. The commandant is a man of quick action, and when next a grand maneuver was ordered he addressed his soldiers as follows: "I hear that some of you have complaints against me; now if any of you have anything serious to say, I would be glad to have you ride out from the ranks that it may be explained. At this the whole corps moved forward. The commandant looked a second, and then crying "Halt!" went on with the exercises without a word.

**His Turn to Ask.**—At a gathering like this, one is like the man in the Civil War when he got between the lines. The first time he was caught the party who captured him said, "What side are you on?" "Well," said he, looking at their blue coats and gray trousers, "I am a Union man." Whereupon they said, "You are, are you? We want everything you have; we are Confederates." Soon afterwards he met a party who wore gray coats and blue trousers, and they asked him what side he was on. He thought he would strike it right this time, and replied that he was a Confederate, whereupon they, being Union scouts, looted him. The third time he encountered a party, "What side are you on?" said they. Looking at them for a long time, he at last exclaimed: "Come now, boys, stop your foolishness; what side are you on?"—*John S. Wise.*

**Confiscation.**—One of the Pike County boys at Louisiana (Missouri) found an old negro in the woods who had heard that secession property was to be confiscated, and therefore commenced by executing the order upon himself. He surrendered to the invader, and gave a history of himself, concluding by saying: "Golly, massa! I'll brack yo' boots, brush yo' close, bring yo' water—do anyt'ng yo' want, ef yo'll on'y confistercate de ole 'oman!"

**Surrender of the "Vizcaya."**—The "Vizcaya's" men were all huddled up after the "Vizcaya" had concluded to make a sounding, on a sandy spit running out from the shore and separated from it by two hundred yards. Well, on one side of that spit the sharks were like a school of bluefish after menhaden, only the menhaden in this case were dead men. From the shore the insurgents were shooting at them, and on the seaside there we were, and they didn't have any reason to believe we were very friendly to them. Anyhow, we sent our boats to Captain Eulate, who came up to the side of the vessel, and I drew up the men and had the officers ready to receive him with the honors due his rank. He was hoisted up in a chair, for he had been hit three times. When he reached the deck, he was silent for a moment and then, slowly rising, he unbuckled his sword, looked at it for a moment, and then kissed it and handed it toward me. I could see that he was giving up everything in the world he cared for. I'm not a very good-natured man, but I couldn't take that sword. One more thing. I was conducting him to his room to let the surgeon fix him up. He was going up the ladder, when suddenly he straightened himself to his fullest height and turning toward his vessel, cried "*Adios*, 'Vizcaya!'" It was timed to a minute. That instant the "Vizcaya" blew up.—*Robley D. Evans.*

**Missed the Chance.**—Peter Apple, a Western soldier, while yet a raw recruit, took part in the attempt to storm one of the Vicksburg batteries. The Confederate fire was so destructive that the Union forces recoiled. Apple didn't see the backward movement, and kept going ahead, until he came right up to one of the enemy's guns, caught a gunner by the collar, and brought him within the Union lines, saying, "Boys, why didn't you come on? Every fellow might have got one."

# PATRIOTISM

**Netherlands Forever.**—The thrifty Dutchman catches and eats the Rhine salmon which the jealous German has fattened. Lesser aggravation has precipitated a great continental war. Whenever the provocation shall seem meet, or real or fancied necessity shall dictate, we may expect to see the German colors floating over the gateway of the Rhine. For myself, when I pause to contemplate the possibility of such a catastrophe, I feel stirred by the savage instincts of the typical American Indian, who, regarding the resistless march of civilization, sings his death-song amid the smoke of his consuming wigwam, and am impelled to foster the hope that before the sun shall set forever on the flag of the Netherlands, the dikes may be cut, and the ancient enemy, the sea, be allowed to swallow up the land, leaving only to history the legacy of a great example, and to Dutch descendants a memory. —*Edward Ellsworth.*

**Didn't Reckon Foreigners.**—It was a little boy in an American Sunday-school, who, in reply to his teacher's question, "Who was the first man?" answered, "George Washington," and upon being informed that it was Adam, exclaimed: "Ah, well! If you are speaking of foreigners, perhaps he was."

**Death or Treason.**—When the Emperor Vespasian commanded a Roman senator to give his voice against the interests of his country and threatened him with immediate death if he spoke on the other side, the Roman, conscious that the attempt to serve a people was in his power, though the event was ever so uncertain, answered with a smile: "Did I ever tell you that I was immortal? My virtue is in my own disposal, my life in yours; you do what you will, I shall do what I ought; and if I fall in the service of my country, I shall have more triumph in my death than you in all your laurels."

**Got a Place.**—When Lieutenant-Governor Patterson was Speaker of the legislature of one of our States, some dozen boys presented themselves for the place of messenger, as is usual at the opening of the House. He inquired their names and into their condition, in order that he might make the proper selection. He came, in the course of his examination, to a small boy about ten years old, a bright-looking lad. "Well, sir," said he, "what is your name?" "John Hancock," was the answer. "What!" said the Speaker, "you are not the one that signed the Declaration of Independence, are you?" "No, sir," replied the lad, stretching himself to his utmost proportions, "but I would be if I had been there." "You can be one of the messengers," said the Speaker.

**Native and Foreigner.**—To the revilings of a native American a German thus replied: "The gentleman taunts me with not having been born here as he was. Let me tell the gentleman that my only excuse is that I am an American from choice, while he is one by necessity. If there is any difference between us, it is that I came into this country with my trousers on, while the gentleman came into it naked."

**Something In It.**—On "the day we celebrate" we cast our eyes backward, not forward. The other evening at the St. Nicholas dinner, in New York, Mr. Depew described the arrival of the Dutch in this country. He said they sailed by Plymouth Rock, saw there was "nothing in it," and so kept on to the stately harbor of New York. He was followed by Mr. Choate, who said that he had no doubt that that statement was strictly true; but he said, "when Elder Brewster and his company landed on Plymouth Rock, there was something in it."—*Seth Low.*

**Franklin's Toast at the Court of France.**—They lifted their glasses and one said: "I give you the King of France, and I will call him the Sun; and I give you the King of England, and call him the Moon"; and then turning to Franklin, he said: "What will you do for a toast, with the sun and moon already engaged?" Franklin raised his glass, and said: "I cannot give you the sun, or the moon, or the stars, nor call my country such, but I give you the United States, and call them Joshua, the son of Nun, who made the sun and the moon and the stars to stand still as long as he pleased." —*Rev. H. M. Gallaher.*

**Under the Eagle's Wings.**—The distinguished Senator from Minnesota [Cushman K. Davis], a member of the Peace Commission, said in the Senate: "We stand in the vestibule of a century full of miracles, and, following the metaphor of the English orator who eloquently proclaimed, 'The British lion, whether it is roaming the deserts of India or climbing the forests of Canada, will not draw in its horns or retire into its shell,' so the American eagle will continue to guard whatever territory comes under the shadow of its wings so long as it chooses to hold it."—*Henry Elias Howland.*

**Small Fruits.**—He walked up to a market-woman's stand and, pointing to some large watermelons, said: "What, don't you raise any bigger apples than these in America?" "Apples!" said the woman, disdainfully; "anybody might know you was an Englishman. Them's huckleberries."

**A Hoosier Story.**—A Hoosier who wished to astonish a Yankee gave the following description of the fertility of his favorite State. Of course the Yankee gasped under such a dose: "Well, old Yankee, I'll just tell you. If a farmer in our country plants corn and takes first-rate care of it, he'll git seventy-five bushels to the acre, and if he don't plant at all he'll get fifty. The beets grow so large that it takes three yoke of oxen to pull up a full-sized one, and then it leaves a hole so large that I once knew a family of five children who all tumbled in a beet-hole before it got filled up, and the earth caved in upon them and they all perished. The trees grow so large that I once knew a man who commenced cutting one down, and when he had cut away on it for about ten days he thought he'd just take a look around the tree, and when he got round t'other side he found a man there who had been cutting at it for three weeks, and they'd never heard one another's axes. Why our land is so rich—why, ye never seed anything so tarnal rich in your life. Why, how dy'e s'pose we make our candles?" "Don't know," says the Yankee. "We dip 'em in the mud-puddle."

**Washington.**—First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen, he was second to none in the humble and endearing scenes of private life. Pious, just, humane, temperate, and sincere; uniform, dignified, and commanding, his example was as edifying to all around him as were the effects of that example lasting.—*Henry Lee.*

**The Defunct Identified.**—A major in the United States army was crossing from England in one of the Cunard steamers, when one afternoon a band on deck played "Yankee Doodle." A gruff Englishman who stood by, inquired whether that was the tune the old cow died of. "Not at all," retorted the major; "that is the tune the old bull died of."

**Franklin's Story.**—Franklin's peculiar talent was that of illustrating subjects by apposite anecdotes. When he was agent for the province of Pennsylvania he was frequently applied to by the ministry for his opinion respecting the operation of the Stamp Act; but his answer was uniformly the same, "that the people of America would never submit to it." After news of the destruction of the stamp papers had arrived in England, the ministry again sent for the doctor and in conclusion offered the proposal that if the Americans would engage to pay for the damage done in the destruction of the stamped paper, etc., the Parliament would then repeal the act. The doctor, having paused upon this question for some time, at last answered as follows: "This puts me in mind of a Frenchman, who, having heated a poker red-hot, ran furiously into the street, and addressing the first Englishman he met there, 'Hah! monsieur, *voulez-vous* give the plaisir, de satisfaction, to let me run zees poker only one foot into your body?' 'My body!' replied the Englishman, 'what do you mean?' 'Vel den, only so far,' marking about six inches. 'Are you mad?' returned the other; 'I tell you, if you don't go about your business, I'll knock you down.' 'Vel den,' said the Frenchman, softening his voice and manner; 'vil you, my good sir, only be so obliging as to pay me for the trouble and expense of heating ze poker?'"

**Immense Power.**—A Yankee riding on a railroad was disposed to astonish the other passengers with tough stories. At last he mentioned that one of his neighbors owned an immense dairy, and made a million pounds of butter and a million pounds of cheese yearly. The Yankee, seeing that his veracity was in danger of being questioned, appealed to a friend: "True, isn't it? I speak of Deacon Brown." "Y-e-s," replied the friend, "that is, I know Deacon Brown, though I don't know as I ever heard precisely how many pounds of butter and cheese he made a year; but I know he has twelve sawmills that all go by buttermilk."

**How They Paint in America.**—An American in London, who was badgered by the English on almost every topic, at last determined to go on the Mississippi steamboat style, and brag down everything. His first chance occurred at an exhibition of paintings, where a picture of a snowstorm attracted general admiration. "Is not that fine?" asked a John Bull. "Could you show anything as natural as that in America?" "Pooh!" answered the free-born American, "that is no comparison to a snowstorm picture painted by a cousin of mine a few years since. That painting was so natural, sir, that a mother, who incautiously left her babe sleeping in a cradle near it, on returning to the room found her child frozen to death!"

**Man's Life to Himself.**—I noticed upon the hurricane-deck an elderly darky. "Were you in the fight?" "Had a little taste of it, sah." "Stood your ground, did you?" "No, sah, I runs." "Why, that wasn't very creditable to your courage." "Dat isn't in my line, sah—cookin's my profeshun." "Do you consider your life worth more than other people's?" "It's worth more to me, sah." "But why should you act upon a different rule from other men?" "Bekase different men set different values upon dar lives—mine's not in de market."

**Boundaries.**—Several months ago a few American gentlemen were having a fourth of July banquet. One of them proposed this toast: "Here's to our country, bounded on the north by the great lakes, on the east by the Atlantic, on the south by the Gulf, and on the west by the Pacific!" This was thought almost too conservative by the next speaker, and he put it this way: "Here's to our country, bounded on the north by the north pole, on the south by the south pole, on the east by the rising sun, and on the west by the setting sun!" As the champagne went down, the patriotism went up, and it finally culminated in this sentiment, which was proposed by a speaker: "Here's to our country, bounded on the north by the aurora borealis, on the south by the precession of the equinoxes, on the east by primordial chaos, and on the west by the day of judgment!" I never heard who that last speaker was, but I expect by this time he is either in Congress or using all honorable means to break into Congress. If he isn't a Congressman, he is probably an editor of a paper with a yellow color.—*Joseph W. Hiner.*

**She Regretted It.**—In the early part of the Civil War an elderly lady who attended a meeting of the First Vermont regiment, arose, full of enthusiasm, and said she thanked God that she was able to do something for her country; her two sons, all she possessed in the world, were in the regiment; and the only thing she had to regret was that she could not have known twenty years before that the war was coming—she would have furnished more.

**Forefathers.**—"The *day* we celebrate" was the topic on which I spoke a year ago. I shall now change it a little, and make it "the day *we* celebrate"; and who are we? We all know who our Pilgrim Fathers were, but who are *we?* Alas! I fear that they have made us much more celebrated than we can ever make them.—*William M. Evarts.*

**Rats in the Statue.**—There are in our community many grievances which are endeavoring to cover their nakedness with the fig-leaf of legality. Do you remember what the great student Hung once said to the Chinese emperor? The emperor said to him, "Hung, ninety years of philosophy must have taught you a great deal. What is the great danger of government?" "Well, sire," said Hung, "it is the rat in the statue." "Rat in the statue! Why, what on earth is that?" asked the emperor. "Well, sire," said Hung, "We build statues to the memories of our ancestors; they are all of wood; they are hollow; they are painted yellow. Now, sire, if a rat gets into the yellow center of one you can't plunge it in water, for that would wash off the face of your ancestor; you can't smoke it out, for that would defile the sacred image; and therefore, sire, the rat is safe, because the image is holy." There are a great many municipal rats which have nibbled and gnawed their way into the statues of legality in our time. We have got to wash them out, or smoke them out, even if in doing it we do somewhat deface the image.—*Rev. William A. P. Martin.*

**Practical Patriotism.**—In the early part of the war, when patriotic merchants and manufacturers were sending their clerks and workmen to the field, with a promise to provide for the wants of their families, as well as to continue their salaries during their absence, a very enthusiastic landlady of New York offered to allow her boarders' bills to run on, as usual, should any of them desire to go for the defence of the nation.

**Never Missed.**—An Irishman, in describing America, said: "Oi'm tould that ye might roll England troo it, an' it wouldn't lave a mar-r-k an th' ground; there's fresh-water oceans insoide that ye moight dround ould Ireland in; an' as for Scotland, ye moight stick it in a corner an' ye'd niver be able to foind it out, only for th' shmell o' whuskey."

**Maximilian in Mexico.**—Maximilian may come with the Austrian eagle and the French tricolor; he may come with a hundred ships; he may march on the highroad from Vera Cruz to the capital, under the escort of French squadrons; he may be proclaimed by French trumpets in all the squares of the chief cities; but he will return, at some earlier or later day, a fugitive from the New World back to the Old; his followers will be scattered and chased from the land; the titles and dignities which he is about to lavish on parasites and apostates will be marks of derision; the flag of the Republic will wave from all the peaks of the Cordilleras and be answered from every mountain-top, east and west, to either ocean; and the renewed country, purified by blood and fire, will resume her institutions and be free.—*David Dudley Field.*

**Expansion.**—A Yankee was approached by a European, who asked: "Well, you have approached the Pacific coast; you have gone up the Pacific border. Where now will you go?" "Well, now, don't take on any airs. We are carting the Rocky Mountains out into the Pacific, to make a hundred miles of land there."—*Samuel S. Cox.*

**No Deserters.**—On one occasion, during the Revolution, "Old Put" had received a lot of new recruits, and as he had some fighting which he wished to do before long, and wanted none but willing men, he drew up his levies in rank before him. "Now, boys," said he, "I don't wish to retain any of you who wish to leave, therefore, if any one of you is dissatisfied, and wishes to return to his home, he may signify the same by stepping six paces in front of the line. But," added the old war-dog, "I'll shoot the first man that steps out."

**Love of Liberty.**—Brasidas, a famous Lacedæmonian general, caught a mouse. It bit him, and by that means made its escape. "Oh!" said he, "what creature so contemptible but may have its liberty if it will contend for it!"

**Where Columbus Landed.**—I have been told, though I know not with what truth, that last summer two old ladies visiting Plymouth with an excursion party, asked a small boy whom they met to show them the spot where Columbus landed. The boy promptly replied that Columbus did not land in Plymouth, that he landed in Chicago.—*William T. Davis.*

**What Dewey's Victory Did.**—Let me paint you a little picture. When I left Washington, with commission in hand, I was proudly conscious of the fact that I was the minister of a great power; when I sailed away from our Pacific shores it seemed as if I became the victim of a gradual shriveling-up process. Fight against it as hard as I could, it increased, until upon my arrival in Japan I seemed to be only half of my former stature in comparison with the representatives of other countries that I met; in China I became a Liliputian among her limitless millions; on reaching Siam, way down in Southeastern Asia, I could only be discovered, as it were, by the use of a microscope, despite my best efforts, so little was known of America. Suddenly, on May 1, 1898, a mighty change came. A tidal wave of American prestige swept up and down the coast and far into the interior. Viceroy and coolie, diplomat and merchant, learned and repeated the story of American prowess. Our ministers and consuls stood no longer far down the line, but were shoulder to shoulder with, and even ahead of, their colleagues. Before the battle of Manila the old side-wheeler "Monocacy," dubbed the "water-'rikisha" by the Chinese, was the only tangible measure of our importance and greatness on sea and land; after the battle not only were the "Olympia" and "Oregon" nearer their ideals of American strength, but even great Russian and British battleships and cruisers that came into the various Asiatic ports were classed as necessarily American.—*John Barrett.*

**True Patriotism.**—I once heard an Irishman say, "Every man loves his native land, whether he was born there or not." —*Thomas Fitch.*

**Chicago and New England.**—You know when the Chicago man said to the Boston man, "Westward the course of empire takes its way, and you cannot help it," his friend replied: "Yes, but the ship of state, like every other ship, is steered from behind, and New England is the rudder."—*W. H. P. Faunce.*

**What Liberty Is.**—Years ago there was an insurrection in Massachusetts. There were thousands of men in arms against the State authorities. One of the leaders, Luke Day, thus spoke at Springfield: "My boys," said he, "they talk to you about liberty; they tell you that liberty means the right to do what you have a mind to. That is not liberty. Liberty is the right to make other folks do what you want to have them do."—*James W. Beekman.*

**God Reigns!**—As I recall it, this was the last public utterance of that great man William Ewart Gladstone, whose ashes rest in Westminster Abbey. Speaking before a magnificent company in England, he uttered with earnestness this ringing, royal sentence: "Above all things, men and women, believe me, the world grows better from century to century, because God reigns supreme, from generation to generation. Let pessimism be absent from our minds and let optimism throw its glory over all our souls and all of our lives henceforth and forever."—*Kerr Boyce Tupper.*

# CHILDHOOD

**Politeness.**—"Here, Alfred, is an apple. Divide it politely with your little sister." "How shall I divide it politely, mama?" "Give the larger part to the other person, my child." Alfred handed the apple to his little sister, saying, "Here, sis, you divide it yourself."

**Virtue's Reward.**—A benevolent lady took a little negro girl into her family. The child was much given to lying. One day, returning home after some hours' absence, the lady was met at the door by her sable handmaid, who with many tears informed her that she had broken a very valuable china pitcher, an heirloom in the family. "Well, Jenny," said the mistress, "since you have been such a good girl, and told the truth so quickly, I shall not even scold you. Here is a penny for you." Alas! the next morning the lady, on returning home from market, was met at the door again by her promising pupil, who delightedly exclaimed, "Oh, missus! I's broke de odder pitcher! Won't you gib me anudder penny?"

**Up Above.**—A lady went out with her little girl and boy, purchased the latter a rubber balloon, which escaped him and went up in the air. The girl, seeing the tears in his eyes, said: "Never mind, Neddy; when you die and go to heaven, you'll dit it."

**Knew What He Was.**—A smart-looking lieutenant, with dashing air and perfumed breath came into a tent where Freddy was. The little soldier scanned him very closely, and when a convenient opportunity offered itself he said to the lieutenant, "You are a doctor; I know you are a doctor." "No, my little man," replied the officer, "you are mistaken this time; I am not a doctor." "Yes, you are a doctor too," replied Freddy. "I know you are a doctor; for I can smell the medicine!"

**Child Simplicity.**—Little five-year-old Annie, who was suffering from a bad cold, went to pay a visit to auntie. During the day she related her various successes at school, and ended by saying that she could read a great deal better than Sabina, who was eight years old. "Well," questioned auntie, "would it not sound better if some one else said that?" "Yes," answered Annie, with a very sober countenance, "I think it would. I have such a bad cold that I can't say it very well."

**New Testament Wisdom.**—Little Mabel is blessed with a very retentive memory. Her grandmother has been reading the New Testament to her, and the parables especially seemed to arrest her attention. Her mother, on going into the dining-room a few weeks since about dinner-time, overheard Miss Mabel talking in a very earnest and peremptory manner to the servants in the kitchen. So when she came out she was asked what she had been saying to the girls. "Why, mama," said she, "I was only telling those wicked and slothful servants to hurry up dinner."

**Preferred a Big Piece.**—The proverb says, "Children and fools speak the truth." "Will you take a small piece of cake, my dear," said a lady to an infant guest. "I'll take a big piece, please," was the simple and honest reply.

**Heart-Strings and Fiddle-Strings.**—Probably the most successful appearance ever made by anybody in any theater occurred at San Francisco some years ago. The place was a colony of rough miners at that time, and women and children were seldom seen. One evening during a performance at the theater a child was heard to cry, whereupon a rough, black-bearded giant leaped upon his seat and shouted, "Stop them darned fiddles and let's hear the baby cry! I haven't heard such a blessed sound for years." And the fiddles did stop and the baby did cry while tears rolled down the rugged cheeks of wifeless, childless men.

**On Duty.**—On one occasion the Duke of Wellington while out hunting, called to a boy to open a gate for him. The boy answered that he had strict injunctions from his master not to allow any one to pass. The duke humored the lad's obedience to duty and beat a retreat, whereupon the lad shouted, "Hooray! Hooray! I've done what Bonaparte could not do: I've turned back the Duke of Wellington."

**Dropping Into Poetry.**—One day a clergyman dined with the family, and Willie asked to be allowed to say grace, which he did, with bowed head and clasped hands, in these words:—

I'm a 'ittle turly head,
  My faver is a pweecher;
I do to tool ev'vy day,
  And always mind my teacher
    For Twist's sake. Amen.

"Beautiful! beautiful!" murmured the guest, solemnly raising his head. "I fear you did not understand Willie," said his mama, much annoyed. "I did not," replied the clergyman, "but the angels did."

**Prayer.**—A little daughter of Charles I died when only four years old. When on her death-bed she was desired by one of her servants to pray. She said she could not say her long prayer, meaning the "Lord's Prayer," but that she would try to say her short one. "Lighten my darkness, O Lord God, and let me not sleep the sleep of death." As she said this she laid her little head on the pillow and expired.

**Deer and Dear.**—While a public school principal was making a tour of examination, he came into a room containing some sixty or seventy little girls between the ages of five and eight. Taking up a book, he saw the word "deer"; and after describing this animal, its habits, beauty, swiftness, etc., he asked them about the word "dear." They knew this word, and told him readily that they had dear mothers, dear brothers, and other dear friends. "Well," said he, with archness in his look and tone, "children, what will be dear to you after a while? what will you have dear when you grow up?" There was quite a pause. At length one sweet little girl of six rose, clapping her hands, and said, "I know; we shall have dear little babies."

**Nervous One.**—A child said to her mother one day, "Mother, I feel nervous." "Nervous!" said the mother. "What is nervous?" "Why, it's being in a hurry all over."

**Child Candor.**—A fashionable visitor addressing a little girl, said, "How do you do, my dear?" "Very well, I thank you," she replied; whereupon the visitor added, "Now, my dear, you should ask me how I do." "But I don't want to know," was the child's reply.

**Was Watching Him.**—Among the passengers in a Paddington omnibus was a little gentleman who had possibly seen five summers. The omnibus being quite full, he sat on the lap of one of the passengers. While on the way something was said about pickpockets, and the conversation became general upon the subject. The gentleman who was holding our young friend remarked, "My little fellow, how easily I could pick your pocket!" "No, you couldn't," replied he, "for I have been watching you all the time."

**Lies and Liars.**—A squad of boys, pelting each other with snowballs on the way to school one afternoon, were not such good shots that one of them did not hurl his missile through a parlor window-pane. Up went the window, and out popped an angry lady's head. "Which of you boys broke this pane of glass?" "I did it," promptly replied the real offender, stepping forward to apologize. "What's your name, and where do you live?" The boy responded truthfully; but his companions, to save him, cried out, "No, no! I did it! He didn't do it, and his name isn't what he said, and he doesn't live there, anyhow. My name is So-and-So, and I live number something, in such a street, and my father 'll pay!" The confusion of tongues and counter statements so perplexed the lady that she concluded they were all a pack of liars, and in a rage she shut down the window with a bang—and broke another pane of glass.

**Ready for Anything.**—A small girl at the breakfast table made loud and repeated calls for buttered toast. After disposing of a liberal quantity she was told that too much toast would make her sick. Looking wistfully at the dish for a moment, she exclaimed, "Well, give me anuzzer piece and send for the doctor."

**A Father and a Dying Child.**—Luther's "behavior at the death-bed of his little daughter," says Carlyle, "so still, so great and loving, is among the most affecting things. He is resigned that his little Magdalene should die, yet longs inexpressibly that she might live; follows in awestruck thought the flight of her little soul through those unknown realms. Awestruck; most heartfelt, we can see; and sincere—for after all dogmatic creeds and articles, he feels what nothing it is that we know, or can know; his little Magdalene shall be with God, as God wills."

**Swearing.**—A little boy came in to his mother one day, saying, "Mother, the boys out there are swearing, and I would not play with them, but came right into the house!" "Swearing!" said the mother, who thought her child was perhaps too young to know what profaneness was. "What is swearing, my child?" "Why, it is saying 'God' outside of their prayers."

**Death of a Child.**—Part of the wall of a burnt house had fallen on a seven-year-old boy and terribly mangled him. A lady living in the neighborhood was called in to see the stricken household. "The little sufferer," said she, "was in intense agony. Most of his ribs were broken, his breast-bone crushed, and one of his limbs fractured in two places. His breathing was short and difficult. He was evidently dying. I spoke a few words to him of Christ, the ever-present and precious Friend of children, and then, with his mother and an older sister, knelt before his bed. Short and simple was our prayer. Holding the lad's hand in mine, I repeated the children's gospel: 'Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.' He disengaged his hand from mine, and folded his. We rose from our knees. His mind began to wander. He called his mother, 'I'm sleepy, mama, and want to say my prayers.' 'Do so, my darling,' replied the sobbing mother.

> 'Now I lay me—down—to sleep; I
> Pray the Lord my soul—to keep—if
> I—should—d-i-e '—

and then he was beyond the river of death."

**Sunbeam.**—I have a brother—a wee chap—who sometimes says things we think very odd. One day, as he was disposing of some bread and milk, he turned around to his mother, and said, "Oh, mother, I'm full of glory! There was a sunbeam on my spoon, and I swallowed it!"

**Dutiful Son.**—Harry, a four-year-old, was standing on the front steps, when an Italian organ-grinder, with a monkey, stopped and began to play. Harry's mother gave him a penny, which he threw on the walk. The monkey picked it up and put it into his master's hat. Harry clapped his hands with delight, and said, "Ma, ma, what do you think! the monkey picked up the penny an' gave it to his fader!"

**Atoning for Sin.**—The little daughter of a clergyman discovered one Sunday that several of the buttons on her best boots were missing. Her mother proposed to sew them on, but the young lady had too much respect for the fourth commandment to allow it. However, as the alternative was to stay away from Sunday-school or sew on the buttons, she at last made a compromise with her conscience by saying to her mother: "Well, mama, you sew and I'll pray," and pray she did, kneeling by her mother's side until the buttons were all on.

**A Little Investigator.**—Little four-year-old boy: "Mama, were all of you big folks babies once?" Mama (busy writing): "Yes." Boy: "What, every one?" "Yes, darling, and don't ask any more questions now." Boy (persistently): "Well, who took care of the first baby then?"

**Just Where She Wanted to Go.**—A boy of five years was "playing railroad" with his sister of two and a half years. Drawing her upon a footstool, he imagined himself both the engine and conductor. After imitating the puffing noise of the steam, he stopped and called out "New York!" and in a moment after, "Paterson!" and then "Philadelphia!" His knowledge of towns was now exhausted, and at the next place he cried "Heaven!" His little sister said eagerly, "'Top! I des I'll dit out here."

**The Bishop, the Boy, and the Banbury Cake.**—The Bishop of Worcester was once traveling through Banbury by rail, and being desirous to test the far-famed industry of the town, as the train stopped for a short time in the station, he beckoned to a boy, and inquired the price of the celebrated cakes. "Threepence each, sir," said the boy. Handing him sixpence, the bishop desired him to bring one to the carriage, adding, "And with the other threepence buy one for yourself." The boy shortly returned, complacently munching his Banbury, and handing threepence in coppers to the bishop, exclaimed, "There was only one left, guv'nor!"

**Kissing Good Night.**—The mother being absent in the country, a four-year-old boy was being put to bed by his father. After saying his prayers, and on receiving his good night kiss, he was asked, "What shall I tell mama when I write to her to-night?" "Tell her I kiss her in my heart."

❧

**Who Ruled?**—Plutarch tells us that the son of Themistocles being master of his mother, and by her means of his father, Themistocles said, laughing, "This child is greater than any man in Greece; for the Athenians command the Greeks, I command the Athenians, his mother commands me, and he commands his mother."

**Worth.**—"One afternoon," said Mr. Moody, "I noticed a young lady at the services whom I knew to be a Sunday-school teacher. After the service I asked her where her class was. 'Oh,' said she, 'I went to the school and found only a little boy, and so I came away.' 'Only a little boy!' said I; 'think of the value of one such soul! The fires of a Reformation may be slumbering in that tow-headed boy; there may be a young Knox, or a Wesley, or a Whitefield in your class.'"

**Why We Should Celebrate.**—"And why should we celebrate Washington's birthday more than mine?" asked a teacher. "Because he never told a lie," shouted a little boy.

**Why He Forgot.**—A father and daughter were mutually recalling incidents of the latter's childhood. "I shall never forget," said the young lady, "how you took me out of church one Sunday, when I was about three years old, and punished me for playing in meeting. I can remember the tingling of that peach-tree switch to this day." "Very strange, very strange," said the father; "I don't recollect the circumstance at all." "Ah, well, papa, you were at the other end of the switch!"

**Between Two Evils.**—Flossie is six years old. "Mama," she said one day, "if I get married, will I have a husband like pa?" "Yes," replied the mother with an amused smile. "And if I don't get married will I have to be an old maid like Aunt Kate?" "Yes." "Mama, it's a hard world for us women, isn't it?"

**Children and Divine Mysteries.**—Ben Syra, when a child, begged his preceptor to instruct him in the law of God; but he declined, saying that his scholar was as yet too young to be taught these sacred mysteries. "But, master," said the boy, "I have been in the burial-ground, and measured the graves, and find some of them shorter than myself; now, if I should die before I have learned the Word of God, what will become of me then, master?"

**Care for Children.**—An Englishman in Sweden, noticing the care taken in that country to educate children who are rescued from the perils of the streets and placed in special schools, inquired if it was not costly. "Yes," was the reply, "it is costly, but not dear. We Swedes are not rich enough to let a child grow up in ignorance, misery, and crime, to become a scourge to society as well as a disgrace to himself."

**Pitiful Poverty.**—A gentleman asked Mary, an only child, how many sisters she had, and was told "three or four." Her mother asked Mary, when they were alone, what had made her tell such an untruth. "Why, mama," cried Mary, "I didn't want him to think you were so poor that you hadn't but one child!"

**What a Child May Become.**—A poor doctor, who had met with great misfortunes, lay on his death-bed. Not long before his death, his youngest child was born, a scrawny, puny babe, weighing five or six pounds. The mother was worn out, and was apparently to be left poor, friendless, and alone, with a great family of little ones. But—that baby! Every one said: "What a mercy if that child should die! what can she do with it?" The poor mother almost thought so too. But the weakly babe would not die. He made a struggle for life, and won the battle. To-day his memory is revered as that of Dr. John Todd, the author of "The Student's Manual," and of other works of eminent usefulness, by means of which, "being dead, he yet speaketh." No mother knows what she has in her cradle.

**Positive and Negative.**—Chateauneuf, keeper of the seals of Louis XIII, when a boy of only nine years, was asked many questions by a bishop, and gave very prompt answers to them all. At length the prelate said, "I will give you an orange if you will tell me where God is?" "My lord," replied the boy, "I will give you two oranges if you will tell me where he is not."

**Very Good Reason.**—A missionary among the freedmen in Tennessee, after relating to some little colored children the story of Ananias and Sapphira, asked them why God does not strike everybody dead who tells a lie, when one of the least in the room quickly answered: "Because there wouldn't be anybody left."

**Another Bismarck.**—A little grand-nephew of Prince Bismarck was sitting on the prince's knee, when he suddenly cried out: "Oh, uncle, I hope I shall be a great man like you when I grow up!" "Why, my child?" asked his uncle. "Because you are so great, and every one fears you." "Wouldn't you rather every one loved you?" The child thought a little, and then replied: "No, uncle; for when people love you they cheat you: but when they fear you they let you cheat them."

**A Juvenile Censor.**—A little boy of four was once told to say his grace, but objected to doing so on the ground that his mother had not said hers, adding, as he said so, the awful impeachment: "Mother never does anything that God tells her to."

**No Place to Kiss.**—A gentleman who had been absent for a considerable time, and had cultivated a heavy growth of beard and mustache, visited a relative whose little girl had been his especial pet. The little girl made no sign of saluting him with a kiss as usual. "Why, child," said the mother, "don't you give your old friend a kiss?" "'Cause, ma," said the child with perfect simplicity, "I don't see any place."

**No Wonder He Knew.**—"Who made you?" asked a teacher of a lubber of a boy, who had lately joined her class. "I don't know," said he. "Don't you know? You ought to be ashamed of yourself, a boy twelve years old! Why, there is little Dicky Fulton—he is only three—he can tell, I dare say. Come here, Dicky; who made you?" "God," said the infant. "There," said the teacher, triumphantly, "I knew he would remember it." "Well, he oughter," said the stupid boy; "'taint but a little while since he was made."

**Who Are in Heaven.**—A little girl asked her mother if liars ever went to heaven, and was answered, "No, I suppose not." She then asked if papa ever told a lie. "Well," said the mother, "I suppose sometimes he does." "Well, did you, and grandpa, and Uncle Jim ever tell a lie?" said the little girl. "Yes, I suppose sometimes in our lives we have told what wasn't exactly true." "Well," said the little girl, after deep thought, "I should think it would be awful lonesome in heaven with nobody there but just God and George Washington."—*William B. Melish.*

**A Needless Command.**—A country gentleman who fills every necessary position to constitute him the head of the village, and who had taken some pains to instruct the rustic inhabitants in the proper signs of respect due to him, being lately on a horse somewhat given to shy, and observing a lad walking before him, called out, "Boy, don't take off your hat." The boy, turning his head, very innocently answered, "I worn't a-going to do."

**A Wholesale Order.**—"What will you take, my dear?" asked a lady to a little girl at an evening party. "Too much, please," was the candid answer.

**Children Not Drawbacks.**—"'My brother has retired!' Such," said Henry Varley, "was the expression used by an acquaintance of mine some time since. 'Indeed!' I replied with surprise; 'I should not have thought his business would yield this result.' 'Well, you see,' said my friend, 'they have had no drawbacks.' Not understanding what this phrase implied, I inquired. 'Well,' was the reply, 'they have no children.' There, what do you think of that? Our children 'drawbacks'! No, I protest against such a statement. Each one is worth at least a thousand pounds, besides the drawing out and development of industry, energy, forbearance, and a hundred other admirable home qualities in the parents. What next, I wonder, will be quoted as a reason for ability to retire. 'What next?' says some crusty old bachelor; 'why, the reason I was able to retire arose this way; I never had a drawback in the shape of a wife!'"

**She Wanted Music.**—They were waiting on the promenade for the band to play and little Polly got so impatient that she said she did not believe they were going to play. "Never mind, dear," said her grandpa, "if they don't play I'll sing you a song." "But I don't want you to sing me a song," she answered. "I want music."

**Children the Best Riches.**—When the rabble fired the rectory of the Rev. Samuel Wesley it was with difficulty that the lives of the children were saved, his son John barely getting out of the house before the roof fell. The father exclaimed as he received his son, "Come, neighbors, let us kneel down, let us give thanks unto God; He has given me all my eight children; let the house go, I am rich enough."

**Why She Felt Stupid.**—"How is it, my dear," inquired a schoolmistress of a little girl, "that you do not understand this simple thing?" "I do not know, indeed," she answered, with a perplexed look; "but I sometimes think I have so many things to learn that I have not time to understand."

**A Waif of Neptune.**—"What's your name?" said an officer to a young colored lad, who joined the ship at the Cape. "Algoa Bay, sir." "Where were you born?" "Wasn't born at all, sir." "Wasn't born at all?" "No, sir! Was washed ashore in a storm!"

**At the Threshold.**—One is reminded of the four-year-old boy whom a gentleman at a country house in England noticed standing alone by the closed nursery door, while from within came sounds of childish laughter. "Well, my little man," said the gentleman, "what are you doing there all alone?" "I am playing." "What are you playing?" "I am playing house, sir," was the reply. "Playing house? Why, you can't play all by yourself. Why don't you go in and play with the other children?" "I musn't do that yet, sir," said the little fellow, seriously; "I am to be the new baby, and I am waiting to be born."—*Henry Elias Howland.*

**Substitute.**—The mother of a little fellow who was about taking a ride in the Hartford street-cars, asked him, as he scrambled in, "Why, aren't you going to kiss your mother before you go?" The little rogue was in such a hurry that he couldn't stop, and hastily called out, "Conductor, won't you kiss mother for me?"

**Not Out of Reach.**—It was beautifully said of a minister: "With the youth he took great pains, and he was a tree of knowledge, with fruit that the children could reach."

**Short-Sighted Prudence.**—Socrates once said, "Could I climb to the highest place in Athens, I would lift my voice and proclaim: Fellow citizens, why do ye turn and scrape every stone to gather wealth, and take so little care of your children, to whom one day you must relinquish it all?"

**What It Is to Be Happy.**—A little girl was asked to tell the meaning of the word happy. "To be happy," she said, "is to feel as if you wanted to give all your things to your little sister."

**Long Enough.**—In this presence, and at this time, I can thoroughly appreciate the feelings of a would-be Sunday-school orator, who, when he asked his audience of hopefuls what he should talk about, was somewhat disconcerted by the ready reply from a precocious youngster, "About ten minutes, if you please, sir."—*George E. Martin.*

**Poor Bedfellows.**—A boy had heard readings about the Israelitish kings. He said he wondered why they were all so poor, and when asked for an explanation said that the history of every one of the kings of Israel ended with the expression, "and he slept with his fathers!" "Now," said he, "if they had been rich they would have had beds to themselves." —*Warner van Norden.*

**At the Nasal Passages.**—When I was a small boy, at Harrisburg, a New England school-teacher came there to teach the young ideas how to shoot. Now, you know, when a New-Englander comes into Pennsylvania he never fails to learn something. Well, he called up a boy, gave him a subject for a composition and told him to write about it. He spoke to the boy with that delicacy of accent which showed clearly that he came from that remote part of the country which, in boxing the New England compass, is usually designated as "down East." The boy said he did not know how to go about writing that composition. The school-teacher remarked, "You see, when I write, I write just as I speak; do just as I do." The boy answered, "Yes, but I don't know how to write through my nose."—*Horace Porter.*

**An Accident.**—"Why, Johnny, you've got a lump on your head. Have you been fighting again?" "Fightin'? Not me!" "But somebody struck you?" "Nobody struck me. I wuzn't fightin' at all. It was a accident." "An accident?" "Yes. I was sitting on Tommy Scanlan, and I forgot to hold his feet."

**All Mixed Up.**—So wonderful is the mixture that we can easily understand the state of mind of the little girl who asked her father, "Pa, where were you born?" "In Boston, my dear." "And where was mama born?" "In San Francisco, my dear." "And where was I born?" "In Philadelphia, my dear." "Well," said the little dear, "isn't it funny how we three people got together?"—*Rev. Henry van Dyke.*

**A Dead Shot.**—A boy went gunning once for squirrels. He saw one sitting on the branch of a tree. He shot at it and missed it three times. There was an old man with him and he said: "Give me that gun and I'll show you how to shoot squirrels." He took the gun and after aiming for about five minutes, the gun in the meantime describing quite a circle, he fired and for a wonder shot the squirrel. "Now," says he, "that's the way to shoot squirrels." "Why," says the boy, "you couldn't help hitting him; you aimed all over the tree." —*R. W. Conant.*

**A Truth-Telling Deacon.**—I remember, when a boy, my mother always made me attend Friday evening prayer-meetings in our village church at Peekskill. An old Yankee deacon who had sold me a pair of skates which were of dull edge and soft metal, was reciting his shortcomings and offering a fervent petition for mercy. He summed up the catalogue by saying: "Oh, Lord, I am morally and spiritually a man of wounds and bruises and putrefying sores." As we were leaving the church, in my rage about the skates, I said: "Well, Deacon, you told the Lord the truth about yourself to-night, anyway." I bear to this day the scars resulting from this frank comment on the deacon.—*Chauncey M. Depew.*

**The Great Difference.**—A boy at school was asked this question in physics: "What is the difference between lightning and electricity?" And he answered: "Well, you don't have to pay for lightning."—*Theodore Roosevelt.*

**Boy Father of the Man.**—I once asked a New England clergyman, a classmate of mine—who was stationed at Peekskill—what were his intentions for the future of a vigorous youngster who was playing on the lawn. "Well," said he, "my wife and I believe in natural selection, and letting a boy follow the bent of his mind. To find out what that was, we left him in the sitting-room one day with a Bible, a silver dollar, and an apple. I said: 'If, when we come back, he is reading the Bible, I shall train him to follow me as a preacher; if he has pocketed the dollar, I shall make a banker of him; if he is playing with the apple, I will put him on a farm.' When we returned, he was sitting on the Bible, eating the apple from one hand, and clutching the dollar in the other, and I remarked: 'Wife, this boy is a hog; we must make a politician out of him.'"—*Chauncey M. Depew.*

**Graded Grammar.**—Last summer I heard of a Boston girl of seven who paid a visit to some friends in Rochester, and having made a few mistakes in grammar and pronunciation, was corrected by her aunt. She straightened herself up and said, "I want you to understand I do not use my best language in this place."—*S. W. Dana.*

**Her Idea of Rhode Island.**—A little girl in the geography class, on being asked to state for what Rhode Island was noted, said it was distinguished as being "the only one of the United States that is the smallest."—*George A. Marden.*

**A Vicarious Conscience.**—Two brothers, contrary to the most stringent injunctions, robbed their father's pear-tree of its choicest fruit, for which one of them shortly after fell heir to a most terrific trouncing. He could not imagine how his father found it out, and was wondering to his little brother about it, when the latter—a saintly little fellow—very promptly said, "My conscience troubled me, and I confessed it all to father." "Well," said the other, "How did it happen that you didn't get a licking too?" "Oh, that's easy; I only confessed on you."—*A. B. Cummins.*

**One, But Not Inseparable.**—A little girl in Sunday-school was asked to tell the story of Solomon and the women who disputed the possession of a child. She timidly rose up and answered: "Solomon was a very wise man. One day two women went to him, quarrelling about a baby. One woman said, 'This is my child,' and the other woman said, 'No, this is my child.' But Solomon spoke up and said: 'No, no, ladies; do not quarrel. Give me my sword and I will make twins of him, so each can have one!'"

**Why He Behaved.**—A minister once said to a little boy, "Johnny, I saw you in church to-day and you were very good and quiet." "Oh, yes," said Johnny, "I was afraid I would wake pa up!"—*Rev. Henry van Dyke.*

**Her Relation to Him.**—A number of years ago my little girl said to her mother, in one of those bursts of confidence that children sometimes have, "Mama, I am nearer to you than I am to papa." Her mother asked, "Why, what do you mean, my dear?" "Why," she replied, "I am your own little girl, but I am only related to papa by marriage."—*Floyd W. Tomkins.*

**Came About With the Wind.**—I recollect two boys in Nantucket who had stolen a pie, and the mother of one chased them out of the house and down the beach. She was broad of beam, well equipped with sail, and, with a fair wind, was rapidly gaining on them, when one of them clambered upon a sand dune and watched the old lady chase her own boy, whom she was rapidly overhauling. The boy on the dune, making a speaking-trumpet with his hands, cried out, "Try her on the wind, Jimmy!" and Jimmy came about with the wind and won the race.—*Charles C. Beaman.*

**Cross.**—After her grandmother had given her a good scolding, a little mischief was overheard saying to herself: "Somebody is cross in this room; 'taint me, and 'taint dolly, and 'taint kitty. I wonder who it is."

**Crawled Under the Fence.**—The children of a friend of mine were chased across a field by a ferocious cow. "We were saved, mama," said the little girl, "we were saved in answer to prayer. I told Tommy he must pray while we ran; but he said he didn't remember any prayer, only what papa says at breakfast, and I told him to say that, so he hollered, 'For what we are about to receive, make us truly thankful,' and then we crawled under the fence and were saved."—*Rev. Henry van Dyke.*

**Wanted Her Away.**—Mama had found it necessary to discipline Georgie for being naughty one day, and the usually forgiving nature of the child was held in check until his father came home, when the little boy ran to him and said: "Papa, I want you to do sumpfin for me; I want you to discharge mama."

**Her Dress.**—Teacher: "Now, children, I told you yesterday about the various materials from which your dresses are made—silk, wool, and cotton. Let me see how well you remember. Margie, where did the material come from of which your dress is made?" Margie: "It once grew upon the back of a sheep." Teacher: "Very good; and yours, Blanche?" Blanche: "My dress once grew upon the back of a sheep, and a part of it was spun by the silkworm." Teacher: "Correct! And yours, Lucy?" Lucy (with evident embarrassment): "My dress was made out of an old one of mama's."

**Saved.**—" Mama," said Willie, " will Deacon Jenks go to heaven when he dies?" " I think so." " Well, I hope he won't." " Why, dear, do you have such naughty hopes?" " Because if he gets there he will want to run the whole place."

**Not in the Catechism.**—A little boy at Sunday-school being asked, " What is the chief end of man?" replied, " The end what's got the head on."

**They Thought They Knew.**—The lesson was from the " Prodigal Son," and the Sunday-school teacher was dwelling on the character of the elder brother. " But amidst all the rejoicing," he said, " there was one to whom the preparation of the feast brought no joy, to whom the prodigal's return gave no pleasure, but only bitterness; one who did not approve of the feast being held, and who had no wish to attend it. Now, can any of you tell me who this was?" There was a breathless silence, followed by a vigorous cracking of thumbs, and then from a dozen sympathetic little geniuses came the chorus, " Please, sir, it was the fatted calf."

**Delicacy.**—Considerate little girl: " Please, Mr. Keeper, will it hurt the elephant if I give him a currant out of my bun?"

**Dean Hole's Favorite.**—In his book, " A Little Tour in America," Dean Hole of Rochester, England, quotes with unction many specimens of what he regards as typical American humor. When he was in Cincinnati the thing that most impressed him was the following bit of doggerel, which he heard recited in that city:—

Little Willie from the mirror
  Sucked the mercury all off,
Thinking in his childish error,
  It would cure his whooping cough.
At the funeral Willie's mother
  Smartly said to Mrs. Brown:
" 'Twas a chilly day for William,
  When the mercury went down."

**Invitation.**—A ragged little child was heard to call from a window of a mean-looking house to her opposite neighbor, " Please Mrs. Jones, mother's best compliments, and if it is fine weather, will you go a-begging with her to-morrow?"

**Bobby's Curiosity.**—Bobby (who has been sitting patiently half an hour): "Mr. Boomer, I wish you would pop the question to Bella." Bella: "Robert, you naughty boy, what possessed you to make such a preposterous remark?" Bobby (sulkily): "Well, anyway, my mother said if he did you'd jump at the chance, and I want to see you jump."

**No Favorites.**—A dear old gentleman, the father of a large family, on being asked which were his favorites among his children, innocently replied: "I never had any favorites among them. But if I had, they would have been John and Mary."

**Eddie and His Pet.**—"I have been out in Indiana on a visit, and while there I found a beautiful kitten, which I bought and brought home for a plaything for my two children. To prevent any dispute about the ownership of puss, I proposed, and I agreed, that the head of the kitten should be mine, the body should be the baby's, and Eddie, the oldest—but only three years—should be the sole proprietor of the long and beautiful tail. Eddie rather objected at first to this division as putting him off with an extremely small share of the animal, but soon became reconciled to the division, and quite proud of his ownership in the graceful terminus of the kitten. One day, soon after, I heard the poor puss making a dreadful mewing, and I called out to Eddie: 'There, my son, you are hurting my part of the kitten; I heard her cry.' 'No, I didn't, mother; I trod on my own part, and your part hollered!'"

**Considerate.**—"Now, Jennie, my child, remember and not say a word to your new nurse about being black, for it might hurt her feelings." On being confronted with that very sable guardian, Jennie exclaimed, with a surprised face, "Oh, my! isn't she white."

**An Ultimatum.**—"See here, misther," said an Irish lad of seven summers, who was driven up a tree by a dog, "if you don't take that dog away, I'll eat up all your apples."

**Terms Cash.**—A boy at a crossing having begged something of a gentleman, the latter told him that he would give him something as he came back. The boy replied: "Your honor would be surprised if you knew how much money I lose by giving credit in that way."

**A Child's Image.**—The attention of a little girl having been called to a rose-bush, on whose topmost branch the oldest rose was fading, whilst below and around three beautiful crimson buds were just unfolding their charms, she at once artlessly exclaimed to her brother: "See, Willie, these little buds have just awakened in time to kiss their mother before she dies."

**He Got "Left."**—Uncle: "George, have you got a pocketbook?" Nephew: "No, sir." Uncle: "Then I am very sorry, for I was going to give you a shilling to put into it." George visits his uncle again, fortified with a large wallet. Uncle: "George, have you got a pocketbook yet?" Nephew (whose countenance brightens up): "Yes, sir." Uncle: "Oh, then, I am quite sorry, for I was going to give you a shilling to buy one."

**Just as Bad.**—"Jim, does your mother whip you?" "No; but she washes me all over every morning."

**Why He Was Punished.**—As two urchins were trotting along together, one of them fell and broke a pitcher he was carrying. He commenced crying, when the other boy asked him why he took on so. "'Cause," said he, "when I get home mother will punish me for breaking the mug." "What," said the other, "ain't you got no grandmother living at your house?" "No," was the reply. "Well, I have, and I might break two mugs, and they wouldn't punish me."

**Wanted More Room.**—Our ancestors had peculiar views as to their right to monopolize their own localities. They were like the boy riding a hobby-horse with two others. Finding the space too small, he said: "I think if one of us should get down there would be more room for me."—*Warner van Norden.*

**To Oblige a Customer.**—A small boy stepped into a bookstore, and inquired the price of spelling-books. On being told that they were twelve cents apiece, and being possessed of but nine cents, he was completely nonplussed. At length an idea seemed to have struck him, and he said: "Mister, can't you find one that's torn, that you'll let me have for nine cents?" The clerk looked in vain. The boy was dispirited. At length another idea seemed to strike him. "Please, mister, can't you tear one?"

**No Heaven for Him.**—Little Mary was discussing the great hereafter with her mama, when the following ensued: "Mama, will you go to heaven when you die?" "Yes, I hope so, child." "Well, I hope I'll go, too, or you'l be lonesome." "Oh, yes, and I hope your papa will go, too." "Oh, no, papa can't go; he can't leave the store."

**Cat or Doll.**—A friend asked a pretty child of six, "Which do you like the best, your cat or your doll?" The little girl thought some time before answering, and then whispered in the ear of the questioner: "I love my cat best, but please don't tell my doll so."

**Corporal Punishment.**—A case came up in court in which a big colored woman was a witness. She testified that she had whipped her little boy very severely, and as she went on with the story of the exceedingly stiff beating she had administered, the judge's brow grew dark, and he interrupted her to ask if it had been necessary to chastise the boy so severely. The colored lady looked astonished at the question. Gazing intently at the court, she inquired: "Jedge, was you eber de father of a wuthless mulatter boy?" "No, no," said the judge, hastily. "Then, jedge, you don't know nuffin' about de case."

**Hated His Bath.**—Little boy (pointing to the shop window): "What's them?" Mother: "Those are diving-suits, made all of rubber, so that the diver shall not get wet." Little boy: "I wish I had one." Mother: "Why—what for, my dear?" Little boy: "To wear when you wash me."

**Forlorn.**—"Did I tell you," said a mother, "what a time I had with my little Joe?" "No; what was it?" "Why, I was showing him a picture of the martyrs who were thrown to the lions, and was talking very solemnly to him, trying to make him feel what a terrible thing it was. 'Ma!' said he, all at once, 'oh, ma! just look at that poor little lion, way behind there, he won't get any!'"

**Not to Be President.**—A bright little boy was asked by a lady if he studied hard at school, to which he replied that he did not hurt himself at it. "But," said the lady, "you must study hard, or you will never become President of the United States." "Yes, ma'am," he replied; "but I don't expect to—I'm a Democrat."

**Papa's Way.**—A mother can call, "Johnnie, it's time to get up," for two or three hours without making any impression. But when the old man steps to the foot of the stairs and shouts, "John!" Johnnie takes his breakfast with the family.

**Parents of Our Country.**—"Aunt Mary," said a thoughtful five-year-old, "why don't they celebrate Mrs. Washington's birthday is celebrated." "Well, wasn't Mrs. Washington a Washington was a great and good man is the reason why his birthday is celebrated." "Well, wasn't Mrs. Washington a great and good woman?" "Yes, but George Washington was the father of his country." "Well," looking up triumphantly, "was not Mrs. Washington the mother of her country?"

**All Ready.**—A speaker addressing a large assembly of Sunday-school children said, "Now, my little boys and girls, I want you to be very still—so still that you can hear a pin drop." They were all silent for a moment, when one cried out at the top of her little voice, "Let her drop!"

**A Neutral.**—I am in the position of my boy—a boy of seven years—who interests me greatly and causes me a great deal of study, but fortunately takes me for granted. His mother saw him raise his hand to his sister—he didn't strike her—and she called him in and lectured him in the way mothers have. She said: "My boy, what would you do if you saw your papa raise his hand against your mama?" "I don't know." "You don't know?" "I wouldn't do nothing." "You wouldn't?" "Why, no; it wouldn't be any of my fight." —*Frank H. Scott.*

**Earned the "Charity."**—Well, my son," said a proud father to his eight-year-old son, the other night; "what have you done to-day that may be set down as a good deed?" "Gave a poor boy five cents," replied the hopeful. "Ah, ah! that was a charity, and charity is always right. He was an orphan boy, was he?" "I didn't stop to ask," replied the boy; "I gave him the money for licking a boy who upset my dinner-basket!"

**Wings and Ladders.**—A little girl asked her mother, "Have angels wings?" Mama answered, "Certainly they have." "Then," said young inquisitive, "why did they want a ladder to get down to Jacob?"

# SCHOOL AND COLLEGE

**Not Irish.**—A school-teacher asked a little girl who the first man was. She answered that she did not know. The question was put to the next, an Irish child, who answered loudly, "Adam, sir," with apparent satisfaction. "Law," said the first scholar, "you needn't feel so grand about it; he wasn't an Irishman."

**A Texan's Perplexity.**—"How is your son coming on?" was a question asked of a Texan father. "Oh, I am having a power of trouble with him!" "What's the matter now?" "Well, you know, I couldn't send him to school, because, thanks to Governor Roberts, there are no free schools, and I could not afford to send him to a private school." "Yes, I know that is so." "Well, I sent him away from Galveston out to the frontier, and, as luck would have it, he was convicted of horse-stealing and got five years in the penitentiary." "That was bad." "No, it wasn't, for you see at the penitentiary he could learn a trade and become a useful citizen." "Well, that's good." "No, it ain't, for Governor Roberts has pardoned him out on account of his youth and ignorance."

**Infallible Test.**—A theological student, supposed to be deficient in judgment, was asked by a professor, in the course of a class examination, "Pray, how would you discover a fool?" "By the questions he would ask," was the rather stunning reply.

**Bad Report From School.**—Tommy came home from school, and handed to his father the teacher's report on his progress during the month. "This is very unsatisfactory, Tom; you've a very small number of good marks. I'm not at all pleased with it." "I told the teacher you wouldn't be, but he wouldn't alter it."

**Mythology.**—Professor to classical student: "If Atlas supported the world, who supported Atlas?" Student: "The question, sir, has often been asked, but never, so far as I am aware, satisfactorily answered. I have always been of the opinion that Atlas must have married a rich wife, and got his support from her father."

**How It Treats Them.**—Said a student of one college to a friend who was attending a rival institution, "Your college never turns out gentlemen." "No," was the reply; "our college allows gentlemen to go right on and graduate."

**Forbidden Banns.**—A scholar of Dr. Busby went into a parlor where the doctor had laid down a fine bunch of grapes for his own eating, took it up and said aloud, "I publish the banns between these grapes and my mouth; if any one knows any just cause or impediment why these two should not be joined together let him declare it." The doctor being in the next room, overheard all that was said, and going into the school, ordered the boy who had eaten his grapes to be taken up, or, as it was called, horsed, on another boy's back; but before he proceeded to the usual discipline, he said aloud, as the delinquent had done, "I publish the banns between my rod and this boy's breech; if any one knows any just cause or impediment why these two should not be joined together, let him declare it." "I forbid the banns," cried the boy. "Why so?" said the doctor. "Because the parties are not agreed," replied the boy, which answer so nonplussed the doctor, that he ordered the boy to be set down.

**Planets in Antiquity.**—A young gentleman passing an examination in physics was asked: "What planets were known to the ancients?" "Well, sir," he responded, "there were Venus and Jupiter, and (after a pause) I think the earth; but I'm not certain."

**Euclid.**—Pupil: "Is it known, sir, whether Euclid personally bore the character of a trustworthy man, careful of his statements?" Tutor: "Well, I cannot say that his private life is a matter of history; but—" Pupil: "But from his writing, sir, would you say he was to be depended upon?" Tutor: "Ah—yes; certainly I should. But why do you ask?" Pupil: "Well, in that case, sir, don't you think we might accept this proposition without further discussion?"

**All Fools Now.**—A little Boston girl was encouraged by her parents to study so much that her brain gave way, and she is now an idiot. This is a sad result, but the parents must find some consolation in the thought that they have made their daughter like themselves.

**Skilled Labor.**—On one occasion a professor was expostulating with a student for idleness, when the latter said, " Well, it's of no use finding fault, I was cut out for a loafer." " Well," replied the professor, surveying him critically from head to foot, " whoever cut you out understood his business."

**The Lick That Saved a Licking.**—Daniel Webster was frequently punished when a boy for appearing at school with dirty hands. On one occasion it occurred to him as he was nearing the school that his hands were hardly likely to pass muster, and having no other means of cleaning them proceeded to lick one of them as clean as he could. On reaching school he was interrogated as to the condition of his hands, both of which were carefully concealed behind him; whereupon he produced the cleaner of the two for the inspection of the master. " Daniel," said the master, sternly, " if you can find a dirtier hand than that in all this school, I'll let you off." " Here it is, sir! " said Daniel, and with the exclamation he produced the dirtier hand from behind his back!

**History.**—Teacher: " Did I not tell you to be prepared with your history lesson? And here you are unable to repeat a word of it." Scholar: " I didn't think it was necessary, sir. I've always heard that history repeats itself."

**Entomology.**—Some students in the class of a great entomologist thought to quiz the professor; so, with much care and labor they succeeded in manufacturing a nondescript insect by taking the body of a beetle and gluing to it the legs of a grasshopper, the wings of a butterfly, and the horns of a dragon-fly. With the new style of bug they proceeded to the study of the professor, and told him that one of their number had found a strange animal which they were unable to classify, and requested him to aid them in defining its position. The professor put on his spectacles, and after examining the specimen very carefully, said: " Well, young gentlemen, this is a curious bug; I am inclined to think it is what naturalists call a humbug."

**Sound Advice.**—A physician examining a student as to his progress, asked him, "Should a man fall into a well forty feet deep, and strike his head against one of the tools with which he had been digging, what would be your course if called in as a surgeon?" The student replied: "I should advise them to let the man lie, and fill up the well."

**Supreme Monarch There.**—King Charles II was once paying a visit to Dr. Busby, head master of Westminster School, and the doctor strutted through the school with his hat on his head, while his majesty walked complacently behind him, with his own hat under his arm; but when he was taking his leave at the door, the doctor, with great humility, thus addressed the king: "I hope Your Majesty will excuse my want of respect hitherto; but if my boys were to imagine there was a greater man in the kingdom than myself, I should never be able to rule them."

**Science Outdone.**—"Why does lightning never strike twice in the same place?" the professor asked the new boy in the class in natural philosophy. "Huh," said the new boy, "it never needs to."

**Careless Observers.**—"Gentlemen, you do not use your faculties of observation," said an old professor, addressing his class. Here he pushed forward a gallipot containing a chemical of exceedingly offensive smell. "Taste it, gentlemen, taste it," said the professor; "and exercise your perceptive faculties." One by one the students dipped their fingers into the concoction, and with many a wry face sucked the abomination from their fingers. "Gentlemen, gentlemen," said the professor, "I must repeat that you do not use your faculties of observation; for, if you had looked more closely at what I was doing, you would have seen that the finger which I put into my mouth was not the finger I dipped in the gallipot."

**Value of Free Schools.**—General Negley sent out a foraging expedition from Nashville with orders to the commander to visit every habitation, mill, barn, and outhouse, and seize upon everything fit for consumption by man and beast. During the expedition a squad made a break for a free schoolhouse. "Don't disturb anything there!" cried one of the officers. "If there had been a few more such institutions in the South, there would have been no Civil War."

**Acknowledging His Disability.**—An Oxford student joined, without invitation, a party dining at an inn. After dinner he boasted so much of his abilities, that one of the party said, "You have told us enough of what you can do; tell us, pray, something you can't do." "Faith," said the student, "I can't pay my share of the reckoning."

**The Kiss in the Tunnel.**—That professors are not to be trifled with is proved by an anecdote of a certain German professor who, though "odd" in appearance and manner, could be "even" with most people in wit and repartee. On one occasion he got into a railway carriage of which the only other occupants were a couple of "giddy girls," who seemed to find much fun in quizzing their queer if learned companion. Determined to punish them for their impertinence, the professor waited until the train was passing through a long tunnel when taking advantage of the darkness, he gave two sounding kisses to the back of his own hand. The returning light of the open air revealed the mutual suspicions of the two ladies, between whom there was an obvious coolness for the rest of the journey. Arrived at his destination the professor alighted, but before doing so he told his companions that he did not know to which of them he was indebted for the kiss in the tunnel, but that he could assure them that he should always regard it as the one bright incident in a long, dull journey.

**Safe from Detection.**—Bishop Meade of Virginia occasionally allowed himself to say a witty thing, though habitually very grave. He was once lamenting the neglect of education in the State, and remarked, with a significant expression, "Our girls are poorly educated, but our boys will never find it out."

**The Professor's Retort.**—A college class, to avoid a morning recitation, placed, on the night preceding, a cow in the recitation-room. Next morning, as usual, after prayers, the class filed out of the chapel, their faces wearing a smile that said, "We have him now!" and marched to the door of the recitation-room, and there stopped. The genial professor soon made his appearance at the top of the stairs. Immediately a dozen voices commenced bellowing out, "A cow! a cow in the recitation-room!" "Yes, yes," replied the professor, "I see; that accounts for the number of calves around the door!"

**A Student's Apology.**—The steward of a boarding-school once had his indignation aroused by a pupil who brought to the dining-table and attached to the butter-plate the legend, "Best Vermont butter—15 cents a pound." The next day the angry steward demanded a public apology. The young man, rising before the assembly of students, said: "Mr. Steward, and fellow students, I was mistaken in what I announced yesterday. The butter was not the best Vermont butter, and it did not cost fifteen cents a pound."

**Cause of Its Renown.**—Swift said that the reason a certain university was a learned place was, that most persons took some learning there, and few brought any away with them, so it accumulated.

**A Tough Customer.**—There is a good story told of a schoolmaster who hit upon a clever expedient for securing the best of a good bargain. Addressing a poulterer who had six fowls exposed for sale in his shop he said, "I always like to give my boys plenty to do at meal-times; just pick me out the three toughest of these fowls will you?" The poulterer, delighted at the prospect of disposing of the least valuable portion of his stock, did as he was asked, whereupon, the schoolmaster quietly remarked, "Ah, thank you! I will take the other three, please!"

**How the Discovery Was Made.**—"Archimedes, you say, discovered specific gravity on getting into his bath; why had the principle never before occurred to him?" "Probably this was the first time he ever took a bath."

**Good Name.**—Fowell Buxton, when quite a little fellow, was sent to Dr. Burney's school. Upon one occasion he was accused by one of the teachers of talking during school hours, for which he was about to be punished. When Dr. Burney came in the boy appealed to him and stoutly denied the charge. The teacher as stoutly maintained it; but Dr. Burney stopped him, saying, "I never found the boy telling a lie, and I will not disbelieve him now."

**Learning Never Ended.**—Michelangelo was found by the Cardinal Farnese walking in solitude amid the ruins of the Coliseum, and when he expressed his surprise the great artist answered, "I go yet to school that I may continue to learn." Who among us can after this talk of finishing our education.

**The Spirit and the Letter.**—The parrot-like way in which children often learn, was well illustrated by the experience of a lady who, on visiting an English country Sunday-school, was asked to take the class of an absent teacher. The girls proceeded to repeat the "Belief," each reciting a short portion in turn, commencing with the head of the class. The recital proceeded without comment until the visitor noticed an omission and looked up for an explanation. She got it. "Please, teacher," said a bright-eyed, if not very intelligent scholar, "the girl that believes in the 'oly Catholic Church ain't come this afternoon."

**Knowledge Enlarged at Death.**—A consumptive disease seized the eldest son and heir of the Duke of Hamilton, which ended in his death. As he was lying one day on the sofa his tutor was conversing with him on some astronomical subject, and about the nature of the fixed stars. "Ah," said he, "in a little while I shall know more of this than all of you together."

# LOVE AND MARRIAGE

**Husbands to Burn.**—A lady passenger was weeping bitterly, when a gentleman said to her, " My dear madam, what can I do to console you in your troubles? " She said her troubles were inconsolable; that she was on her way to California to have her fifth husband cremated. Just across the aisle, and two seats back, another lady burst out crying with all her might, and the gentleman stepped back to get her troubles. She said she was forty-two years of age and had never been able to catch a man yet, while that thing across the aisle had husbands to burn!

**Breach of Promise.**—" Do you know, my dear," said a husband to his wife, " that there is never a divorce case without a woman in it? " Her response was: " Do you know, my love, that there is never a breach of promise case without a very mean man in it? "

**What Equivalent.**—A young lady met in company a young gentleman who evidently had an excellent opinion of himself. During conversation he introduced the subject of matrimony, and expatiated at length upon the kind of wife he expected to marry; that is, if ever he should take the decisive step. The fortunate lady must be wealthy, beautiful, accomplished, etc. His listener quietly waited until he ended, and then completely confounded him by asking, " And pray, sir, what have you to offer in return for all this? " The young man stammered, reddened a little, and walked away.

**Loveless Lives.**—" Alas," said a moralizing bachelor, within ear-shot of a witty young lady of the company, " this world is at best but a gloomy prison! " " Yes," sighed the merciless minx; " especially to the poor creatures doomed to solitary confinement! "

**Made One.**—"Are a man and his wife both one?" asked the wife of a gentleman who, in a state of stupefaction, was holding his aching head with both his hands. "Yes, I suppose so," was the reply. "Well, then," said she, "I came home drunk last night, and ought to be ashamed of myself." This backhanded rebuke from a long-suffering, but affectionate wife effectually cured him of his drinking propensity.

**Love-Making.**—It is related of a certain Macdonald that in the days when he was courting the lady whom he afterwards married, the prospective father-in-law—an aged Methodist with extremely strict notions in regard to the proprieties—was injudicious enough on one occasion to enter the parlor without giving any warning of his approach. The consequence was that he found the sweethearts enjoying a single chair. Deeply shocked with this spectacle, the old man solemnly said, "Mr. Macdonald, when I was courting Mrs. Brown, she sat on one side of the room and I on the other." "That's what I should have done," replied Macdonald, "if I had been courting Mrs. Brown."

**The Lesser Evil.**—The matrimonial problem presented itself to a young lady who had reached a marriageable age. "Jeanie," said her father, "it's a solemn thing to get married." "I ken that, father," said the sensible lassie; "but it's a great deal solemner to be single."

**Made Him Stay In.**—A lady of diplomatic turn was at a loss for a long time how to keep her husband home at night. He had a very small and neat foot, of which he was exceedingly proud. She flattered him, and encouraged his vanity, so that he bought tighter shoes. It was excruciating pain to go about in them, but he would not confess it. However, when he reached home in the evening his slippers were such a welcome relief that it was a difficult matter to induce him to go out after dinner.

**His Wife.**—"If my wife chooses to throw saucepans and stove-lids at my head, and tear my shirt and chuck me out of the house," he soliloquized, as he got up from the gutter, "very well. If she is that sort of a woman, very well. I am sorry for her, but I can't help it. How can I communicate to her nature those little subtle refinements and delicate graces that are alone the prerogative of finer spirits?"

**Liberality.**—A clergyman in one of the Hudson river towns united a German couple in marriage. When the knot was tied, the bridgeroom said: "Domine, I've got no monish, but I'll send you von leetle pig." It was done, and the circumstance was forgotten by the clergyman. Two years afterwards he met the German in another town, for the first time after the marriage ceremony was performed. "Domine," said the German, "you remembers you married me, and I gave you von leetle pig?" "Yes." "Vell, if you'll unmarry me I'll give you two leetle pigs."

**Surprises of Divorce.**—A lady was entering the depot at Cairo, Illinois, when a perfect gentleman stepped up and said to her, "How d' do?" extending his hand and smiling cheerfully. "I beg pardon," said she, looking at him. "You have the advantage of me." "Why, don't you know me?" he asked, annoyed. "I can't remember you," she said. "Why, I used to be your husband—Uriah H. Loomis, you know."

**Ambitious.**—Æsthetic bridegroom (scrutinizing a "six-mark" teapot shown him by his wife): "It is quite consummate, is it not?" Intense bride: "It is, indeed! Oh, Algernon, let us live up to it!"

**His Wife Appeased.**—One night, after having kept up his frolic until a late hour, Colonel Jones reached home, when he found his wife waiting for him with a countenance that foretold a storm. The colonel, whose face had never blanched before an enemy, quailed before the just indignation of his better half. Instead of going to bed, he took a seat, and, resting his elbows on his knees, with his face in his hands, seemed to be completely absorbed in grief, sighing heavily, and uttering such exclamations as, "Poor Smith! poor fellow!" His wife kept silent as long as possible, but at last overcome by curiosity and anxiety, inquired in a sharp tone: "What's the matter with Smith?" "Ah!" says the colonel, "his wife is giving him fits just now!" Mrs. Jones was mollified by the joke, and her wrath dissolved.

**Inconsiderate Parent.**—A man who was sentenced to be hanged was visited by his wife, who said: "My dear, would you like the children to see you executed?" "No," replied he. "That's just like you," said she, "for you never wanted the children to have any enjoyment."

**Advertisement.**—An advertisement in a Bremen journal read as follows: "A young gentleman, on the point of getting married, is desirous of meeting a man of experience who will dissuade him from the step."

**She Knew Him.**—"Can you let me have twenty dollars this morning to purchase a bonnet, my dear?" said a lady to her husband one morning at breakfast. "By and by, my love." "That's what you always say, my dear; but how can I buy and buy without the money?" And that brought the money, as one good turn deserves another. Her wit was so successful that she tried it again the next week. "I want fifty dollars, my dear, to get a dress for New Year's." "Well, you can't have it; you called me a bear last night," said her husband. "Oh, well, dear, you know that was only because you are so fond of hugging!" It hit him just right again, and she got the money and something extra. As he left his pretty wife and hurried off to business he said: "It takes a fortune to keep such a wife as you are—but it's worth it."

**His Fiancée Was Rich.**—"Oh, this bouquet is too costly. You must take it back to the lieutenant," said the rich fiancée. "Oh, that's all right, miss," replied the valet; "since my master is engaged to you he has been able to get things on credit."

**George's Tip.**—He loved her. She loved him. They loved each other. But her father objected because the young man was almost a total stranger. The time had come when the youth must ask the father for his daughter, and he feared to go to him. He held a long conference with his beloved. He told her he did not want to ask her father. "George, dear," she asked in a tremulous whisper, "how much are you worth?" "A million dollars, darling," he responded proudly. Her face shone in the twilight. "Then you don't have to ask him," she said with a simple trust. "Let him know that and he will ask you." And George gave the old man a tip.

**Catalogue of Love.**—A young lady—a sensible girl—gives the following catalogue of different kinds of love: "The sweetest, a mother's love; the longest, a brother's love; the strongest, a woman's love; the dearest, a man's love; and the sweetest, longest, strongest, dearest love, 'a love of a bonnet.'"

**A Provident Earl.**—The Earl of Buchan was to the end of his life, although eccentric, a great social favorite and "a terrible old flirt." On leaving a room he would take leave of the prettiest young lady in it with old-fashioned courtesy, and say: "Good-by, my dear; and pray remember that Margaret, Countess of Buchan, is not immortal."

**Benefit of Obeying a Wife.**—A traveling clergyman in Scotland was called into an inn to officiate at a marriage, instead of the parish minister, who, from some accident, was unable to attend, and had caused the company to wait for a considerable time. While the reverend gentleman was pronouncing the admonition, and just as he had told the bridegroom to love and honor his wife, the bridegroom interjected the words, "and obey," which he thought had been omitted from oversight, though that is part of the rule laid down solely to the wife. The minister, surprised to find a husband willing to be henpecked by anticipation, did not take advantage of the proposed amendment; on which the bridegroom again reminded him of the omission—"Ay, and obey, sir—love, honor, and obey, ye ken!" and he seemed seriously discomposed at finding that his hint was not taken. Some years after, the clergyman was riding once more through the same parish, when the same man stopped him and addressed him in these remarkable words: "D'ye mind, sir, yon day when ye married me, and when I wad insist upon vowing to obey my wife? Weel, ye may now see that I was in the richt. Whether ye wad or no, I hae obeyed my wife; and, behold, I am now the only man that has a twa-strey house in the hale toun!"

**Frugality.**—The wife of a small farmer in Aberdeenshire having been long confined to bed before the time when her last moment approached, the husband, who was of a very niggardly disposition, at length grudged to let her have so much as a light by the side of her bed. One night, when in this dark condition, she exclaimed, "Oh, isna this an unco thing, that a puir body can get nae licht to see to dee wi'!" The husband instantly rose up, lighted a candle, and, bringing it forward hastily to the bottom of the bed, said, "There! dee noo."

**The Ears of Love.**—Poor, pining little thing (in deep thought): "That's Johnny's knock; but it's the way Edwin wipes his boots."

**In Extremis.**—A wealthy old Parisian wanted to get rid of his nephew, who cost him a lot of money every year. All the offers he had made him about getting married had been declined, under the pretext that the girls were either too old or too young or too bad-tempered, etc. In despair the uncle went to a matrimonial agent, who showed him his register and photographs of some of his clients. The old man's astonishment when he discovered among them his own wife's likeness cannot be described. Nearly out of his mind, he went home and sternly demanded an explanation. "I can't deny the fact," the wife said, gently; "but it was last year, my dear, when you had been given up by all the doctors."

**Out of Breath.**—A young man in Milwaukee kissed his sweetheart about forty times right straight along, and when he stopped, the tears came into her eyes, and she said, in a sad tone of voice, "Ah, John, I fear you have ceased to love me!" "No, I haven't," he replied, "but I must breathe!"

**The Smoking Question.**—A young lady was at a party during which quarrels between husband and wife were discussed. "I think," said an unmarried older son, "that the proper thing for the husband is to have it out at once, and thus avoid quarreling for the future. I would light a cigar in the carriage after the wedding breakfast and settle the smoking question forever." "I would knock the cigar out of your mouth," interrupted the belle. "Do you know, I don't think you would be there!" he remarked.

**Nature's Revenge.**—A certain chevalier found himself hopelessly in love with a young woman. He was ugly and deformed, but very talented. The girl, on the other hand, was almost a fool, but exquisitely beautiful. The chevalier resolved to marry her, and assembling his friends, addressed them thus, "I desire to possess this woman: no other woman suits me." "But you must know she is almost imbecile," said his friends. "I know that," he answered. "But are you too dull to guess what will be the result of such a union? She will have children; and these children will inherit the wisdom of the father with the beauty of the mother." In this hope he married the lady. They had children, as he predicted. But see how nature treated his prophecies. The children were deformed and ugly like the father, and imbecile and insipid like the mother.

**Where Were They "At"?**—"What would our wives say if they knew where we are?" said the captain of a down-east schooner, when they were beating about in a thick fog, fearful of going ashore. "Humph, I shouldn't mind that," replied the mate, "if we only knew where we were ourselves."

**Not for Himself.**—In central New Jersey lived two young lawyers, Brown and Hall. Both were fond of dropping in at Smith's of an evening and spending an hour or two with his only daughter, Mary. One evening when Brown and Miss Mary had discussed almost every topic, Brown suddenly, and with his sweetest tones, struck out as follows: "Do you think, Mary, you could leave your father and mother, your pleasant home here, with all its ease and comforts, and go to the Far West with a young lawyer who has but little besides his profession to depend upon, and with him find out a new home, which it should be your joint duty to beautify and make delightful like this?" Dropping her head softly on his shoulder, she answered, "I think I could, Archy." "Well," said he, in a changed tone, and straightening himself up, "Tom Hall is going West, and wants to get a wife. I'll just mention it to him."

**Last But Not Least.**—A modest bachelor friend of ours says, "That all he should ask for in a wife would be a good temper, health, good understanding, agreeable physiognomy, fine figure, good connection, domestic habits, resources of amusement, good spirits, conversational talents, elegant manners, and money."

**A Confounded Verb.**—A clergyman, a widower with seven grown-up daughters, left home for a neighboring city, and wrote back that he had some news which would surprise them—he had just married a widow with six children. The seven grown-up daughters had an awful time till he returned—alone. One of them mustered up courage to ask, "Where is our mother?" "In heaven, I hope." "But I mean the widow with six children that you married?" "Oh, I married her to another man."

**Courtship.**—"Mother, I should not be surprised if our Susan got choked some day." "Why, my son?" "Because her beau twisted his arm around her neck the other night, and if she had not kissed him he would have strangled her!"

**Attic Salt.**—An old bachelor being ill, his sister presented him a cup of medicine. "What is it?" he asked. She answered, "It is elixir asthmatic; it is very aromatic, and will make you feel ecstatic." "Nancy," he replied, with a smile, "you are very sistermatic."

**Jealousy.**—Young wife, don't be jealous! It never did any good; and, besides, there is no call for it. If the married love is genuine, a loving, virtuous wife can hold her husband's heart against all the beauty, wit, and art even, in the world, if she will only set self and hurt feelings aside and attend to it. But if there really is danger, jealousy only throws a dart into the enemy's hand, by making you unlovely. You have everything on your side—all the weapons that win and never fail; only have faith and use them rightly, and never "dampen your powder" by letting that green-eyed monster show against you.

**Business View of It.**—What more precious offering can be laid upon the altar of a man's heart than the first love of a pure, earnest, and affectionate girl, with an undivided interest in eight corner lots, and fourteen three-story houses?

**What Wives Can Do.**—It is related of a certain New England divine, who flourished not many years ago, and whose matrimonial relations are supposed not to have been of the most agreeable kind, that one Sabbath morning, while reading to his congregation the parable of the supper, in Luke xiv., in which occurs this passage, "And another said, I have bought five yoke of oxen, and I go to prove them; I pray thee to have me excused; and another said, I have married a wife, and therefore I cannot come," he suddenly paused at the end of this verse, drew off his spectacles, and, looking around on his hearers, said, with emphasis: "The fact is, my brethren, one woman can draw a man farther from the kingdom of heaven than five yoke of oxen!"

**Keeping Him in Suspense.**—"Ma," she said confidingly, "Henry has asked me to marry him." "And you accepted?" was the query. "No," was the reply, "I didn't, and neither did I reject him. If I can keep him on the string until Christmas he'll make me a handsome present to induce me to say 'yes.' You know I've been wanting a gold watch for a long time."

**Consorts.**—On one occasion an old circuit-rider, a special favorite with the young couples of his district, found a number of his friends awaiting his services in "tying the knot." He had only just completed a long and tiresome journey, and wished to make the ceremony as short as possible. Accordingly, with a promptness for which he was noted, he said: "Stan' up, and jine hands!" This request having been complied with, he went rapidly through an original marriage service, which had at least the advantage of brevity. "Thare," he said, when he had finished the ceremony, "ye can go now; ye're man and wife, every one o' ye!" Two of the couples did not at once avail themselves of this permission, and presently it came out that the sudden command to "jine" had confused them, and they had taken the hands of the wrong persons. The old preacher's eyes twinkled as he took in the situation; but he recollected himself, and dispersed the company with a gracious wave of his hands. "I married ye all," said he, reassuringly; "now sort yourselves."

**Consolation.**—"What is your consolation in life and death?" asked a clergyman of a young miss in a Bible class that he was catechising. The young lady blushed and hesitated. "Will you not tell me?" urged the clergyman. "I don't want to tell his name," said the ingenuous girl, "but I've no objection to telling you where he lives."

**A Prudent Wooer.**—Very careful was the farmer who entered a telegraph office in central New York, and sent this message to a woman in Canada: "Will you be my wife? Please answer at once by telegraph." Then he sat down and waited. No answer came. He waited till late in the evening; still no answer. Early the next morning he came in again, and was handed a despatch—an affirmative reply. The operator expressed his sympathy. "'Twas a little rough to keep you so long in suspense." "Look here, young feller," said the farmer, "I'll stand all the suspense. A woman that'll hold back her answer to a proposal of marriage all day so as to send it by night rates is jest the economical woman that I've been a-waitin' for."

**Finality.**—"If he was the last man on earth I wouldn't marry him," said Ethel, impetuously. "No, indeed, dear," replied Elfrida, calmly; "what would be the use of marrying when there was nobody to envy you!"

**Fate.**—An old maid, on the wintry side of fifty, hearing of the marriage of a pretty young lady, her friend, observed, with a deep and sentimental sigh, " Well, I suppose it is what we must all come to."

**Gave Him Fuel for His Fire.**—Well knowing his wife's disposition to make him a present regularly at the anniversary of his birthday, a citizen of the Bay State, who likewise forcibly realized the fact that economy was an absolute necessity in his household, said to his wife, " This year you must not undertake to make me a present. It would be absurd to do so at this time, when we need everything we can rake and scrape. I give you fair notice that if you do follow your former custom this year I will burn up the present as surely as you make it." The wife could not bear the idea of being deprived of her annual pleasure, so she gathered together her dimes and bought for her dearly beloved, as a birthday present, a ton of coal.

**Old Maids.**—Some wicked wretch has most unkindly said, " Old maids are embers whence the sparks have fled! "

**Not a Polygamist.**—Du Chaillu, the African traveler, while in an African village, resting after a long journey, was considered a spirit by the old men of the tribes, and they desired that he should remain with them. Early one morning he was surprised to see between six and seven hundred young women of the tribe march up and form a circle around him. An old man, who acted as spokesman, stated that as they wished to have him stay with them, they had brought their young women to him so that he might choose a wife. The sable beauties appeared quite willing to make him happy. Du Chaillu was cornered, but declined, saying that as he was a good spirit, he did not wish to make all the others unhappy by choosing but one. At this the old men withdrew for consultation. Soon the spokesman appeared and said: " We have seen it; you spoke what was true. If you took one the rest would be unhappy. Take them all! " The next morning Du Chaillu left them.

**Tombstone Eulogy.**—A quarrelsome couple were discussing the subject of epitaphs and tombstones, and the husband said: " My dear, what kind of a stone do you suppose they will give me when I die? " " Brimstone, my love! " was the affectionate reply.

**Becoming Costume.**—"Is it becoming to me?" asked she, as she paraded in the costume of one hundred years ago before her husband. "Yes, my dear," said he, meekly. "Don't you wish I could dress this way all the time?" she asked. "No, my dear," he replied, "but I wish you had lived when that was the style."

**Like Begets Like.**—I once courted a gal by the name of Deb Hawkins, relates a countryman. I made up my mind to get married. Well, while we were going to the deacon's I stepped into a puddle and spattered the mud all over Deb's new gown. When we got to the squire's he asked Deb if she would take me for her wedded husband. "No," says she. "Reason?" says I. "Why," says she, "I've taken a mislikin' to you." Well, I gave her a string of beads and some other notions, and made it all right with her; so we went to the squire's again. I was bound to come up with her this time, so when the squire asked me if I would take her for my wedded wife, says I, "No, I shan't do no such thing." "Why," says Deb, "what on earth is the matter now?" "Why," says I, "I have taken a mislikin' to you." Well, it was all over again; but I gave her some more trinkets, and we went up again to get married. We expected that we would be tied so fast that all nature couldn't separate us; but when we asked the squire if he would marry us, he said: "No, I shan't do no such thing." "Why, what on earth is the reason?" says we. "Why," says he, "I've taken a mislikin' to both of you."

**All Ladies in Time.**—In Queen Anne's reign, Lord B—— married three wives, who were all his servants. A beggar woman, meeting him one day in the street, made him a very low courtesy. "Ah! God Almighty bless you," said she, "and send you a long life! if you do but live long enough, we shall all be ladies in time."

**Electric.**—Sir George says he doesn't wonder that his sweetheart is afraid of lightning—she is so awfully attractive.

**Phonographic Promises.**—Ardent lover: "You ask for some proof of my affections, my devotion. What proof can I offer you? Stay! I have it! I am ready to breathe my vows into the "Young Lady's Best Companion" or breach-of-promise-self-registering-evidence-phonograph! There!"

**Marriage Fee.**—A Canadian clergyman not long since was called upon by an Irish girl, who inquired how much he asked for "marrying anybody." He replied, "A dollar and a half," and Biddy departed. A few evenings later, on being summoned to the door, he was accosted by the same person, with the remark that she had come to be married. "Very well," said the minister; but, perceiving with astonishment that she was alone, he continued, "where is the man?" An expression of disappointment and chagrin, too ludicrous to be described, passed over Biddy's features as she ejaculated, "And don't you find the man for the dollar and a half?"

**A Girl of the Right Stamp.**—Marriages by advertisement are not uncommon, but the following, published by a French journal, has the air of novelty: "Matrimony—A collector of postage-stamps, possessing 12,544 specimens, desires to contract a marriage with a young lady, also a collector, who has the blue Mauritius penny stamp of 1847. No others need apply."

**Knew Her Face.**—There is a legend that one day a woman went to Brigham Young for counsel touching some alleged oppression by an officer of the church. Brigham, like a true politician, assumed to know her; but when it became necessary to record her case, hesitated and said: "Let me see, sister—I forget your name." "My name?" was the indignant reply, "why, I am your wife!" "When did I marry you?" The woman informed the president, who referred to an account book in his desk, and then said: "Well, I believe you are right. I knew your face was familiar."

**Spirit Discourse.**—"How are you getting along?" asked a widow of her late husband, who appeared to her at midnight as a ghost. Ghost: "Very well, indeed; much better than during my twenty years' married life on earth." Widow (delighted): "Then you are in heaven?" "Oh, no."

**From Maid to Wife.**—Eldon, the father of Lord Eldon, the Chancellor of England, having resolved to marry, rang his bell. A female servant answered it. He told her to dress herself in order to repair to the altar with him. She thought he was jesting, and disobeyed. He rang his bell again. A second servant appeared. To her he gave the same command. She attired herself and was made a bride.

**Had Heard of One.**—A lecturer inquired dramatically, "Can any one in this room tell me of a perfect man?" There was a dead silence. "Has any one," he continued, "heard of a perfect woman?" Then a patient-looking little woman rose up at the back of the room and answered: "There was one. I've often heard of her, but she's dead now. She was my husband's first wife."

**An Overture of Peace.**—An inveterate bachelor, being asked by a sentimental miss why he did not secure some fond one's company in his voyage on the ocean of life, replied, "I would, if I were sure that the ocean would always be the Pacific."

**Sober Second Thought.**—Three or four times a couple appeared before a clergyman for marriage; but the bridegroom was drunk, and the reverend gentleman refused to tie the knot. On the last occasion he expressed his surprise that such a respectable-looking girl was not ashamed to appear at the altar with a man in that state. The poor girl broke into tears and said she could not help it. "And why, pray?" "Because, sir, he won't come when he is sober!"

**Sympathy.**—Beggar: "Pray, sir, take pity on a miserable wretch; I have a wife and six children." Gentleman: "My poor fellow, accept my heartfelt sympathy—so have I."

**Grotesque.**—Don Piatt says: "I was in love once with a fat girl. She was very fleshy. She was enormous, but the course of true love came to grief. I was sitting with her in the dim twilight one evening. I was sentimental; I said many soft things, I embraced a part of her. She seemed distant. She frequently turned her lovely head from me. At last I thought I heard a murmur of voices on the other side. I arose and walked around; and there found another fellow courting her on the left flank. I was indignant, and upbraided her for her treachery in thus concealing from me another love. She laughed at my conceit, as if she were not big enough to have two lovers at once."

**An Unsentimental Answer.**—"And what would you do, Henry," asked a rather vain lady of her little nephew, who had been assuring her of his unbounded affection for her, "if your good aunt were to die, and your uncle were to marry again?" "Why," replied Henry, without the slightest hesitation, "I should go to the wedding, of course."

**Conditional Proposal.**—"You write a beautiful hand. I wish that I had such a hand," said Mr. Flasher to a lady clerk at the hotel. "Am I to consider this as a proposal?" asked the bright lady. "Well—er—yes—if my wife is willing to let me off," replied the accomplished Flasher.

**His Eyes Were Holden.**—A lady appeared at a charity fancy ball as Amiability. Her husband failed to recognize her.

**Married in Haste.**—A Texas paper tells of a young couple who eloped on horseback, accompanied by a clergyman who was to marry them. The lady's father gave chase, and was overtaking the party, when the maiden called out to her clerical friend, "Can't you marry us as we run?" The idea took, and he commenced the ritual, and just as the lady's father clutched her bridle-rein the clergyman pronounced the lovers man and wife. The father admired the feat and gave his blessing.

**The End Crowns the Work.**—Laura (with novel): "Oh, if this tale were only true, and I were the heroine!" Kate: "What! with her persecutions, her misery?" Laura: "Ah, but then, dear, remember she does get a husband after all!"

**Newton's Courtship.**—Sir Isaac Newton, on being urged to marry, said that he had no time to court a wife. His friends offered to assist by sending to his apartments a woman of worth, and he promised to receive her. When she waited on him and produced her letter of recommendation, he filled and fired his pipe, sat down by her side, took her hand, and conversed on the subject. Before they had brought the matter to a close, some question about the magnitude of the heavenly bodies struck his mind with such force that he forgot what he was doing. He turned his eyes up to the heavens, took his pipe out of his mouth, and unconsciously used one of the lady's fingers to pack the burning tobacco in the bowl. He held the finger there so long that both that member and her heart took fire, and she in a huff sprang up and went off, leaving the philosopher to finish his study alone.

**She Got the Berth.**—A bachelor sea-captain, who was remarking one day that he wanted a good chief officer, was promptly informed by a young lady present that she had no objection to be his first mate. He took the hint—and the lady.

**Mutual Affection.**—A dandy with more beauty than brains married an heiress, who, although very accomplished, was by no means handsome. One day he said to her, "My dear, ugly as you are, I love you as well as though you were pretty." "Thank you, love," was the reply. "I can return the compliment; for, fool as you are, I love you as well as though you had wit."

**Papa's Timepiece.**—A suburban father has purchased a lover's alarm clock that works like a charm. At ten o'clock it strikes loudly, two little doors open and a man with a dressing-gown and cap on glides out holding in his hand a card inscribed "Good night." As he bows and smilingly retires into the clock the young man takes the hint, says "Good night" to the fair daughters, and departs.

**A Demand for Men.**—"Nothing, in my opinion," says Dean Ramsay, "comes up to the originality and point of the Montrose old maiden lady's most 'exquisite reason' for not subscribing to the proposed fund for organizing a volunteer corps in that town. It was at the time of expected invasion at the beginning of the century, and some of the town magistrates called upon her and solicited her subscription to raise men for the service of the king. 'Indeed,' she answered, right sturdily, 'I'll dae nae sic thing; I never could raise a man for mysel', an' I'm no' ga'en to raise men for King George!'"

**Taxing Bachelors.**—"You bachelors ought to be heavily taxed," said a lady to an old 'un. "True, ma'am," said the fogy, "bachelorism is undoubtedly a great luxury."

**Philanthropists.**—As Miss Dix once passed through a lunatic asylum, a young girl inmate, just started in her teens, inquired of another lady visitor: "Who was the lady whom we saw with the doctor?" "That was Miss Dix, the philanthropist," was the reply. "What is a philanthropist, please?" "Philanthropist, my dear, is a word from two Greek words, signifying a lover of men." "Well, then, are not all we women philanthropists?"

**Upper and Lower Lights.**—Romeo and Juliet are promenading on a beautiful summer evening. Romeo, raising his eyes to heaven, exclaims: "What an admirable spectacle! Look at those thousand stars that sparkle!" "Yes," replies Juliet, "they remind you of the lanterns on the carriages."

**Extra Hazardous.**—"The husband," said Sterne, "who behaves unkindly to his wife deserves to have the house burned over his head." "If you think so," quietly remarked Garrick, "I hope your house is insured."

**More Terrible Than the Lions.**—I did not want to be in the position of a man I once heard of who was a lion-tamer. He was a very brave man. There was no lion, no matter how big, or strong, or vicious, that had not succumbed to this man's fearlessness. This man had a wife, and she did not like him to stay out late at night, and big as he was, and as brave, he had never dared to disrespect his wife's wishes, until one evening, meeting some old friends, he fell to talking over old times with them, their early adventures and experiences. Finally, looking at his watch, to his amazement he discovered it was midnight. What to do he knew not. He didn't dare to go home. If he went to a hotel his wife might discover him before he discovered her. Finally, in desperation, he sped to the menagerie, hurriedly passed through and went to the cage of lions. Entering this he closed and locked the door, and gave a sigh of relief. He quieted the dangerous brutes, and lay down with his head resting on the mane of the largest and most dangerous of them all. His wife waited. Her anger increased as the night wore on. At the first sign of dawn she went in search of her recreant lord and master. Not finding him in any of the haunts that he generally frequented, she went to the menagerie. She also passed through and went to the cage of the lions. Peering in she saw her husband, the fearless lion-tamer, crouching at the back of the cage. A look of chagrin came over her face, closely followed by one of scorn and fine contempt, as she shook her finger and hissed, "You coward!"—*A. A. McCormick.*

**Where the Shoe Pinched.**—Plutarch, relating the story of a Roman divorced from his wife, observes: "This person, being highly blamed by his friends, who demanded: 'Was she not chaste? was she not fair?' holding out his shoe, asked them whether it was not new and well made. 'Yet,' added he, 'none of you can tell where it pinches me.'"

**Short Ceremony.**—Kankakee has a justice who beats them all in the way of doing up a job of matrimonial splicing with neatness and dispatch. This is his formula: "Have 'er?" "Yes." "Have 'm?" "Yes." "Married—two dollars."

**A Business Suit.**—They had been engaged for a long time and one evening were reading the paper together. "Look, love!" he exclaimed. "Only fifteen dollars for a suit of clothes!" "Is it a wedding suit?" she asked, looking naively at her lover. "Oh, no," he answered; "it is a business suit." "Well, I meant business," she replied.

**Its Speech Bewrayed Him.**—Sudden unpopularity befel the phonograph in a rural town. A man who bought the first phonograph ever owned in that place took it under his arm and stopped at several places to discuss politics and other things. When he got home and exhibited the phonograph to his wife, the depraved instrument caused a domestic upheaval by remarking in several distinct tones, "Set 'em up for the boys, barkeeper! Whoop, hooray! Yer's luck! Fill the flowing bowl! Who's afraid of the old woman!"

**Queer Tastes.**—"Henry, why don't you try to keep a supply of cloves in your pocket?" said an Albany young lady to her escort at the opera-house. "You wouldn't then have to run out after every act. And I don't see why you are so awful fond of cloves, anyhow."

**Ideas and Feelings.**—Many years ago an intellectual man married a brilliant woman. The location of the scene was Boston, and immediately after they were married he said to her: "Madam, I love you. That is the beginning, middle, and end of my experience. I shall never repeat it again. You have got my idea." About six years afterwards, after enduring her solitary lot, she remarked to him: "I am no metaphysician, but I have come to the conclusion that there is a difference between ideas and feelings. You can get rid of an idea by uttering it, but you cannot get rid of a feeling by uttering it; and I want you to say that you love me often enough to convince me that no change has taken place in your inward experience."—*Rev. J. M. Buckley.*

**Bride and Groom.**—"How long have you been married?" asked the clerk at the hotel desk, as the elderly bridegroom registered. "Two weeks," replied the happy man. "Front," cried the clerk, "show the gentleman to parlor B; fifteen dollars a day, sir." "Third wife," calmly said the guest. "Oh, excuse me! Front, show the gentleman to 824 back. Take the elevator; four dollars a week, sir."

**Love at the Seashore.**—"Oh, Harold," said she, as she clung closer to his arm, "how very quiet and restful the sea seems to be this evening." "Just as I would like a wife to be," was the response. "And would you, as a husband, be the quiet, restful complement of such a wife?" He thought he could, and the launch into the sea of matrimonial difficulties was thus quietly made. There are sure to be some gales, however.

**A Set of Three.**—A man whose knowledge is based on actual experience tells us—and it is worthy of trial—that when young men call on their sweethearts they should carry affection in their hearts, perfection in their manners, and confection in their pockets.

**A Favored One.**—Ah, yes, as compared with us, they were a queer, quaint, hard-featured, hard-headed, unreasonable, unattractive lot—those old Pilgrim Fathers. What an uncouth way they had of "popping the question." Jeremiah mounted his horse, rode a few miles, knocked at the cottage door; and when the girl answered the knock, he said, "Susannah, the Lord hath sent me to marry thee." "The Lord's will be done," said the damsel, and there was the end of it. How vastly more delicate the Philadelphia Quaker style: Jonathan said, "Eliza, dost thou love me?" "Why, of course; are we not commanded to love everybody?" "No, but dost thou regard me with that peculiar affection the world calls love?" "Well, my heart is an erring one; I have tried to do my duty by everybody, but I have long thought thee was getting more than thy share."—*William P. Breed.*

**Domestic Compromise.**—We are not given to compromise, or, if we do, we follow the example of a gentleman who said: "My wife prefers linen sheets and I prefer cotton." "Well, how do you settle it?" "Oh, we compromise." "Well, how?" "Oh, we compromise on cotton."—*Henry Elias Howland.*

**Human and Animal Felicity.**—When Lafayette was in the United States, two young men were introduced to him. He said to one, "Are you married?" "Yes, sir," was the reply. "Happy man!" said the marquis. He then put the same question to the other, who replied, "I am a bachelor." "Lucky dog!" returned Lafayette.

**Reconciliation.**—Old Billy Stovins said, when his fourth wife (a strapping young country girl) died, and the boys (with whom old Billy played "short-cards") came over to condole with him—"Boys," sobbed old Billy—burying his hickory-nut face in a bandanna as big as the maintopsail of an old-fashioned man-of-war—"Boys, I'm not only grieved, but I'm mortified"; and then, catching sight of his wife's twin sister, a buxom beauty, as she flitted through the room, he added, "but, boys, I'm getting sorter reconciled."—*William Gordon McCabe.*

**A Sudden Attachment.**—An Irish sheriff got a writ to serve on a young widow, and on coming into her presence said: "Madam, I have an attachment for you." "My dear sir," she said, blushing, "your attachment is reciprocated." "You don't understand me. You must proceed to court," said the sheriff. "Well, I know 'tis leap year, but I prefer to let you do the courting yourself. Men are much better at that than women." "Madam, this is no time for fooling. The justice is waiting." "The justice waiting! Well, I suppose I must go, but the thing is so sudden, and besides I'd prefer a priest to do it."

**Never to Part.**—A distinguished churchman in tracing his ancestry back to the Quaker and Puritan lines whose blood mingled in his veins, relates the story of two young persons who had determined to unite their lives in the holy bonds of wedlock. There were serious objections, however, to the match. The Quakers disapproved of his marrying out of the society, and the Congregationalists of his marrying into theirs. So he said to the young woman, in the presence of her family, "Ruth, let us break away from this unreasonable bondage. I will give up my religion and thou shalt give up thine, and we will go to the Church of England, and go to the d—l together."—*William A. Snively.*

**A Reminiscent Bride.**—A friend of mine, stopping recently at a Washington hotel, sat beside a bride who had been a widow, and on her first wedding journey had stayed at the same inn. She said: "John, pass me the butter." The bridegroom indignantly replied: "My name is not John, it is Charles." She said: "Excuse my mistake, Charles," and then, tasting the butter, said reflectively, "but it is the same butter."—*John M. Schofield.*

**A Christmas Proposition.**—A gentleman was out late one night, which is not an uncommon occurrence, I believe, for married men; I don't know anything about bachelors. He came home very early in the morning—of course, having been out late at night—and his wife, somewhat disturbed by his wandering about the house, thought she would go in pursuit of him. She found him sitting on the kitchen floor, with his hat in front of him, half filled with water, and five or six herrings in it; and she said to him, "Stupid, what are you doing here?" "Don't say anything to me, my dear," he answered; "I am making an aquarium for your Christmas!"—*John R. Brady.*

**Newly Wed.**—Just now Mr. Younghusband, with vernal enthusiasm, rises betimes and betakes him to the garden for an hour's digging before breakfast. But the attack seldom outlasts the first crop of weeds.

**Would Keep His Identity.**—My present condition reminds me of a Dutch friend in the up-country who was once nominated for member of the Assembly. He went home and said to his wife: "Wife, I have been nominated for member of the Assembly; if I am elected, I shall be an honorable, but suppose I am not elected, what shall I be?" To which she replied: "You will be the same old fool that you have always been."—*John W. Vrooman.*

**Guilty Conscience.**—A celebrated French preacher, in a sermon upon the duty of wives, said: "I see in this congregation a woman who has been guilty of the sin of disobedience to her husband, and in order to point her out to universal condemnation, I will fling my breviary at her head." He lifted his book, and every female head instantly ducked.

**His Only Chance.**—"Do you know that you talk in your sleep, Henry?" asked Mrs. Peck. "Well, do you begrudge me those few words, also?" he snapped back.

**Moderate Ambition.**—"Now," said the bridegroom to the bride, when they returned from the honeymoon trip, "let us have a clear understanding before we settle down to married life. Are you the president or vice-president of this society?" "I want to be neither president nor vice-president," she answered; "I will be content with a subordinate position." "What is that?" "Treasurer."

**A Good Average.**—A mean man said to his wife, " My dear, I admit I am a bad husband—the worst; but I have the best wife in the world, and thereby we make a pretty good average."—*Samuel S. Cox.*

**Ill-Timed.**—An old farmer in the backwoods of Michigan lost his wife, a most amiable and respectable woman. About a month later, notwithstanding the age of the widower, he married a young and giddy girl. The neighbors, who had great respect for his departed spouse, were very indignant. So the night of the wedding festivities a crowd gathered from all points—men, women, and children. They carried tin pans, kettles, horns, and at a late hour began such a din as was never heard before. The old man stood it as long as he could, but finally threw the door open and, waving his hand for silence, said: " It is a shame for young folks to make such a racket round here so soon after a funeral! "

**Homicidal Impulse.**—A young lady asked the prayers of the congregation because she could not set eyes upon a certain young man in her neighborhood without feeling as though she must hug him to death.

**Returned With Interest.**—A young man and a young woman lean over the front gate. They are lovers. It is moonlight. He is loth to leave, as the parting is the last. He is about to go away. She is reluctant to see him depart. They swing on the gate. " I'll never forget you," he says, " and if death should claim me my last thought will be of you." " I'll be true to you," she sobs. " I'll never see anybody else or love another as long as I live." They part. Six years later he returns. His sweetheart of former years has married. They meet at a party. She has changed greatly; between the dances the recognition takes place. " Let me see," she muses, with her fan beating a tattoo on her pretty hand, " was it you or your brother who was my old sweetheart? " " Really, I don't know," he says. " Probably my father."

**A Knotty Question.**—Beauty: " Still a bachelor, Count? Why do you not marry? " Count: " Vell, it is not zat I am disinclinationed; but your English mees, she is so beautiful, and ven I zee a pretty face, I tie one knot in my handkerchief, and ven I see ze next I tie anozer, and at ze last, ven I shall to marry, it is all knot and no vife."

**Declined the Request.**—A school-teacher asked one of the big girls to "decline love." The big girl simperingly replied, "Decline love, Miss Jones? Not me; I'd as soon think of declining marriage!"

**Her Mind Eased.**—She looked just a bit anxious as she appeared on the wharf, and asked: "Anybody jumped in here to-day?" "No, ma'am," replied a bystander. "Will you please do me a favor?" "Yes'm." "My husband has just threatened to drown himself, and I don't want him to. I can't stay here and watch, because I'm going on an excursion. In case he comes won't you please discourage him? He's very easily discouraged, and I can go on my trip and feel like enjoying myself." The man promised, and she went away in the best of spirits.

**A Friend That Sticks.**—A man in Louisiana had four wives go off and leave him. The fifth he swapped for an old shotgun, and now he has got something that won't go off.

**Counting on a Helpmeet.**—There was a half-witted fellow who informed his father that he was about to marry. "Why, Charles," said the old man, "you cannot support yourself. What a fool to think of getting married!" "I know it, father," replied Charles; "but I can pretty nearly support myself, and it does seem as if a wife ought to help me some."

**Conclusive Evidence.**—A gentleman who was asked for his marriage certificate quietly took off his hat and pointed to a bald spot.

**Contagious, Too.**—When young Mr. Dusenbury Jones called at the residence of Miss Constance Cortlandt Van Rensselaer he was informed by the Irish domestic, who responded to the ring of the door-bell, that her young mistress was sick. Mr. Jones' face grew visibly paler and his voice betrayed some agitation as he asked: "May I inquire the nature of her illness?" Bridget answered with a perfectly straight countenance: "They call it love, sur. I believe it's some sort of shkin disase."

**Showing Their Colors.**—An old bachelor was courting a widow, and both had sought the aid of art to give their fading hair a darker shade. "That's going to be an affectionate couple," said a wag. "How so?" "They are dyeing for each other already."

**Her Marriage a Failure.**—"Unhappily married? I should think I was!" cried the burlesque actress. "Why, here's this miserable apology of a man doesn't come home drunk; doesn't even squander my earnings! I haven't the slightest excuse for getting a divorce, and I'm afraid I never shall make a name in the world!"

**Knew Her Fighting Qualities.**—"Why didn't I go to her assistance?" said the man who had stayed in bed while his wife laid out a burglar. "Young man, I've had a number of tussles with the old gal, and I knew that burglar had trouble enough without my giving him any."

**Ready for Housewarming.**—"Do not marry a widower with children," said the old lady. "A ready-made family is like a plate of cold potatoes." "Oh," replied the damsel, "I'll soon warm them over!"

**The Very Latest.**—Never tell a young lady you love her. Ask her if she could love you. That's the new Parisian style of opening negotiations.

**Impartial.**—New curate (who wishes to know all about his parishioners): "Then do I understand that your aunt is on your father's side, or your mother's?" Country lad: "Zometimes one an' zometimes th'other, 'ceptin' when feyther wacks 'em both, sir!"

**She Asked Too Much.**—"See here," said a fault-finding husband to his wife, "we must have things arranged in this house so that we shall know just where everything is kept." "With all my heart," she sweetly answered, "and let us begin with your late hours, my love; I should dearly like to know where they are kept."

**Made Himself Clear.**—Fogg, being asked what he regarded as the best remedy for polygamy, replied, "Mrs. Fogg."

**Simplifying It.**—A young professor, after vainly trying to explain some scientific theory to his fair inamorata, said: "The question is difficult, and I don't see what I can do to make it plainer." "Suppose you pop it?" whispered the blushing damsel.

**Close Measurement.**—A young man whose girl lives some distance from the Harlem River, says his Sunday night walk is equal to "two miles and one lap."

**Love's Old Dream.**—A widow said one day to her daughter, "When you are of my age, you will be dreaming of a husband." "Yes, mama," replied the thoughtless little hussy, "for the second time."

**Pleasure Denied.**—A young man in Brooklyn was recently called upon to mourn the loss of his wife. It seems that at the last moment he was informed that the arrangements were such that he would have to ride to the grave in a carriage with his mother-in-law. He inquired if there was no other alternative. The undertaker informed him that it could not possibly be avoided. "Well," said the young man, "I will have to submit, but it will rob this occasion of all pleasure for me."—*Judge Calvin E. Pratt.*

**By Proxy.**—Love is like a river; if the current be obstructed it will seek some other channel. It is not unfrequently the case that the kisses and attentions bestowed on the child of six years are intended for the sister of sixteen.

# WOMAN

**They Might Make Up.**—Cardinal Mazarin, during his reign of power, was told that two ladies of the court had had a bitter quarrel, in the course of which they accused each other of crimes and sins such as no lady's character could bear without dishonor and disgrace. The cardinal listened attentively, and then quietly asked, "Have they called each other ugly?" "No, monseigneur," was the reply, "I have not heard that either of the ladies made this reproach." "In that case," rejoined the cardinal, "I daresay I can reconcile them."

**Not Exorcised.**—"Mary Magdalene had seven devils cast out of her. I never heard of a man having seven devils cast out of him," growled a male cynic in a discussion on the woman question. "No, they are not cast out yet," responded his fair antagonist.

**Cumulative Kissing.**—As he sat on the steps on Sunday evening he claimed the right to a kiss for every shooting star. She at first demurred, as became a modest maiden, but finally yielded. She was even so accommodating as to call his attention to flying meteors that were about to escape his observation, and then began "calling" him on lightning-bugs, and at last got him down to steady work on the flashes of a lantern that a man was swinging about a station in the distance, where trains were switching.

**The Everlasting Womanly.**—The Chevalier Bunsen, in the moment of death, said to his wife, "In thy face have I beheld the Eternal."

**Gone Forever.**—Speaking of a belle of former days, Dumas the younger said to a friend, "Poor Madame de V——! Chatting with me the other day, she brought all my youth back to me; but, alas!" the wicked man added, "she did not bring back hers!"

**When Woman Is Happiest.**—Mrs. Piatt has written a poem to show that the only happy woman is a dead woman. We don't know about that. We never saw a dead woman who appeared to be so tickled as a woman with a new bonnet.

**Indian Legend.**—The legend of the Cherokee rose is as pretty as the flower itself. An Indian chief of the Seminole tribe was taken prisoner by his enemies, the Cherokees, and doomed to torture, but became so seriously ill that it was necessary to wait for his restoration to health before committing him to the fire. And as he lay prostrated by disease in the cabin of the Cherokee warrior, the daughter of the latter, a young dark-faced maid, was his nurse. She fell in love with the young chieftain and, wishing to save his life, urged him to escape; but he would not do so unless she would flee with him. Yet before she had gone far, impelled by soft regret at leaving home, she asked permission of her lover to return for the purpose of bearing away some memento of it. So, retracing her footsteps, she broke a sprig from the white rose which climbed up the poles of her father's tent, and preserving it during her flight through the wilderness, planted it by the door of her new home in the land of the Seminole. And from that day this beautiful flower has been known in Florida and throughout the Southern States by the name of the Cherokee rose.

**Almost Regretted Him.**—Miss Gushington (to young widow whose husband has left a large fortune): "That is the fourteenth mourning costume I have seen you wear in three days, and each lovelier and more becoming than the other." Young widow: "Oh, my dear, I have forty; but such a bother as they were to get made! At one time I almost wished that poor dear George hadn't died!"

**Proprietary Rights.**—It was seldom that Abernethy came off second best in an encounter, but on one occasion he admitted that he did. He was attending an inn-keeper who had been badly scratched about the face by his wife, and while dressing the wounds of his patient the surgeon took occasion to admonish the spouse. "Are you not ashamed of yourself, madam, to treat your husband thus—the husband who is the head of all—your head, in fact, madam?" "My head!" fiercely replied the virago, "and may I not scratch my own head?"

**A Temporizing Wife.**—The wife of Sir Thomas More—a very ordinary woman—came to him in the Tower of London and tried to move him with this appeal: "How can a man taken for wise, like you, play the fool here in this close, filthy prison, when you might be abroad at your liberty, if you would do but as the bishops have done? Think of your large house at Chelsea, your library, your garden." More replied, "Alice, is not this house as nigh heaven as mine own?"

**"Me, Too."**—"May I have the honor to conduct your daughter to the supper-table?" asked a society gentleman of a lady from the country. "May you take her to supper?" was the response; "why, of course, and you can take me, too. That's what we came here for."

**When Man Was Safe from Woman's Wiles.**—The laws of England with regard to artificial aids to beauty and woman's wiles are not so strict now as they were in the reign of Charles II. In the year 1670 this curious act of Parliament was passed: "That all women, of whatever age, rank, profession or degree, whether virgins, maids, or widows, that shall, from after the passing of this act, impose upon and betray into matrimony any of his majesty's male subjects, by scents, paints, cosmetics, washes, artificial teeth, false hair, Spanish wool, iron stays, hoops, high-heeled shoes, or bolstered hips, shall incur the penalty of the laws now in force against witchcraft, sorcery, and such like misdemeanors, and that the marriage, upon conviction, shall stand null and void."

**Woman's Intuition.**—"Trust the first thought of a woman, not the second," is an old proverb; and Montaigne says that "any truth which may be attained at one bound woman will reach; but that which needs patient climbing is the prize of man."

**A Generous Respite.**—A schoolmistress in a suburban town who had long been annoyed by the perversities of a male pupil of nineteen, one day kept him in and began to flog him. He, however, disarmed her, and returned several kisses for each blow. The schoolmistress, unable to forgive this breach of discipline, looked him sternly in the face, shaking her forefinger at him in a menacing manner, and said solemnly: "William, I will give you just fifteen minutes to stop this, and then I shall punish you again!"

**Nothing Without Woman.**—John G. Saxe, speaking at a flag-raising in a certain city, concluded his remarks by proposing three cheers for the young gentlemen of that place who had procured the flag. As the cheers were about to be given, the chairman of the occasion amended the suggestion of Mr. Saxe so that the cheers went up for the young ladies as well as the young gentlemen of the city. After the cheers, Saxe apologized for omitting to speak of the young ladies in his original proposal by saying that he thought the young gentlemen always embraced the young ladies.

**Cynical Definition.**—What is a coquette? A heartless flirt; a thing with more beauty than sense, more accomplishment than learning, more charms of person than mental graces, more admirers than friends, more fools than wise men for attendants.

**Feminine Vengeance.**—The other day, at a great military gathering, the lovely wife of a young and promising officer was either insulted, or imagined herself to be insulted by a certain fashionable female leader of society, who is called capricious by her friends and snobbish by her enemies, on account of the vast importance which she is supposed to attach to each particular rung of the social ladder. "She is only a very vulgar woman," remarked the officer's wife contemptuously, "and as such she deserves one's pity. Nevertheless, I shall some day have my revenge." "And what do you mean to do to her?" inquired an astonished listener, alarmed at so much seeming concentration of purpose. "Oh," answered the lady dreamingly, and with the manner of one contemplating the far future, "my husband may very likely some day command the regiment; and then, if she ever has any children, and if one of them should be a boy, and should happen to go into the army, he might possibly be in Fred's regiment, and then won't we bully him!"

**Siren Charm.**—The whisper of a beautiful woman can be heard farther than the loudest yell of duty.

**No Kiss Wasted.**—Not long ago, in an English court, a female witness, on the oath being administered, repeatedly kissed the clerk instead of the book. It was some time before she was made to understand the proper—or at least the legal—thing to do.

**In Death Not Divided.**—There is a story of one woman who, when her lover was executed for high treason, went in a mourning coach to witness the dreadful process; and when the whole was closed by the severing of that head which had leaned on her bosom, simply said, "I follow thee," and sighing forth his name, fell back in the coach and instantly expired.

**First Thought in a Runaway.**—Mildred: "My dear, have you ever thought that your last moment had come? What an awful feeling it is that comes over one at such a time!" Gertrude: "Yes, I had that experience once when I was out riding with a fellow and his horse started to run away. It seemed as if we would certainly be dashed to pieces." Mildred: "And what was the first thing you thought of when death seemed to stare you in the face?" Gertrude: "A hole in the toe of my left stocking. I have never since then run the risk of being found dead in such a condition."

**Mother.**—Samuel Morley's mother was a woman of rare piety. He was wont to say concerning her, "I am much what my mother has made me."

**The Woman of Thirty.**—That a witty speech may be fired off by a medical practitioner with no impeachment of his courtesy or politeness is seen in the case of the doctor's reply to a lady who complained to him that she was near thirty. "Do not fret at it, madam," he said, with admirable irony; "you will soon get farther from that frightful epoch every day."

**Her Tongue Avenged Her.**—Many years ago, at a dinner party in Glasgow, there was present a lawyer of rather sharp practice, fond of giving toasts or sentiments. After the cloth was removed, and the bottle had gone round once or twice, the ladies withdrew to the lighter pleasures of the drawing-room—all but one very plain old maid. She remained behind, and as the conversation began to get a little masculine, our legal friend was anxious to get rid of the "ancient," and for this purpose rather prematurely asked the privilege of giving a toast. This being granted, he rose and gave the old toast of "Honest men and bonny lasses." The toast was drunk with all decorum, and then the spinster, who was sitting next the lawyer, rose from her seat, gave him a poke in the ribs with the end of her finger, and saying, "That toast applies neither to you nor me!" left the room.

**A Vain Quest.**—An eccentric old fellow used to say that he had taken great pains to find ugly women, but had not succeeded. He had gone so far as to put two advertisements in a newspaper—one for an accomplished and amiable woman for housekeeper, and one for an ugly woman to fill the same station. The first advertisement was answered by multitudes, but the other by none, whence the old fellow inferred that there were no ugly women in the world.

**Wit the Handmaid of Charity.**—Paris once got up charity fairs, and some nice little incidents happened from time to time at these reunions of wit, fashion, and elegance. One evening, at the Countess de Lamballe's, a young lady was going round with a bag in her hand, soliciting for charitable purposes. A gentleman near whom the lady was passing laid in the bag a hundred-franc bill. "It is for love of you," said he, as he did so. The lady paused an instant, and then, holding out the bag again, said, "And now for love of the poor, if you please." Her ready wit was rewarded by another hundred francs. In another instance a gentleman sauntered up to a table behind which was the beautiful Duchess de L——, and, finding nothing but pocket-handkerchiefs upon the table, he seemed disappointed. "Ah, madam," said he, "if you would only sell me one of your curls!" The duchess, taking up her scissors, cut off a prominent curl, and wrapping it up, handed it to the gentleman, saying, "Five hundred francs, if you please, sir." The gentleman handed the lady one thousand francs, saying, "Five hundred for the curl, madam, and five hundred for the sacrifice."

**Best Last.**—When a gentleman expressed his wonder that man and woman were not created at the same time, instead of the woman being made from one of the man's ribs, a bright young lady asked: "Was it not natural that the flower should come after the stem?"

**Very Gallant.**—Queen Elizabeth, admiring the elegance of the Marquis of Medina, a Spanish nobleman, complimented him on it, begging at the same time to know who possessed the heart of so accomplished a cavalier. "Madam," said he, "a lover risks too much on such an occasion; but Your Majesty's will is law. Excuse me, however, if I fear to name her, but request Your Majesty's acceptance of her portrait." He sent her a looking-glass.

**Remarkable Woman.**—A cynical and testy old bachelor, who firmly believes that all women have something to say on all subjects, recently asked a female friend: "Well, madam, what do you hold on this question of female suffrage?" To him the lady responded, calmly: "Sir, I hold my tongue."

**At the Ticket-Office.**—A lady entered a ticket-office in Toledo and bought a ticket for Milwaukee. She told the ticket-seller that she had never traveled alone, and that her husband had always told her that she could not without trouble. She desired to disprove this. Accordingly she asked for all the information as to the departure of her train, the change of cars in Chicago, checking baggage, etc., and went from the ticket-office smiling at the manner in which she would surprise her husband. A few minutes later the ticket-seller found on the counter the ticket he had sold her, with the change.

**Her Great Privation.**—The woman who has never loved, hugged, kissed, played with, listened to, told stories to, or thoroughly spanked a child has missed the cardinal joys of life.

**Woman Exalted.**—In the dream of St. Bernard, which forms the subject of an altar-piece at Milan, two ladders were seen reaching from earth to heaven. At the top of one of the two ladders stood Christ, and at the top of the other stood Mary. Of those who attempted to enter heaven by the ladder of Christ, not one succeeded; all fell back. Of those who ascended by the ladder of Mary, not one failed.

**Work of One Woman.**—A woman, tired of a life mainly employed in eating and dressing, resolved to devote herself and her money to a nobler purpose. At the close of the Civil War she went to a sandy island off the Atlantic coast, where about two hundred persons were living in poverty and ignorance, and established her home there, with the intention of benefiting the inhabitants. She began with teaching by example how to cultivate the land lucratively, and was soon imitated. Next she established a school for the children, and afterwards a church. Now the island is a thriving region, with an industrious and moral population, the change being the work of one woman.

**Amazonian.**—An inquirer wants to know why some women are called Amazons. Perhaps it is because they are uncommonly wide at the mouth.

**Andrew Jackson's Gallantry.**—During a visit of the hero of the battle of New Orleans to Philadelphia, while he was President, a hale, buxom young widow greeted him with a shake of both hands, at the same instant exclaiming: "My dear General, I am delighted to see you—I have walked six miles this morning to enjoy this rare felicity." To this the President replied, with an air of dignified gallantry: "Madam, I regret that I had not known your wishes earlier: I certainly would have walked half the way to meet you."

**Punning Proposal.**—A gentleman was once making fun of a sack which a young lady wore. "You had better keep quiet," was the reply, "or I will give you the 'sack.'" "I should be most happy," was the gallant response, "if you would give it to me as it is—with yourself inside of it."

**Old-Womanish Ideas and Cant.**—At a conference of church-workers at Northfield, Massachusetts, a student inquired of Professor Drummond, the well-known author of "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," what he meant by cant. The reply was, "There is such a thing as the religion of a young man, and there is such a thing as the religion of an old woman. Now, when a young man talks as if he had an old woman's religion, that is cant." Hugh Stowell Brown gave expression to a similar thought when he said, "When you put off 'the old man,' take care you don't put on the old woman."

**Modesty Is Rare.**—Blushing—a suffusion—least seen in those who have most occasion for it.

**Mother of Chrysostom.**—"What women these Christians have!" exclaimed the heathen rhetorician Libanius, on learning about Anthusa, the mother of John Chrysostom, the famous "golden-mouthed" preacher of the Gospel at Constantinople in the fourth century. Anthusa, at the early age of twenty, lost her husband, and thenceforward devoted herself wholly to the education of her son, refusing all offers of further marriage. Her intelligence and piety molded the boy's character and shaped the destiny of the man, who, in his subsequent position of eminence, never forgot what he owed to maternal influence. Hence, it would be no overstrained assertion to say that we owe those rich homilies of Chrysostom, of which interpreters of Scripture still make great use, to the mind and heart of Anthusa.

**Left-Handed Compliment.**—"Your daughter? It is impossible. Why, you look more like twin sisters." "No; I assure you, she is my only daughter," replied the pleased mother. And the polite old gentleman spoiled it all by remarking, "Well, she certainly looks old enough to be your sister."

**Test of a Girl.**—If a girl thinks more of her heels than of her head, depend upon it, she will never amount to much; for brains which settle in the shoes never get above them. Young gentlemen will please take note of this.

**Sign-Language.**—A tailor having amassed a fortune by trade, cut the shop, and removed to the country to live in dignified leisure. His wife was a bit of a shrew, and apt, as most wives are, to find out her husband's weak points. One of these was a shame of his former occupation, and she harped upon the jarring string until the poor wretch was nearly beside himself. Her touch-word, "scissors," spoiled his grandest entertainments; it was flame to tow. He stormed and wheedled; the obnoxious instrument was constantly brandished before his eyes. They were walking one day on the bank of a river bounding his grounds. "You observe," said he, "the delta formed by the fork of the river; its beauty decided me to close the contract." "Very probable, my dear—it reminds one so much of an open pair of scissors." One push, and she was in the water. "I will pull you out, if you promise never to say that word again," halloed the still foaming husband. "Scissors!" shrieked she, and down she went. "Scissors," as she arose again. The third time she came to the surface, too far gone to speak; but, as the waters closed over her, she threw up her arms, crossed her forefingers, and disappeared.

**Outwitting Thieves.**—How shall women carry their purses to frustrate the thieves? Why, carry them empty. Nothing frustrates a thief more than to snatch a woman's purse, after following her half a mile, and to find that it contains nothing but a recipe for spiced peaches and a faded photograph of her grandmother.

**Her Bonnet.**—Woman will make any compromise for peace with a tyrannical man, but she absolutely refuses to take in a single reef in the four-story bonnet she wears to the theater.

**To the Vanishing-Point.**—Prince Metternich once got off a *bon mot* about the cost and sizes of his wife's bonnets. The princess handed him her quarterly bonnet bill, amounting to 2,250 francs. The prince, with his usual courtesy, immediately handed her a check for it, and laughingly remarked: "My dear, I have noticed that in proportion as your bonnets diminish in size the price of them increases. One of these mornings we shall have the milliner bringing nothing but the bill."

**False in One, False in All.**—They were talking of a neighbor. "Of course," said the good-natured one, "she has her faults—" "Well, I should say so," interrupted the spiteful one, "false hair, false teeth, and goodness knows what else!"

**Willing to Give Way.**—A woman of fifty, made up to look about twenty-five years old, got aboard a street-car at a crossing, to find every seat occupied. She stood for a moment, and then selecting a poorly-dressed man about forty-five years of age, she inquired: "Are there no gentlemen on this car?" "Indeed, I dunno," he replied, as he looked up and down. "If there ain't, and you are going clear through, I'll hunt up one for you at the end of the line." There was an embarrassing silence for a moment, and then a light broke in on him all of a sudden, and he arose and said: "You can have this seat, ma'am. I am allus perfectly willing to stand up and give my seat to anybody older than myself." That decided her. She gave him a look which he will not forget to his dying day, and, grabbing the strap, she refused to sit down, even when five seats had become vacant.

**Perfect Penmanship.**—Enamored writing-master (to a young lady pupil): "I can teach you nothing; your hand is already a very desirable one, and your I's are the most beautiful I have ever seen."

**True Blue.**—At the time of the "late unpleasantness" a Yankee girl's lover was down with Sheridan in the Shenandoah, where the soldier boy lost a leg. The lady's friends notified her that of course she would regard the engagement as canceled. "I shall do nothing of the kind," she replied. "What, marry a one-legged man?" "Of course I'm going to! Why, bless your souls, if they'd shot James all away and saved the leg, I'd have married that!"

**Not in Her Bill of Fare.**—Several young men were sitting together, and a young lady happened to approach. One "real sweet" young fellow, seeing, as he supposed, the young lady looking at him, remarked playfully and with a beaming simper, "Well, Miss ——, you needn't look at me as though you wanted to eat me." "Oh, no," sweetly replied the young lady, "I never eat greens."

**Her Queer Proceeding.**—A Brooklyn woman wants a divorce because she found another woman's false teeth in her husband's pocket. A female must love a man dearly when she will loan him her false teeth to crack nuts with.

**A Mother's Influence.**—Thomas H. Benton, who was long in public life and surrounded by temptations, paid the following tribute to his mother: "My mother asked me never to use tobacco, and I have never touched it from that time to the present day; she asked me not to game, and I have not, and I cannot tell who is winning or who is losing in games that can be played. She admonished me, too, against drinking, and whatever capacity for endurance I may have at present, and whatever usefulness I may attain in life, I attribute to having complied with her pious and correct wishes. When I was seven years of age she asked me not to drink, and then I made a resolution of total abstinence, and that I adhered to it through all time I owe to my mother."

**Always the Minimum.**—The man who is asked to guess at a lady's age, and doesn't guess several years less than he believes to be exact, is making an enemy, and doing truth no good.

**Domestic Danger.**—I am reminded, gentlemen, in regard to sentiment, of what happened to a distinguished statesman and leader of the Fenian war, lately, down in the Sixth ward. He was leaning over the fence in the back-yard, speaking of the affairs of the country, when he turned to his neighbor, and said, "Me heart bates fur the suffering uv those crathers down in Louisiana." At that moment, a familiar voice proceeded from the basement: "Mick! Mick! why are ye's up there? Bad luck to ye's, if I had ye's in here! Come along and hould the baby!" If there is anything to be feared, Mr. President, it's a woman with a baby in her arms, when you are sentimental.—*Hugh J. Hastings.*

**Man's Dependence.**—Sheridan said beautifully: "Women govern us; let us render them perfect. The more they are enlightened, so much the more shall we be. On the cultivation of the mind of women depends the wisdom of men. It is by women that nature writes on the hearts of men."

**Debt to a Wife.**—When Lord Eldon received the Great Seal from George IV, and kissed hands on his appointment, the king conversed with him, and said, when his lordship was about to retire, "Give my remembrance to Lady Eldon." Lord Eldon acknowledged this condescension, and intimated that he was ignorant of Lady Eldon's claim to such a notice. "Yes, yes," answered the king, "I know how much I owe to Lady Eldon. I know you would have made yourself a country curate, and that she has made you my lord chancellor."

**Where He Draws the Line.**—Man's admiration for woman never flags. He will give her half his fortune; he will give her his whole heart; he seems always willing to give her everything that he possesses except his seat in a street-car. —*Horace Porter.*

**Consistency.**—The minister is expected to be as consistent as the woman who came on the witness-stand and, when the judge asked her age, replied, "Thirty years." "Thirty years old," said the judge; "were you not in this court-room five years ago?" "I think I was, your honor." "And didn't you tell me then that you were thirty years old?" "I think it is quite likely, your honor," said the woman, wholly unabashed: "I am not one of those women who say one thing one day and another thing the next."—*Rev. R. A. White.*

**Milk, Butter, and Cheese.**—A German writer compares the different stages in the life of woman to milk, butter, and cheese. "A girl," he says, "is like milk, a woman like butter, and an old woman like cheese. All three may be very excellent in their kind."

# MANNERS AND CUSTOMS

**Awful Example.**—An old Turk was once walking with his son along the streets of Constantinople, when they saw on the opposite side of the way a Frenchman dressed in the extreme of the fashion. He was equipped with a shining beaver hat, small and tight boots polished like a mirror, and trousers that seemed as if his legs had been melted and poured into them. His eyeglasses, his little cane, his waxed mustache, completed the picture. Evidently he felt himself to be the object of universal admiration. The Turk paused, and pointing across the street, said: "My son, look there! Now, if ever you forget God and the Prophet, the time may come when you will look like that!"

**Found Each Other Out.**—A young man dined with his father lately and when next they met the fond parent said: "George, you took my overcoat instead of your own, and I regret to say that I found the pockets of your coat full of cigarettes and matches." "I discovered my mistake, father," replied the son, "directly I got outside, for I found that the pockets of the coat I had on contained chocolate creams and three pairs of ladies' gloves."

**When No Man Pursueth.**—A man who had often been told that there is a skeleton in the cupboard of every household, no matter how respectable that household may be, determined to put this opinion to a practical test. Selecting for the subject of his experiment a venerable archdeacon of the church, against whom the most censorious critic had never breathed a word, he went to the nearest post-office, and despatched this telegram to the reverend gentleman: "All is discovered! Fly at once!" The archdeacon disappeared from England, and has never been heard of since.

**Quakerwise.**—"William, thee knows I never call any bad names; but, William, if the mayor of the city were to come to me and say, 'Joshua, I want thee to find me the biggest liar in this city,' I would come to thee and put my hand on thy shoulder, and say to thee, 'William, the mayor wants to see thee.'"

**Green Old Age.**—Colonel M'Dowall was walking for pleasure when he came on an old man crying, to whom he said: "Aren't you Nathan M'Culloch?" "Ye're richt," said Nathan. "You must be a good age, now, Nathan," said the colonel. "I'm just turnt a hunner," was the reply. "A hundred!" said the colonel, musing; "well, you must be all that. Whatever could you get to cry about?" "It was my father lashed me, sir," said Nathan, blubbering again. "Your father!" exclaimed the colonel; "is your father alive yet?" "Ay," replied Nathan. "Where is he?" asked the colonel. "Oh, he's up in the barn there," said Nathan. They went up to the barn together, and found the father threshing the barley with the big flail, and tearing on fearfully. Seeing the two coming in, he stopped and saluted the colonel, who, after inquiring how he was, asked him why he had struck Nathan. "The young rascal!" said the father, "I had to lick him this mornin' for throwin' stanes at his grandfather!"

**Boiled Pineapple.**—An old captain of a mine in Cornwall received as a present a splendid pineapple. A few days afterwards the donor met him, and the following colloquy ensued: "Hope you liked the pineapple I sent you?" "Well, yes, thankee, pretty well. But I suppose we sort of people are not used to them fine things, and don't know how to eat 'em." "Why, how did you eat it?" asked the gentleman. "Well," said the man, "we boiled 'em." "Boiled it!" said the gentleman, in horror, thinking of his pineapple. "Yes, we boiled 'em with a leg of mutton."

**At the Telegraph Office.**—Fond wife (to telegraph operator): "Oh, sir, I want to send a kiss to my husband in Liverpool. How can I do it?" Obliging operator: "Easiest thing in the world, ma'am. You've got to give it to me, with ten dollars, and I'll transmit it right away." Fond wife: "If that's the case, the directors ought to put much younger and handsomer men in your position."

**No More a Lord.**—"I was at first amused, but finally oppressed, by the frequency with which I was addressed as 'my lord' while I was in England," said Bishop Potter, shortly after his return from a trip abroad. "When one has lived for years in America without any special title in ordinary conversation, it is not easy to become accustomed to being hailed as 'my lord' whenever any service is rendered. But from the recurrence of the title, which was still offered to me at frequent intervals during the voyage home, I was cheerfully delivered by the first American I met on my way ashore. He was an old vestryman of mine, and I met him on the gangway as he was rushing up to welcome his wife and his daughters. He grabbed my hand an instant and exclaimed: 'Hello, Bish! How are you?'"

**National Peculiarity.**—"Why is it," asked a Frenchman of a Switzer, "that you Swiss always fight for money, while we French only fight for honor?" "I suppose," said the Switzer, "that both nations fight for what they most lack."

**Impudence Taxed.**—When Boston was Fanny Kemble's home, and her summers were spent here and there in rural Massachusetts, she engaged a worthy neighbor to be her charioteer during the season of one of her country sojournings. With kind-hearted loquacity he was beginning to expatiate on the country, the crops, and the history of the people around about, when Fanny remarked, in her imperious dogmatic fashion, "Sir, I have engaged you to drive for me, not to talk to me." The farmer ceased, pursed up his lips, and ever after kept his peace. When the vacation weeks were over, and Miss Kemble was about to return to town, she sent for her Jehu and his bill. Running her eyes down its awkard columns, she paused. "What is this item, sir?" said she: "I cannot understand it." And with equal gravity he rejoined: "Sass, $5. I don't often take it, but when I do I charge."

**Thee and Thou.**—Meeting a party of Quakers at the station, a hackman meekly asked, "Will thee have a carriage?" As he had expected, they were glad to patronize a brother, and filled up his vehicle immediately, when, to the amusement of the bystanders, he drawled out, "Where's thou's baggage?" The funniest part of it is that he could not imagine how they found him out!

**English As Spoke.**—During an action of nuisance and trespass brought by one neighbor against another, a witness was put into the box who made a great sensation. "Miss Iles," he said, "was thrown over the wall not once, but half a dozen times." "Stop, stop," said the judge; "why, we know nothing of this. Who was Miss Iles, and why did they throw her over the wall so repeatedly?" And, after all, it was only the witness's peculiar method of pronouncing "missiles."

**Foreigners in the United States.**—A sagacious Scotchman said after completing the round trip to and from the Rocky Mountains, "D'ye know that my travels in their country lead me to the conclusion that the polished and cultured por-r-tion of the American people develop a remar-r-kable faculty for staying at home."

**Casus Belli.**—A little traveling Frenchman chanced to breakfast at a tavern in company with a tall, bony Jonathan, whose appetite was in proportion to his build, and who ate more in a meal than little monsieur would in a week. The Frenchman was astonished at his gastronomic performances, and, after restraining his curiosity for some time, asked, with a flourishing bow: "Sare, vill you be so polite as to tell me ees zat your breakfass or your dinnair zat you make?" The American at first made no reply; but monsieur, not satisfied, again asked: "Do, sare, ave de politess to tell me ees zat your breakfass or your dinnair zat you make?" "Go to the devil," says Jonathan, feeling himself insulted. A challenge ensued, and the Kentucky rifle proved too much for the little Frenchman's vitality. While he was writhing in his last agonies, Jonathan's compassion was awakened, and he entreated the little Frenchman, if there was anything that he could do for him, though it cost him years to perform it, to let him know, and it should be done. "Oh, sare," replied the little dying man, "tell me ees zat your dinnair or your breakfass zat you did make, and I vill happy die."

**Pie-Making Extraordinary.**—An old lady in the country had a dandy from the city to dine with her on a certain occasion. For the dessert there was an enormous apple pie. "La, ma'am," said the gentleman, "how do you manage to handle such a pie?" "Easy enough," was the quiet reply; "we make the crust up in a wheelbarrow, wheel it under an apple-tree, and then shake the fruit down into it."

**Even Chances.**—He was an entire stranger to the girls present, and the boys were mean and would not introduce him. He finally plucked up courage, and, stepping up to a young lady, requested the pleasure of her company for the next dance. She looked at him in surprise, and informed him she had not the pleasure of his acquaintance. "Well," remarked Lysander, "you don't take any more chances than I do."

**Down South.**—A Tennessee man can so perfectly imitate the sounds made by two dogs engaged in fighting that he can call a Memphis congregation out of church in three minutes.

**Success to Crime.**—A poverty-stricken Frenchman, being aroused by his wife with the cry of "Get up, Jacques; there's a robber in the house!" calmly answered, "Hush! don't let us disturb him; let him ransack the house, and if he finds anything of value we'll then get up and take it away from him."

**Maternal Partiality.**—An eagle and an owl having entered into a league of mutual amity, one of the articles of their treaty was that the former should not prey upon the younglings of the latter. "But tell me," said the owl, "should you know my little ones if you were to see them?" "Indeed I should not," replied the eagle; "but if you describe them to me, it will be sufficient." "You are to observe, then, returned the owl, "in the first place, that the charming creatures are perfectly well-shaped; in the next, that there is a remarkable sweetness and vivacity in their countenances; and then there is something in their voices so peculiarly melodious." "'Tis enough," interrupted the eagle; "by these marks I cannot fail to distinguish them; and you may depend upon their never receiving any injury from me." It happened not long afterward, as the eagle was on the wing in quest of his prey, that he discovered amidst the ruins of an old castle a nest of grim-faced, ugly birds, with gloomy countenances, and voices like those of the Furies. "These, undoubtedly," said he, "cannot be the offspring of my friend, and so I shall venture to make free with them."

**In For It.**—Innocent tourist: "No fish to be caught in Loch Fine now? And how do you support yourself?" Native: "Whiles she carries parcels, and whiles she raws people in a poat, and whiles a shentleman 'ull give her a saxpence or a shillin'!"

**For Cause.**—"It is very disagreeable," remarked a gentleman, "to dismiss a servant one has kept for a long time, but, nevertheless, I am going to part with my valet, Antoine." "Why?" "Well, for eight years I have been asking him for a foot-bath, and, really, I can't continue to do without it."

**Typical Cruelty.**—The British rough is probably actuated less by a spirit of cruelty and injustice than by a misguided sense of humor. Suffering, human and animal, has for him a comic side, and he takes his pleasure in kicking a woman or torturing a cat. An incident at a fire as reported by a street loafer aptly illustrates the feeling which seems to animate this class. "On the roof," said he to a friend, "was an old man among the flames. 'Jump, you stoopid,' I cried; and jump he did and broke his blessed neck. I never laughed so much in all my life!" The jest is a brutal one, but unfortunately it indicates the frame of mind of the scoundrels who perpetrate these outrages.

**Texas Emergency.**—"Why is it that everybody in Texas thinks it necessary to carry one or two revolvers?" "Well, stranger," said the Texan, "you mought travel around here a good long time and not want a weepon, but when you do want a pistol in this country, you want it bad."

**Deadly Fear.**—There is an old story in the East of a man journeying, who met a dark and dread apparition. "Who are you?" said the traveler, accosting the specter. "I am the plague," it replied. "And where are you going?" rejoined the traveler. "I am going to Damascus to kill three thousand human beings," said the specter. Two months afterward, the man returning, met the same apparition at the same point. "False spirit," said he, "why dost thou deal with me in lies? Thou didst declare that thou wert going to slay three thousand at Damascus, and lo, thou hast slain thirty thousand!" "Friend," replied the apparition, "be not overhasty in thy judgment; I killed but my three thousand; fear killed the rest."

**Natural Coincidence.**—Smith: "I was reading in the paper this morning about a Texas man who was struck by lightning while he was swearing. Remarkable occurrence, wasn't it?" Brown: "Oh, I don't know. If lightning were to strike a Texas man when he wasn't swearing it would be much more remarkable."

**Laundry Literature.**—A reporter on one of the well-known Paris journals, famed for his dislike of the traditional notebook of his order, hit upon a method of taking notes unobserved by those around him. He wears large white linen cuffs to his shirt, and jots his impressions on these with the most microscopic of pencils. At first his laundress was greatly puzzled with the hieroglyphics, but afterward learned to make them out, and thus gathered the news of the week while pursuing her vocation. One day she astonished the man by saying, "Your last washing was very interesting, only you don't give us enough political news."

**Rural Veracity.**—Mr. P—— and family were boarding for the summer in the country with a farmer who was rather close in the matter of providing for the table. In the course of the summer Mrs. P—— fell sick, and her loving spouse thought that chicken broth would be the thing for her. So down he went to the landlord, and asked that chickens might be slain and the broth provided. The landlord was very sorry, but hadn't got a darned chick. P—— said nothing, but returned to his room, took down his fowling-piece, and sallied forth in quest of game. His route led him behind the landlord's barn, where, to his surprise, he espied quite a lot of spring chickens, evidently in good condition. Without waiting for wilder game, P—— raised his gun and fired. Three fine pullets lay weltering in their gore when the smoke cleared away. P—— gathered them up, brought them into the landlord, and ordered broth made from them for his wife. The countenance of the landlord grew dark, and he rudely charged P—— with killing his chickens. "Your chickens!" said P——, "you never were more mistaken in your life. I know you're a man of your word, and you told me not an hour ago that you hadn't a chicken about the place!" The landlord collapsed, and Mrs. P—— got better on chicken broth.

**Paint.**—The old Duchess of Bedford, if born, as she herself once declared, before nerves came in fashion, had not at least been born before it was fashionable to paint. Her grace was, indeed, notoriously addicted to rouge, which she used in uncommon quantities. Lord North one day asked George III when his majesty had seen the old lady. The king replied that he had not seen her face, nor had any other person, he believed, for more than twenty years.

**Inquisitive Always.**—A wager was laid that it was a Yankee peculiarity to answer one question by another. To sustain the assertion a down-easter was interrogated. "I want you," said the bettor, "to give me a straightforward answer to a plain question." "I kin do it, mister," said the Yankee. "Then why is it that New-Englanders always answer a question by asking one?" "Du they?" was Jonathan's reply.

**Danger of Doing Homage.**—Mr. Carbonel, the wine merchant who served George III, was a great favorite with the good old king, and was admitted to the honors of the royal hunt. Returning from the chase one day, his majesty entered, in his usual affable manner, into conversation with him, riding side by side with him for some distance. Lord Walsingham was in attendance, and watching an opportunity, whispered to Mr. Carbonel that he had not once taken off his hat before his majesty. "What's that, what's that, Walsingham!" inquired the good-humored monarch. Mr. Carbonel at once said, "I find I have been guilty of unintentional disrespect to Your Majesty, in not taking off my hat; but Your Majesty will please to observe that whenever I hunt my hat is fastened to my wig, and my wig to my head, and I am on the back of a high-spirited horse; so that if anything goes off, we must all go off together." The king laughed heartily at this whimsical apology.

**That Was All.**—He: "I can trace my ancestry back through nine generations." She: "What else can you do?" Then he blinked and looked at her as if he wondered where he was and how far he had dropped.

**He Was British.**—When the train had pulled out of Howell the conductor discovered that a man who should have stopped off there was still on board. "Didn't you hear the brakeman call out your station?" he asked. "Yes, I heard him call Howell, but how did I know it was the Howell I wanted to get off at? I've never traveled over this road before." "Passengers should know where they want to get off," muttered the conductor. "So they should, sir, and if you had kindly come to me and notified me that this was the only Howell and that this was the Howell where my aunt lives I should not now be here, sir. I shall now decline to get off this train until I have the advice of her majesty's consul at Detroit."

**Speculation in Paris.**—Two gentlemen were chatting on the boulevard. One was a great speculator, developing the plan of a magnificent project; the other a dazzled capitalist, ready to snap at a bait. He hesitated a little, but was just yielding, merely making a few objections for conscience' sake. Near these two paused a couple of youngsters of ten or twelve years. They were looking into a tobacco shop close by, and one cried out to the other: "By the piper, I'd like to smoke a sou's worth of tobacco!" "Well," said the other, "buy a sou's worth." "Ah, as luck would have it, I haven't the sou." "Hold on; I've got two sous." "That's the ticket; just the thing; one for the pipe, and one for the tobacco." "Oh, yes, but what am I to do?" "You? oh, you shall be the stockholder; you can spit." It was a flash of light. The capitalist thrust his hands into his pockets and fled. The speculator cast a furious look at the two urchins and turned down the street.

**Overcrowded.**—Nearly half a million people in New York live in tenement houses and cellars. There is a story of an inspector who found four families living in one room, chalk-lines being drawn across in such a manner as to mark out a quarter of the floor for each family. "How do you get along here?" inquired the inspector. "Very well, sir," was the reply, "only the man in the furthest corner keeps boarders."

**Near the End of Their Rope.**—A party of English professors undertook, for a scientific object, to penetrate into the depths of a Cornish mine. One of the number used to relate with infinite gusto the following incident of his visit. On his ascent in the ordinary manner, by means of the bucket, and with a miner for a fellow passenger, he perceived, as he thought, certain unmistakable symptoms of frailty in the rope. "How often do you change your ropes, my good man?" he inquired, when about half-way from the bottom of the awful abyss. "We change them every three months, sir," replied the man in the bucket; "and we shall change this one to-morrow, if we get up safe."

**Not the Hub.**—It is of a Boston man, I think, that the story is told that, when he appeared at the gate of heaven and asked admission, the porter said, after some natural hesitation, "Yes, you may come in, but you won't like it."—*William R. Terrett.*

**Missed His Mark.**—An elderly lady in London was recently observed hovering on the side of the pavement, vainly endeavoring to get across the street; but the stream of cabs, busses, and vehicles of all descriptions went flowing on, and somehow she never seemed to be able to venture over. At last she made a start, when a cab-driver, crawling along, saw her, made a sudden spurt, and nearly succeeded in knocking her over. Happily, however, for the old woman, she escaped, and the driver said, as he drove on, "Missed her, by Jove!"

**She Knew the Vernacular.**—Young gentleman: "The assembly here this evening far exceeds Mr. Van Anden's anticipation." Young lady: "Hay, w'at yer say?" Young gentleman (voice a key higher): "The assembly here this evening far exceeds Mr. Van Anden's anticipation." Young lady (looking in wonderment): "W'at yer say?" Young gentleman (slightly ruffled): "There is a d—d big crowd here to-night." Young lady (brightening up): "Yas-sir-ee-bob, there is!"

**Circumventing Nature.**—Who ever saw a true son of New England discouraged? Give him a pack of seed and an acre of rock, and he will bring you a crop. That is what my old grandfather used to do in New Hampshire, where the soil is composed chiefly of stones—stones so many that one farmer sighed, "I believe when I shall have got all the stones off my farm, there will be no farm left." He utilized the ample annual crop of stones in building fences around his fields, and when one asked him why he made those walls three feet high and four feet thick, he answered, "The winds are pesky high up here, and I build my walls so that when they blow down, they will be higher than they were before."—*William P. Breed.*

**Linguistic.**—A party of American tourists were dining at an inn in southern France. Among them was a Chicago girl who had been educated at a fashionable ladies' seminary in that city. She had addressed the waiter in English, who politely confessed his ignorance by asking her if she would be so good as to give her order in French. While she was giving it he stared at her with growing bewilderment, and when she had concluded said: "Pardon, mademoiselle, I vill go and zend you a garçon who understands ze Rooshian better zan I do."

**None at All.**—When Lafayette came to Boston (all the distinguished people go to Boston when they come to America) he rode through the streets in a carriage with the mayor (the mayors always ride in carriages on such occasions, and the people pay for it). Lafayette was riding through the streets, and he turned to the mayor and asked, "Where are your peasants?" The mayor looked at him and replied: "General, we have no peasants in America."—*Rev. H. M. Gallaher.*

**National Conceits.**—It has been my good fortune to attend the dinners of nearly all the nationalties in New York, and to represent in turn each one of them. I have found them all only a preparatory course for this collegiate dinner. The Dutchman smokes his pipe and serenely states the fact that civil and religious liberty emanated from him, and that he prepared the home in New York which is the welcome and hospitable residence of all. The Englishman celebrates St. George's Day, and claims that if he gets out of the Khyber Pass he can whip all creation; and the Irishman puts the shamrock in his buttonhole, and boldly says that two-thirds of the offices in the city belong to him as a matter of right, and the others he should have as a matter of merit. The Scotchman proclaims that all moral and mental philosophy, all political and intellectual development, emanate from him; and then eats his haggis, and laughs over the jokes perpetrated at his last year's dinner, and serenely contemplates that next year he will have got around to a full understanding and enjoyment of the ones got off this year; while the New-Englander modestly gathers himself together in a retired place, that, without observation or scrutiny, he may state to himself, without hyperbole or exaggeration, a few of the undisputed facts of history.—*Chauncey M. Depew.*

**Anticipated the Order.**—In a little town where I once studied, an old gentleman died. A member of the family went to the village undertaker and said that for some family reason the funeral must occur the next afternoon, and they wanted to give the undertaker, who was the sexton and carpenter also, timely warning, for fear that he might not be able to make the coffin in time. "Oh," the old man replied, "I will be ready; you needn't worry; I have had my eye on him for some time, and I have got out the stuff."—*Henry A. Stimson.*

**Sectional Treating.**—The story is told as occurring somewhere in the West, we will say at the "Confederate X-roads," where a company were gathered in a barroom, and one of the number invited the rest to drink. As they stepped cheerfully up, he said, "This is a Yankee treat." "What is that?" asked one of the company. "Every man pays for his own drink," was the reply. They drank, and, a few moments of silence having elapsed, the man who had asked the question turned and said, "Now, friends, drink with me. This is a Western treat." As they took their glasses in their hands and solemnly poured the delectable liquid down, he put his empty glass on the bar, and with a wave of his arm exclaimed: "Charge it."—*Henry A. Stimson.*

**Our Country One.**—Another lesson is that of national unity in spite of sectional diversities. These sectional diversities were sharply defined. Virginia was as thoroughly and proudly English as Massachusetts, and older; but more aristocratic and episcopal, Massachusetts being democratic and congregational. Each of these older States organized a sentiment and a section. And so we had a South and a North, which seldom interchanged their citizens. New York was always conciliatory and conservative. Of the three great men that carried the Constitution, two were New-Yorkers. Next to Franklin and Washington, no two names are so broadly national as Jay and Hamilton. Their work was not finished, however, till 1865. Mason and Dixon's line was then for the first time wiped from the map. The North is now bounded by the Gulf of Mexico. To complete the geographical lesson, the South is bounded by the St. Lawrence. I have named a few of our Northern heroes. There were also Southern heroes equally brave and honest, one of them at least a real Puritan. We can afford to speak well of such men as Lee, Stonewall Jackson, Longstreet, and the Johnstons. They fought against the Stars, to be sure, but they fought for their honest interpretation of our common Constitution. Yes, they did.—*Roswell D. Hitchcock.*

**Hunger Guided Him.**—When a backwoodsman entered a fashionable restaurant of one of our cities, and the bill of fare was handed to him in a beautiful gilded book, he said, "Oh, come now, I don't want any of your literatoor; what I want is vittels, and I want 'em mighty quick."—*T. DeWitt Talmage.*

**She Was Philosophical.**—Aunt Gertie Brinkerhoff, during the Revolution, while many of her kindred were with Washington, sold milk to the British in New York. The subtle purpose was, doubtless, concealed beneath the quality of the milk and the price demanded, as these hastened the flight of the enemy. But so large were the profits after a few months that the old Dutch milkwoman could invest in a silver tankard, after the Dutch fashion of providing heirlooms. Coming home, a squall struck the little boat, the grasp on the tankard was loosened, and the silver flew overboard and sank between Gibbet Island and Bedloe's. Did the old dame mourn? Not she! She simply engraved the philosophical epitaph, "Vell, it came by vater, and by vater it goes," and the boat sailed calmly on to Communipaw.—*William Rankin Duryee.*

**Cosmopolitan.**—Once, when the question was put in my hearing, "What is the cutest man in creation?" the answer came glibly from one standing by, "a Yorkshire Scotchman of Jewish extraction, with a Yankee education." If I might improve on that definition, I would throw in a dash of the Greek.—*Rev. William M. Taylor.*

**Asking Linda's Father.**—As a stranger sat on the door-step smoking with a Tennessee mountaineer one evening, a young man came out of the woods and slowly approached the house. He was barefooted and wore only shirt and trousers, and was evidently on an errand which greatly embarrassed him. The mountaineer was telling his guest how he was once kicked by a mule, and had nearly finished his narrative. "And, stranger," he was saying, but broke off to salute: "Howdy, Abe! What yo' all want around yere?" "Dun got suthin' to say," replied the young man, as he almost turned his back on us. "Then shoot 'er off." "Him's a stranger," said Abe, as he jerked his head toward me. "That don't count. Wanter borry the mewl?" "Noap." "Wanter borry the gun?" "Noap." "Wanter borry anythin'?" "Noap." "Then, what on airth do yo' want?" "Wanter marry Linda." "Wanter marry Linda, eh? Hev yo' co'ted her?" "Yep." "Hev yo' axed her?" "Yep." "Then why in thunder don't yo' marry her?"—"and, stranger, that mewl he jess whirled on me and kicked with both feet and lifted me clean over the brush fence afore I knowed what was up!"

**Civic Layout.**—The Philadelphian was in Boston, and they were showing him around. It's a way they have in Boston. They always "show you around." Comparing in his mind the tortuous and serpentine streets of that city with the rectangular avenues of his own, he kept saying to a Boston man, "Why don't you lay out Boston like Philadelphia?" And finally the Boston man said, "Well, if Boston ever gets to be as dead as Philadelphia, we'll lay it out."—*Horace Porter.*

**How Liberty Is Loved.**—Men of different races may love liberty, and in some sense all men love her, from the Irish home-ruler to the Cuban patriot; but they do not all love her in the same way. "The Englishman," says Heine, "loves liberty like his lawful wife, the Frenchman loves her like his mistress, the German loves her like his old grandmother." But he adds that the surly Englishman may get out of temper with his wife and put a rope around her neck, the inconstant Frenchman may desert his mistress and flutter about the Palais Royal for another, but the faithful German will never forget his dear old grandmother, but will keep a nook for her in the chimney-corner, where she may spin fairy-tales to the listening children. But had Heine ever visited the United States he would have said that the American loves liberty like his home, within whose sacred circle the wife reigns an undisputed queen; brutality and inconstancy cannot enter without public shame, and the dear old grandmother passes on to the little brood of patriots gathered about her knee, instead of a peasant's childish mythology, the thrilling story of a nation's birth and struggle for independence.—*David J. Hill.*

**An Indigenous Flower.**—A Minington belle being asked by a tenderfoot if they possessed any culture out her way replied: "Culture? you bet your variegated socks we do! We kin sling more culture to the square foot here than they kin in any camp in America. Culture? Oh, loosen my corsets till I smile."

# PERSONALS AND ODDITIES

**Fixed.**—When P. T. Barnum, a young man, poor and in debt, left Danbury, he said to Judge Whittlesey, "I will pay that bill when I get rich." The judge drew down his judicial features, and disdainfully replied, "That will be when a sieve holds water." In a few years the visionary young man was in a condition to pen the following brief letter to the judge: "I have fixed that sieve."

**His Virtues.**—"Mr. Billings," I commenced, "where were you educated?" "Pordunk, Pennsylvania." "How old are you?" "I was born one hundred and fifty years old, and have been growing young ever since." "Have you any virtues?" "Several." "What are they?" "I left them up at Poughkeepsie."—*Eli Perkins.*

**He Would Control.**—Commodore Vanderbilt's thorough way of doing things is proverbial, especially with his employees. When some of his laborers applied to have their time reduced to the eight-hour system the commodore ordered their time reduced to seven hours, and paid them pro rata. One of the Irishmen, who did not like this turn of affairs, said to his neighbor, "Well, Mike, I wish the commodore was in ———." "Oh!" said Mike, "bedad and that wouldn't help you; for he'd have the control of the place inside of a week!"

**Chieftain and Cabby.**—The following story illustrates the disadvantage of having an article in common use called after one's own name. The chief of the clan McIntosh once had a dispute with a cabman about his fare. "Do you know who I am?" indignantly exclaimed the Highlander; "I am the McIntosh." "I don't care if you are an umbrella," replied the cabby; "I'll have my rights."

**Philosophy and Common Sense.**—One evening in mid-winter, feeling it extremely cold, Sir Isaac Newton instinctively drew his chair very close to the grate in which a fire had just been lighted. By degrees the fire became completely kindled and Sir Isaac felt the heat intolerably and rang his bell with unusual violence. John was not at hand. At last he appeared, but by that time Sir Isaac was almost literally roasted. "Remove the grate, you lazy rascal!" exclaimed Sir Isaac in a tone of irritation very uncommon with that amiable and placid philosopher; "remove the grate, ere I am burned to death!" "Please, your honor, might you not rather draw back your chair?" said John, a little waggishly. "Upon my word," said Sir Isaac, smiling, "I never thought of that."

**Ante-Bellum Asperities.**—John C. Calhoun once pointed to a drove of mules just from Ohio, and said to Corwin: "There go some of your constituents." "Yes," said Tom, gravely, "they are going down South to teach school."

**Inverted Logic.**—Could anything be wittier—for a banker—than the following reply of Baron Rothschild, told by Arsene Houssaye? One of his friends, of the third degree, a sort of banker, came to borrow two thousand dollars. "Here it is," said the baron, "but remember that as a rule I only lend to crowned heads." Rothschild never dreamed of seeing his money again, but, wonderful to relate, at the end of a month the borrower came back with his two thousand dollars. The baron could scarcely believe his eyes; but he foreboded that this was not the end. Sure enough, a month later the borrower reappeared, asking for the loan of four thousand dollars. "No, no," said the baron; "you disappointed me once by paying me that money. I do not want to be disappointed again."

**Ahead of His Own Time.**—Munster, Bishop of Copenhagen, was noted for his absence of mind. He was accustomed when he left his modest apartment on any errand to affix a placard to the door announcing that he would return at a certain hour. On one occasion he accomplished his errand more quickly than he anticipated, and consequently returned before the hour named on the placard. Glancing mechanically at the notice, and entirely unconscious of his own identity, he sat down and waited until the clock struck, when he suddenly recollected who and where he was, arose, and let himself in.

**Girard's Test.**—Two young men commenced the sail-making business in Philadelphia. They bought a lot of duck from Stephen Girard on credit, and a friend had engaged to indorse for them. Each caught a roll and was carrying it off when Girard remarked: "Had you not better get a dray?" "No, it is not very far, and we can carry it ourselves." "Tell your friend he needn't indorse your note. I'll take it without."

**Knowledge Is Power.**—The following story is told of two noted Germans, Bismarck and Virchow. The latter had severely criticized the former in his capacity of chancellor, and was challenged to fight a duel. The man of science was found by Bismarck's seconds in his laboratory, hard at work at experiments which had for their object the discovery of a means of destroying trichinæ, which were making great ravages in Germany. "Ah," said the doctor, "a challenge from Prince Bismarck, eh! Well, well! as I am the challenged party, I suppose I have the choice of weapons. Here they are!" He held up two large sausages, which seemed to be exactly alike. "One of these sausages," he said, "is filled with trichinæ; it is deadly. The other is perfectly wholesome. Externally they can't be told apart. Let his excellency do me the honor to choose whichever of these he wishes, and eat it, and I will eat the other!" No duel was fought, and no one accused Virchow of cowardice.

**Gough's Reputation.**—One time in Cleveland, Griswold, the "Fat Contributor," and "Nasby" wrote a humorous article about going on a spree with Gough, and the article, though humorous, and intended for a joke, troubled Gough for weeks. —*Eli Perkins.*

**Sustained Conversation.**—A country gentleman of great taciturnity, and whose servant quite understood all his ways, was one day crossing a bridge, when he took it into his head to look back and ask his attendant if he liked eggs. John answered, "Yes," and no more passed at that time. Exactly on that day twelvemonth, he happened to cross the same bridge, about the same hour of the day. "How?" cried he to the servant, who rode behind him. John, not behind in one respect, instantly replied, "Poached, sir." The conversation then dropped.

**Solicitude of Science.**—The wife of Professor Louis Agassiz arose one morning and proceeded to put on her stockings and shoes. At a certain stage of this process a little scream attracted Mr. Agassiz's attention, and, not having yet risen, he leaned forward anxiously upon his elbow, inquiring what was the matter. "Why, a little snake has just crawled out of my boot!" cried she. "Only one!" exclaimed the professor, hastily jumping to her side; "where are the other three?" He had put them in her shoe to keep them warm.

**Gunning.**—A singular instance is related of a gun hanging fire. A man had snapped his gun at a squirrel, and the cap had exploded, but the piece not going off he took it from his shoulder, looked down into the barrel, and saw the charge just starting; then he brought the gun to his shoulder again and it went off and killed the squirrel!

**The Down Grade.**—De Quincey says: If once a man indulges himself in murder, very soon he comes to think little of robbing; and from robbing he comes next to drinking and Sabbath-breaking, and from that to incivility and procrastination. Once begin upon the downward path, you never know where you are to stop. Many a man has dated his ruin from some murder or other that perhaps he thought little of at the time.

**Ungrateful.**—A man found a pocketbook with two hundred dollars in it. He gave it to the owner, who didn't even thank him, but kicked because the man didn't pay him interest for the time he had it.

**Major Longbow.**—A gentleman who had made a fortune abroad, returned to tell long stories at home. Sensible of a natural weakness he possessed of exaggerating everything he spoke of, he kept a sober Scotch servant, who was instructed to touch his shoulder whenever his fault began to be observable. One day he told a story of a fox which he had seen at Grenada with a tail ten feet long. The man touched his shoulder. "Well," said he, "I am sure I speak within the mark when I say the tail was eight feet." Still David touched his shoulder. "Well, at least six feet." Still a touch. "Well, three." Still another touch, until, provoked at last by the servant's incredulity—"What the devil!" says he, turning about, "would you have the fox to have had no tail at all!"

**Wouldn't Stir a Step.**—In Hackensack, New Jersey, there once lived (and died) one of the famous Smith family. He was stretched upon his death-bed. Weeping friends were gathered round; and when the dying man was no longer conscious, as was supposed, they began consulting about the funeral, even proceeding so far as to name the bearers. In this connection old Snip was spoken of. Smith straightened up, with a gasp and a groan, and distinctly and emphatically asserted: "If old Snip is going to be a bearer I won't stir a step!"

**A Season Ticket.**—A gentleman who frequented a circus, noticed a boy among the audience who was sound asleep every time he happened to be in. Curious to know why the urchin should resort to such a place for sleeping, our friend went up one evening and accosted him. "My little fellow, what do you go to sleep for?" "I can't keep awake," rejoined the boy; "it is a terrible bore to see them doing the same thing every night." "But why do you come?" "Oh, I can't help it—I must come—I have a season ticket."

**Not to Be Done.**—He hired out to a farmer to plow. When the horses started, he said: "Here, how can I hold this plow when there's two horses pulling it away from me?"

**Patience of Anglers.**—"About six o'clock, on a fine morning in the summer," said Franklin, "I set out from Philadelphia, on a visit to a friend, at the distance of fifteen miles; and, passing a brook where a gentleman was angling, I inquired if he had caught anything? 'No, sir,' said he, 'I have not been here long; only two hours.' On my return in the evening, I found him fixed to the identical spot where I had left him, and again inquired if he had any sport? 'Very good, sir,' says he. 'Caught a great many fish?' 'None at all.' 'Had a great many bites though, I suppose?' 'Not one, but I had a most glorious nibble.'"

**A Timber-Toe.**—A naval officer, for his courage in a former engagement, where he had left his leg, had been preferred to the command of a ship. In the heat of the next engagement a cannon-ball took off his wooden deputy, so that he fell upon the deck. A seaman, thinking he had been wounded again, called out for a surgeon. "No, no," said the captain, "the carpenter will do."

**Good Cause for Thanks.**—An old deacon, having occasion to spend a night at a hotel, was assigned a room containing three single beds, two of which already had occupants. Soon after the light was extinguished one of those began to snore so loudly as to prevent the deacon from getting to sleep. The tumult increased as the night wore away, until it became absolutely fearful. Some two or three hours after midnight the snorer turned himself in bed, gave a hideous groan, and became silent. The deacon had supposed the third gentleman asleep, but at this juncture he heard him exclaim, "He's dead! thank God. He's dead!"

**At New Haven.**—A young girl on a train kept annoying the conductor to let her know when they reached New Haven. After asking about ten times, the train finally reached it. The conductor called aloud, "New Haven!" She turned around to the conductor and said: "Thank you; my mother told me to feed the dog when we got to New Haven."

**Getting On.**—A clergyman had taught an old man in his parish to read, and had found him an apt pupil. Calling at the cottage some little time after, he found only the wife at home. "How's John?" asked he. "He's well, sir, thank you," said his wife. "How does he get on with his reading?" "Nicely, sir." "Ah, I suppose he can read his Bible very comfortably now?" "Bible, sir! bless you, he was out of the Bible and into the newspaper long ago."

**Harbinger of Spring.**—Somebody tells a story of how he was walking beside a railway line with a man who was very hard of hearing. A train was approaching, and as it rounded the curve the whistle gave one of those ear-destroying shrieks which seem to pierce high heaven. A smile broke over the deaf man's face. "That is the first robin," said he, "that I have heard this spring."

**Welsh Genealogies.**—Sir Watkins William Wynne, talking to a friend about the antiquity of his family, which he carried up to Noah, was told that he was a mere mushroom. "Ay," said he, "how so, pray?" "Why," replied the other, "when I was in Wales, a pedigree of a particular family was shown to me; it filled above five large skins of parchment, and about the middle of it was a note in the margin: 'About this time the world was created.'"

**Contraband.**—A captain in one of the Maine regiments at Port Royal had a colored servant named Tally, who talked very bravely when spoken to about joining the colored brigade. To test his courage, the captain told him that he was about to visit the mainland, and asked Tally if he would go with him and help fight the Confederates. Tally, after scratching his head and rubbing his shins a few moments, replied, " Dunno 'bout dat, boss; I's ober on de main a short spell ago, an' trus' de Lord ter get me ober here, an' he dun it; but I doan dare resk 'im ag'in, boss."

**A Bishop's Hat.**—The late Lord Aylesbury was standing bareheaded in a well-known hatter's shop in Piccadilly while his hat was being ironed. Bishop ——— entered the shop in full attire and, seeing Lord Aylesbury bareheaded, mistook him for a shopman. Taking off his own head-covering, the bishop said: " I want to know if you have a hat like this." Lord Aylesbury surveyed the hat and its owner, and turned on his heel with the curt remark: " No, I haven't, and if I had I'd be hung before I'd wear it."

**Nasology.**—Two men were sitting opposite each other at a dinner-table; one had a long nose. The fellow opposite him said: " Mister, there is a fly on the end of your nose." The other one said: " Is there? Well, you brush it off; you are nearer to it than I am."

**The Terrible Truckman.**—It's wonderful how careless people are in our days. If a person walks in the street some one is bound to step on his toes and say, " Excuse me "; jab an umbrella in his eye and say, " Excuse me," after the harm is done. The other day a truckman knocked a man down and ran right over him with a big team, and after he ran over him the truckman hollered, " Look out! " The man looked up and said, " Why, are you coming back? "

**A Good Testimonial.**—Having occasion to discharge a servant for dishonesty and wishing to avoid a scene, Horace Greeley wrote the man a letter telling him if he came into his presence again he would be given into custody. The man, who understood the letter without being able to decipher it, took the hint, but, applying for another situation, produced the letter as a testimonial from Horace Greeley, his late employer, and secured the appointment.

**Got Far Down.**—A gentleman in the oil region of West Virginia was boring for oil on his lands, and anxious to complete the job, kept his darkies at work night and day. The nights were cold, and a fire was built near the well. About midnight they struck a vein from which gas rushed out with great force and, igniting from the fire, shot up a stream of brilliant flame one hundred and fifty feet in the air, illuminating the country round. The terrified darkies broke for their master's house and cried out, "Git up, massa, git up! we's dun bruk froo into hell!"

**Knew How to Collect It.**—A gentleman driving was overtaken by a negro boy on a mule, who attempted for a long while, without success, in spite of vigorous blows, to make the animal pass the carriage. At length the boy exclaimed to his beast, "I bet you one fippenny I make you pass dis time"; and after a short pause he said, "You bet? very well." The boy repeated the blows with renewed vigor, and at last succeeded in making the mule pass; when the gentleman, who overheard the conversation between Quashee and his steed, said to him, "Well, my boy, now you have won your bet, how do you get it paid?" "Oh, sah," said the negro, "massa gib me one tenpenny to buy him grass, an' I only buy 'im a fippenny wuf!"

**Postprandial.**—A tramp once went into the house of a very pious and hospitable old lady in Oswego County, and asked for a supper. A square meal was kindly set before him, which he proceeded to attack without ceremony. "Don't you say something before you begin to eat?" expostulated the old lady, who believed in grace before meat. "Me and Chauncey Depew," replied the tramp, "always talks best after we've eat."—*George A. Marden.*

**A Nebulous Theory.**—The following is told by a naval officer as happening on one of his cruises, when his sailors saw a comet. They were somewhat surprised and alarmed at its appearance, and the crew met and appointed a committee to wait upon the commander for his opinion. They approached him and said: "We want to ask your opinion, your honor." "Well, my boys, what about?" "We want to ask about that thing up there." "Well, what do you think yourselves about it?" "We have talked it over, your honor, and we think it is a star sprung aleak."

**An Easy Pervert.**—A place-hunter in Prussia, having asked Frederick the Great for the grant of some rich Protestant bishopric, the king expressed his regret that it was already given away, but broadly hinted that there was a Catholic abbacy at his disposal. The applicant managed to be converted in a week, and to be received into the bosom of the true church; after which he hastened to his friend, the king, and told him how his conscience had been enlightened. "Ah!" exclaimed Frederick, "how terribly unfortunate! I have given away the abbacy. But the chief rabbi is just dead, and the synagogue is at my disposal; suppose you were to turn Jew?"

**Greeley and Drinks.**—I remember many years ago when I was one of a group of young writers upon the "Tribune," and Mr. Greeley was an ardent temperance reformer, that a vigorous article appeared one morning urging young men to avoid the tempter in whatever form he might appear, whether as punch or bitters, as sherry or Madeira, as hock or claret, as Heidsieck or champagne. The young writers—who were not ardent temperance reformers—greeted Mr. Greeley uproariously when he appeared at the office, and with infinite glee pointed out to him that Heidsieck was not a different wine, but only a particular brand of champagne. As the laugh rang round the room, Mr. Greeley, who, as his opponents usually found, was quite able to hold his own, leaned with his shoulder against the wall looking benignly at the laughing chorus, and when it became quiet he said: "Waal, boys, I guess I'm the only man in this office that could have made that mistake," and then added: "It don't matter what you call him, champagne, or Heidsieck, or absinthe, he's the same old devil."—*George William Curtis.*

**Unfair Advantage.**—Frederick the Great was always very fond of disputation; but as he generally terminated the discussion by collaring his antagonist, and kicking his shins, few of his guests were disposed to enter the arena against him. One day, when he was even more inclined than usual for an argument, he asked one of his suite why he did not venture to give his opinion on some particular question. "It is impossible, Your Majesty," was the reply, "to express an opinion before a sovereign who has such very strong convictions, and who wears such very thick boots."

**A Lower Depth.**—Sometimes, when city men go in for a big thing, they come to grief. So it was with this one—so much so, indeed, that he was fain to take a situation as waiter at a certain restaurant, not of the highest class. One day, an old chum dropped in, and seated himself at one of the tables. Recognizing his former friend, and remembering his days of splendor, he exclaimed in tones of pity, "What, Jones, you here!" "Yes, worse luck; but I wait here—I don't dine here!"

**Evolution.**—Professor Gunning, the lecturer and geologist, when down in Florida, was thought to be a dangerous fellow. "Why," said the son of a preacher, "they say he is a Darwiner." "Oh," replied Gunning's friend, "he's worse than that—he's an evolutionist." "My God!" exclaimed the man, "does he practise it?"—*J. C. Learned.*

**They Do Not Eat Swine.**—A man who was once talking with the late Sir Moses Montefiore at a reception, found the conversation so entertaining that he completely forgot the race of his companion and made some uncomplimentary remark about the Jewish features of a lady who was passing by. The mistake was no sooner made than it was perceived. The unhappy man began to apologize profusely. "I ask a thousand pardons. It was so stupid of me to forget. You look angry enough to eat me. I beg you not to devour me." "Sir," replied Sir Moses, "it is impossible. My religion forbids."—*Henry J. van Dyke, Jr.*

**His Pedigree.**—When Junot, who sprang from Napoleon's ranks, was made a duke, a nobleman of the old régime asked him as to his ancestry. "My faith," answered the bluff soldier, "I know nothing about it; I am my own ancestor." —*Charles Emory Smith.*

**Mutuality.**—Horace Greeley once wrote a note to a brother editor in New York, whose writing was if possible equally illegible with his own. The recipient of the note, not being able to read it, sent it back by the same messenger to Mr. Greeley for elucidation. Supposing it to be the answer to his own note, Mr. Greeley looked over it, but was likewise unable to read it, and said to the boy, "Go—take it back. What does the fool mean?" "'Yes, sir," said the boy, "that is just what he says."

# TRICKS, ROGUES, GAMES

**Notorious Liar.**—A man was charged with highway robbery. In the course of the trial the prisoner roared out from the dock that he was guilty, but the jury pronounced him by their verdict "not guilty." The astonished judge exclaimed, "Impossible! Gentlemen, did you not hear the man declare himself that he was guilty?" The foreman said: "We did, and that was the very reason we acquitted him, for we know the fellow to be so notorious a liar that he never told a word of truth in his life."

**Fire Low.**—An individual went into a Jew's store to buy a suit of clothes; when he got the coat and vest on he pointed to the shelf and said: "That pair of trousers will suit me"; and as the Jew climbed up the shelves the individual ran out with the coat and vest that he had on. The Jew turned around and saw that the man had gone, and he quickly jumped down and ran out and cried "Police! Stop thief!" as loud as he could. A policeman told the thief to stop, but the thief kept on running. The policeman pulled out his pistol and just as he was about to shoot, the Jew called to him, "Look out where you shoot; shoot him in the pants, for the coat and vest are mine."

**Returned the Invitation.**—It is related of a clergyman who had traveled some distance to preach that, at the conclusion of the morning service, he waited for some one to invite him home to dinner. One by one, however, the congregation departed without noticing him. Finally, when nearly all had gone, he walked up to an elderly gentleman, and said, "Will you go home and dine with me to--day, brother?" "Wehre do you live?" "About twenty miles away, sir." "No," said the man coloring, "but you must go with me." This, of course, the minister did cheerfully.

**Relativity of Knowledge.**—A friend of mine, a college professor, went into a crowded restaurant in New York city for luncheon. The negro in charge took my friend's hat and gave no check for it in return. An hour later, when the professor came out of the dining-room, the negro glanced at him in a comprehensive way, turned to the shelves, and handed him his hat. The professor is a man who prides himself on his powers of observation, so the negro's ability to remember to whom each article of clothing belonged struck him as something very wonderful. "How did you know this was my hat?" he asked. "I didn't know it, sah," was the reply. "Then why did you give it to me?" the professor persisted. "Because you gave it to me, sah."

**Mind-Cure.**—A young doctor recently took his girl to the opera. The curtain was late in rising, and the young lady complained of feeling faint. The doctor took something out of his vest-pocket, and whispered to her to keep "the tablet" in her mouth, but not to swallow it. She shyly placed it on her tongue, and rolled it over, but it would not dissolve; she felt better, however. When the performance was over she slipped the tablet in her glove, and when alone in her room she pulled off her glove and out came a mother-of-pearl shirt button!

**An Honest Pickpocket.**—A young Englishman, while at Naples, was introduced at an assembly of one of the first ladies by a Neapolitan gentleman. While he was there his snuff-box was stolen. The next day, being at another house, he saw a person taking snuff out of his box. He ran to his friend: "There," said he, "that man in blue, with gold embroidery, is taking snuff out of the box stolen from me yesterday. Do you know him? Is he not a sharper?" "Take care," said the other, "that man is of the first quality." "I do not care for his quality," said the Englishman; "I must have my snuff-box again; I'll go and ask him for it." "Pray," said his friend, "be quiet, and leave it to me to get back your box." Upon this assurance the Englishman went away, after inviting his friend to dine with him the next day. He accordingly came, and, as he entered, "There," said he, "I have brought your snuff-box." "Well, how did you obtain it?" "Why," said the Neapolitan nobleman, "I did not wish to make a noise about it, therefore I picked his pocket of it."

**The Editor's Strategy.**—A certain Western town was infested by gamblers, whose presence was a source of annoyance to the citizens, who told the editor that if he did not come out against the offenders they would not patronize his paper. He replied that he would give them a "smasher" next day. Sure enough, his next issue contained the promised "smasher"; and on the following morning the redoubtable editor was seated in his sanctum, when in walked a large man, with a club in his hand, who demanded to know if the editor was in. "No, sir," was the reply; "he has stepped out. Take a seat and read the papers—he will return in a minute." Down sat the indignant man of cards, crossed his legs, with his club between them, and commenced reading a paper. In the meantime the editor quietly went down-stairs, and at the landing he met another excited man, with a cudgel in his hand, who asked if the editor was in. "Yes, sir," was the prompt response; "you'll find him seated up-stairs, reading a newspaper." This individual, on entering the room, with a furious oath began a violent assault upon the first avenger, which was resisted with equal ferocity, and a very pretty battle ensued, followed by mutual explanations and an alliance, offensive and defensive, against the common enemy.

**Draw-Poker.**—Four men were playing "solo whist." One was cheating and had only one eye. Another of the party saw him cheat; he drew a revolver and placed it on the table, saying: "The first man I catch cheating I'll shoot his other eye out."

**He Led His Flock.**—The people at a certain part of the coast of Cornwall, where wrecks frequently happen, used to be so demoralized by the unrestrained plunder of the unfortunate vessels that they lost almost every humane feeling. One Sunday the news of a wreck was promulgated to a congregation engaged in public worship; and in an instant all were eagerly hurrying out at the door. The clergyman hereupon called, in a most emphatic voice, that he only desired to say five more words to them. They turned with impatient attention to hear him. He approached, as if to address them; when, having got to the front of the throng, "Now," says he, "let us start fair!" and off he ran, all the rest following him, towards the wreck, which he was the first to reach.

**His Own Thief-Catcher.**—A keeper of a grocery-store, who once had a bag of flour stolen from his place, determined to keep his own counsel and wait the issue. About a week afterwards a neighbor who had not visited the store in the interim came in with ostentatious expressions of cordiality and said, "Why, Mr. Smith, I hear you have had a bag of flour stolen from your store, have you found out the thief yet?" The grocer looked at his neighbor for a moment, and then said, "Yes, I have found out the thief. Would you like to know how I caught him?" Upon being answered in the affirmative, the grocer continued, "I will tell you. When the flour was stolen I said nothing about it to any one, so no one knew about it except myself and the man who had stolen it. So far as I know there are only two in the secret still, you and myself. If you wish that secret preserved, I am willing to preserve it upon payment of the value of the flour." The money was paid.

**Inadvertence.**—Years ago, when one of the old insurance companies first established an agency, its policies contained many cautious words, "whereas," "and it is hereby understood," "and it is further provided," etc., etc. A Quaker, doing business, took a five thousand-dollar policy and, like a prudent business man, proceeded carefully to read it over; but so perplexed did he become by the perusal that next morning he took it back, and said: "Friend Jones, I have read over thy policy, and don't see that in case of fire I am insured at all." "Well, Friend Waldo," was the agent's response, "if thou art, it is an entire inadvertence!"

**A Yankee Dodge.**—Some American raftsmen being obliged to return home without selling their timber, were out of cash, and had no mode of replenishing their whiskey keg. "Let me have it," said one; "I will try what I can do." So putting in half a gallon of water, he stepped into a store and asked for half a gallon of whiskey, which was measured and poured in. "You must wait until we come down again for your pay," said the raftsman; "we have left our timber, and shall return next week." But the storekeeper refused to give trust. "You must then take the whiskey back," said the fellow. So the storekeeper measured back his half gallon of grog, and the raftsman rejoined his companions with two quarts of strong whiskey-and-water.

**Might Need It in His Business.**—Some time ago a fellow was charged in the Glasgow police court with stealing a herring-barrel. After the charge had been proved, the principal accuser thus addressed the magistrate: "'Deed, Sir Bailie, the man at the bar is a great rogue; the stealing o' the barrel is nothing to some o' his tricks. He stole my sign-board last week, and what does your honor think he did wi' 't?" "That would be hard for me to say," answered the magistrate. "Weel, sir," said the witness, "I'll tell ye. He brought it into my ain shop, wi' my ain name on 't, and offered to sell me 't, as he thought it would be o' mair use to me than onybody else."

**Caught in His Own Trap.**—A gentleman who had had his orchard repeatedly robbed, in defiance of prohibitory acts, determined to have an old man-trap repaired, and set up in his grounds. The smith who had carefully mended the trap brought it home and there was a consultation as to which tree it should be placed under. Several were proposed, as being all favorite bearers; at last the smith's suggestion was adopted and the man-trap set. But the position somehow did not please the master, and he bethought him of another tree, the fruit of which he wished above all to preserve. Accordingly, scarcely had he laid his head on his pillow when the change was determined on, and ere long the man-trap was transferred. Very early in the morning the cries of a sufferer brought master and men into the orchard, and there they discovered—the smith!

**Poor Speculation.**—A tall, green-looking Vermonter once walked into the office of Dr. Jackson, the chemist. "Dr. Jackson, I presume?" said he. "Yes, sir." "May I close the door?" and he did so; and after having looked behind the sofa and satisfied himself that no one else was in the room, he placed a large bundle, done up in a yellow bandanna, on the table and opened it. "There, doctor, look at that." "Well, I see it." "What do you call it, doctor?" "I call it iron pyrites." "What! isn't that gold?" "No," said the doctor, "it's good for nothing; it's pyrites"; and when he put some over the fire on a shovel it evaporated up the chimney. "Waal," said the poor fellow, with a woebegone expression, "there is a widder woman up town that has a whole hill full of that, and I've been and married her."

**A Drum-Beat.**—One of the French papers tells a good story of a saddler. He belonged to the militia company of his village, and this company, one day in a moment of enthusiasm, resolved to get up a band of music. A big drum was wanted; nobody had thought of the big drum. A subscription was raised and the saddler was deputed to order the drum. But it occurred to him that he could make a drum himself and pocket the money. He worked night and day, and at last, on the morning of the eventful day, the task was completed; and not a moment too soon, for at early daylight the captain and his lieutenants were thundering at the saddler's door, demanding tidings of the drum. "It has arrived—last night—by the diligence," stammered the saddler. "I have it safe up-stairs—a grand Paris drum—by the most celebrated maker." Up-stairs rushed the military dignitaries—the saddler leading the way. The drum was immensely admired and the order was given to convey it at once to the captain's quarters, when the discovery was made that the drum was altogether too big to pass through the door. "Wretch!" shouted the captain, "how did you get it into this room if it came from Paris?" "I hoisted it through the window," gasped the saddler. But, oh, the prompt detection of his fraud—the window was much narrower than the door.

**Outwitting Uhlans.**—During the Franco-German war a body of two hundred Uhlans arrived in a Norman village. One of the peasants hurried to a neighboring hamlet to warn a well-to-do farmer that he might expect a visit from the unwelcome raiders. The farmer was equal to the emergency. Calling his wife and daughters, all went to work with a will. Torn quilts, tattered petticoats, and dilapidated gowns were thrown over the backs of the cattle, enveloping them up to their horns; their feet and their heads were bound with straw; and then the sheep and goats were treated in the same fashion. Bottles of medicine were scattered about; a large trough was filled with water, and in it was placed a large syringe. Up came the Uhlans; but at sight of the strangely attired animals and the monster squirt they hesitated. At last one of the troopers inquired what was the matter. "The plague, that's all," said the farmer. He had to answer no more questions; his visitors turned their horses' heads and galloped off at their best speed, to make requisitions elsewhere.

**A London Flimflam.**—A London stock-broker on his way to business observed one of his fellow passengers in the 'bus closely regarding him. After a time the man looked over and asked, "Didn't I see you in Liverpool in 1879?" The broker wasn't in Liverpool that year, but, thinking to humor the stranger, he replied in the affirmative. "Don't you remember handing a poor shivering wretch a half-crown one night outside the Royal Hotel?" "I do." "Well, I'm the man. I was hard up, out of work, and about to commit suicide. That money made a new man of me. By one lucky speculation and another I am now worth five thousand pounds." "Ah, glad to hear it." "And now I want you to take a sovereign in place of that half-crown. I cannot feel easy until the debt is paid." The broker protested and objected, but finally, just to humor the man, he took the five-pound note offered him and returned the four pounds in change. The stranger soon left the 'bus, and everything might have ended then and there if the broker, on reaching his office, hadn't ascertained that the "fiver" was no good.

**His Wit Saved Him.**—Dining one day in company with a barbarian king and the great men of his court, not knowing the regulations and etiquette of the East, Charlemagne's ambassador, without dreaming of harm, moved with his hand a dish which had been placed near him on the table. Now the laws of the tyrant required that if any guest touched a dish that was brought forward, before the king was served, he should suffer the penalty of death. "Great king," said the ambassador, "I die without a murmur, but, in the name of the great emperor whose servant I am, I beg of Your Majesty one favor before I die." The king promised to grant whatsoever he might ask. "Give me the eyes of every man who saw me commit the crime." "It is well," said the king. "Their eyes shall be plucked out for thee." But when it was asked who had seen the ambassador move the dish, every courtier was eager to deny that he had seen the act. The servants also exclaimed that they had not witnessed it, and the king also declared that he himself had not. "Then why should I die, great king?" said the ambassador. "The deed cannot even be proved against me." The king was pleased; and not only pardoned him, but sent him home to his master loaded with presents.

**Alibi for the Men.**—In the "good old times" some soldiers robbed a night-watchman of his coat, boots, and money. The next day he repaired to the captain of the regiment to complain of his misfortune. The captain at once asked him whether he had on at the time the same things he was then wearing. "Yes, sir, the very same," replied the poor man. "Then, in that case, my good fellow," rejoined the captain, "I can positively assure you that the paltry rascals do not belong to my distinguished company, otherwise they would have left you neither waistcoat, trousers, nor shirt."

**Successful Audacity.**—A lady went into a shop and bought a pearl-gray silk dress. The shopman had noticed a tolerably well-dressed man standing at the door after the arrival of the lady, and seeming to watch all her movements. Stepping up to the cashier's desk, the lady drew a bank-note from her purse. At that moment the man outside rushed into the shop, gave the lady a box on the ear, and tore the note out of her hands. "I had forbidden you to buy that dress," cried he, "but I watched you, and you shall not have it." With these words he hastened away, the lady fainted, and the persons employed in the shop, supposing the intruder to be an offended husband, made no remark, and let him go. When the lady recovered, the proprietor of the establishment expressed his regret at this violent scene, and pitied her for being dependent on so brutal a husband. "My husband!" cried the lady eagerly; "sir, that man is not my husband; I do not know him, and have never seen him." The pretended husband was a daring thief.

**Equal to the Occasion.**—All the depositors were crowding round the counter of a bank, clamorous for their money. The bullion was running low, and things looked as black as possible, when this expedient suggested itself: The cashier put a shovelful of sovereigns into the fire, and after a dexterous readjustment poured them out into the hands of a farmer, who had eagerly presented his check. The man started back, considerably burnt about the fingers. "Good God! my dear sir," was the explanation; "I beg ten thousand pardons! In my hurry I forgot to warn you, but we have to go on making these things so fast, that there is no time to let them cool." The rustics, according to the legend, were perfectly satisfied as to the solvency of the firm, and the run stopped.

**Fiddle-de-dee.**—A young man, poorly clothed, presented himself before a dealer in curiosities. "Sir," said he, showing a violin which he carried, "I am a musical artist; this is the season of balls and soirées; I have just had a long illness which has exhausted my purse; my only black coat is in pawn, I shall be much obliged if you will lend me ten francs to redeem it. I will leave as security one of the violins you see, for I have two; it is an excellent instrument. I shall return for it as soon as, thanks to my coat, I shall have earned enough money for the purpose." The young man had such an honest bearing that the dealer lent him ten francs and kept the violin, which he hung up in the shop. The next day but one, a gentleman, well-dressed, wearing at his buttonhole the ribbon of the Legion of Honor, was choosing from the dealer's stock of goods some shell-work. Seeing the violin, he took it up, examining it narrowly. "What is the price of that instrument?" said he. "It is not mine," replied the shopkeeper; and he related how he came to possess it. "This violin," continued the unknown, "is worth money, it is a Cremona. Perhaps its owner is ignorant of its value. If he returns, offer him two hundred francs for it." Then handing fifty francs to the shopman, the unknown said on taking his leave, "You will keep that for yourself if the affair succeeds; I will return in a few days." Two days after, the young man reappeared, bringing the ten francs to redeem his violin, for which the dealer offered him two hundred. After some hesitation, he agreed. At the end of a week, the dealer, not having seen the decorated gentleman, became suspicious; he carried the violin to an instrument-maker, who offered him three francs for it.

**Guilty, of Course.**—"I was young and unsuspecting," said a lawyer, "when I plead my first cause. It was that of a man charged with stealing a watch. I plead with all the warmth of soul which could be inspired by strong faith, and gained an acquittal for my client. Once free, he threw his arms around me. 'Oh, sir,' said he, 'dig up the watch for me.' 'Dig up the watch for you!' 'Certainly. You understand that they still keep their eyes on me; whilst you can dig it up without suspicion, and return it to me.' 'Then you are guilty?' 'If I hadn't been guilty, I should have defended myself.'"

**Expert Opinion.**—Buxoo, an elephant-dealer, arriving at Hurdwandering, the great annual fair, with a string of elephants, speedily sold five, but the sixth remained on hand, being, in fact, an unsound beast made up for sale. Buxoo, seeing with dismay an intelligent native examining the elephant critically, said: "Listen, my brother, I see you are a judge of elephants. Say nothing to damage the sale of mine, and if I get five hundred rupees for it I will give you fifty." The native willingly assented, and presently the elephant found a purchaser at the sum named, and Buxoo handed over the hush-money agreed upon to the judge of elephants, saying: "Tell me, my friend, how did you find out my elephant was an unsound one? I thought I had concealed its weak parts completely." Sir," replied the judge of elephants, "I did not know that your elephant was unsound. The truth is, that I had never before beheld a beast of that kind, and when you made me the liberal offer by which I have profited, I was only trying to discover which was its head and which was its tail."

**Lord Camden in the Stocks.**—There is an amusing story told of Lord Camden, when a barrister, having been fastened in stocks on top of a hill in order to gratify an idle curiosity on the subject. Being left there by the absent-minded friend who had locked him in, he found it impossible to procure his liberation for the greater part of the day. On his entreating a chance traveler to release him, the man shook his head and passed on, remarking that, of course, he was not put there for nothing.

**A Sword Puzzle.**—They thought more of the Legion of Honor in the time of the first Napoleon than now. The emperor, it is said, one day met an old one-armed soldier, and asked him where he lost his arm? "Sire, at Austerlitz." "And were you not decorated?" "No, sire." "Then here is my own cross for you; I make you chevalier." "Your Majesty names me chevalier because I have lost one arm! What would Your Majesty have done if I had lost both?" "Oh, in that case I should have made you officer of the Legion." Whereupon the soldier immediately drew his sword, and cut off his other arm. Now there is no particular reason to doubt this story. The only question is, how did he do it?

**When Greek Meets Greek.**—The privy council recently had a meeting in the room set apart for them in the palace. It was evening, and the president had just risen to address his colleagues, laying, according to his custom, his watch on the table in front of him, so that he might mark time. Suddenly, the electric light went out, but after a short interval, on its return, the president discovered that his watch, which was a present from his royal master, was missing. He invited his colleagues to replace the watch, but there was no response. He reminded them that the door was locked, and that the watch must be in the possession of one of them. The president then remarked that the situation had become embarrassing, but as he wished to make things easy for the culprit, who had doubtless yielded to temptation in a moment of weakness, he would order the lights to be again extinguished in order to give him an opportunity of restitution. This was done, and when the lights were turned on again the president found that not only was his watch not returned but that his silver inkstand had disappeared also.

**Sad End of a Cow.**—A Larimer County farmer lost a cow in a queer manner. The animal in rummaging through a summer kitchen found and swallowed an old umbrella and a cake of yeast. The yeast, fermenting in the poor beast's stomach, raised the umbrella and she died in great agony.

**Spoiled the Collusion.**—A sleight-of-hand performer went to a town, selected a half-witted boy as his confederate, and gave him a dollar, with the understanding that when the time arrived that night for the passing of a dollar from the performers' hand into some one's pocket, the boy was to come upon the stage without delay, and to have the dollar in the right-hand pocket of his trousers. The time for the performance arrived, the performer made the proposition of passing a dollar into some one's pocket, and called for some one to come up to assist. The boy went upon the stage, and the performer made his passes and said, "Now you will find the dollar in your right-hand pocket." The boy hesitated about putting his hand into his pocket. "Don't be afraid; it's there," said the performer. The boy ran his hand into his pocket and pulled out three quarters, a dime and a nickel. "There," he says, "is ninety cents; I spent the balance for tobacco."

**To Fool an Audience.**—One of the oldest and best known anecdotes for misleading auditors is that of the young Guardsman returning from the Crimean War. He rubbed his hands with glee on board ship, and, in so doing, rubbed off a ring presented him by his inamorata, which fell into the sea. His position was an awkward one, as the lady had vowed she would never marry him if he lost that ring. On his arrival in England, he was eating fish at dinner, when he suddenly felt something hard in his mouth. He removed it, and what do you think it was—the ring? No! only a fish bone.

**Bearing One Another's Burdens.**—In a New York street one day a wagon laden with lamp-globes had come into collision with another vehicle, and many of the globes were smashed. Considerable sympathy was felt for the driver, who looked ruefully at the shattered fragments which strewed the ground. An elderly gentleman of benevolent aspect eyed the chopfallen driver for a moment compassionately, and then said, "My poor man, I suppose you will have to make good the loss out of your own pocket?" "Ah, that I shall, sir," returned the driver, with melancholy emphasis. "Well," said the generous philanthropist, "hold out your hat—here's a quarter for you; and I dare say some of these other people will give you a helping hand too." The driver held out his hat, several persons dropped coins into it, and others gave coppers, as tokens of sympathy. At last, when the contributions had ceased, the driver emptied the contents of the hat into his pocket, and, pointing to the retreating figure of the philanthropist who had started the collection, said slowly, "Ain't he a cute feller? that's my boss!"

**Changed His Spots.**—"I just came in town," said Smith, "to get a birthday present for my aunt. I went into a dog-store. There was a dog there all covered with little black spots. I gave the man three dollars and fifty cents, and he gave me the dog. As I was taking him home, it commenced to rain, and it rained all over that poor dog and washed all the spots off him. I thought I'd go back to the store, and if that man didn't do something about the spots there would be trouble. But the man meant well, for the minute he saw me and the dog he hollered out to his clerk, 'John, why didn't you give that man an umbrella? Here you are sir; an umbrella goes with that dog.'"

**Defective Vision.**—A Frenchman, near the Canada line in Vermont, sold a horse to a Yankee neighbor. To every inquiry of the buyer respecting the qualities of the horse, the Frenchman gave a favorable reply, but always began his commendation with the deprecatory remark, "He's not look ver' good." The Yankee, caring little for the looks of the horse, of which he could judge for himself, and being fully persuaded that the beast was worth the moderate sum asked for him, made his purchase and took him. A few days afterwards he returned to the seller and declared that he had been cheated in the quality of the horse. "Vat is ze mattaire?" said the Frenchman. "Matter!" said the Yankee; "matter enough—the horse can't see! He is as blind as a bat!" "Ah!" said the Frenchman, "vat I vas tell you? I vas tell you he vas not look ver' good—by gar! I don't know if he look at all!"

**A Waiting Game.**—Some victims are perfectly able to take care of themselves and to meet roguery with roguery. A looker-on at a gaming-table having observed one player very grossly cheating another, took the "pigeon" aside and said, "Good heavens! have you not noticed how villainously that man has been picking the cards?" The other smilingly answered, "Pray don't be under the least concern about that; I intend to pick his pocket as soon as he has done playing."

**Stage-Coach Privileges.**—"When I was in Scotland last summer," said an American physician, "I ran across an illustration of the division of travel into first, second, and third class which struck me as being infinitely more sensible and logical than the separation of passengers into three classes on the English railways. I contracted for a 'first-class' passage in a stage-coach going up in the mountains. It cost me ten dollars. On the trip I noticed that a 'second-class' passenger who had paid five dollars' fare and a 'third-class' traveler at two dollars and a half were riding in the same coach and enjoying the same privileges as myself. I thought I had been 'flimflammed' until the coach reached the foot of a long and very steep hill. The horses stopped and the guard called out: 'First-class passengers keep your seats; second-class passengers get out and walk; third-class passengers get out and push!' You may bet your life I rode in state to the top of that hill!"

**Undid His Double.**—George Faulkner, the Dublin printer, once called on Swift on his return from London, dressed in a rich coat of silk brocade and gold lace, and seeming not a little proud of the adorning of his person, the dean determined to humble him. When he entered the room, and saluted the dean with all the respectful familiarity of an old acquaintance, the dean affected not to know him; in vain did he declare himself as George Faulkner, the Dublin printer; the dean declared him an impostor, and at last abruptly bade him begone. Faulkner, perceiving the error he had committed, instantly returned home, and resuming his usual dress again went to the dean, when he was very cordially received. "Ah, George," said he, "I am so glad to see you, for here has been an impudent coxcomb, bedizened in silks and gold lace, who wanted to pass himself off for you; but I soon sent the fellow about his business; for I knew you to be always a plain-dressed and honest man, just as you now appear."

**Diamond Trickery.**—A member of the New York Stock Exchange purchased a ring, set with paste brilliants, for eighty dollars. After showing it about, a friend of his took a fancy to it, and asked him what he would take for it. He replied, "eight hundred dollars," and at that price the friend bought it, to the amusement of the bystanders, who taxed him about his want of cuteness. He, however, resolved to turn the laugh against the person of whom he bought it; and he went to a jeweler, whom he knew, and made an arrangement with him to lend him four diamonds exactly of the same shape as the paste brilliants, and to set them in the ring. Next day he went on 'Change, when he was again saluted by inquiries as to his ring. "Oh," said he, "the ring is cheap at what I bought it for; it is worth far more; these are real diamonds." The person of whom he bought it offered to bet him five hundred dollars that they were not, which offer was accepted, and referred to the arbitration of a first-rate jeweler, who valued the ring at fifteen hundred dollars. The trickster then took it back and had the old paste brilliants restored, and the next day sold the ring for a thousand dollars to the person of whom he bought it; and when he got his money, both for his bet and the ring, he told the whole affair to the bystanders, showing to them the great danger of attempting to take in a Yankee.

**Befooling a Chance Acquaintance.**—"I was spending the night," said a traveling man, "at a hotel in an Illinois town. After breakfast I came into the sitting-room, where I met a pleasant, chatty, good-humored fellow, who, like myself, was waiting for the morning train from Galena. We conversed pleasantly on several topics, until, seeing two young ladies meet and kiss each other in the street, the conversation turned on kissing just about the time the train was approaching. 'Come,' said he, taking up his carpet-bag, 'since we are on so sweet a subject, let us have a practical application. I'll make a proposal to you. I'll agree to kiss the most beautiful lady in the cars from Galena, you being the judge, if you will kiss the next prettiest, I being the judge.' I agreed, provided he would do the first kissing. I had hardly stepped inside the car, when I saw at the first glance one of the loveliest-looking women my eyes ever fell on, and in came my hotel friend. I pointed my finger slyly at her, and he kissed her with a relish that made my mouth water from end to end. Quick as a flash he turned to me and said: 'Now, sir, it is your turn,' pointing to a hideous, ugly, wrinkled old woman, who sat in the seat behind. 'Oh, you must excuse me! you must excuse me!' I exclaimed. 'I'm sold this time. I give up. Do tell me who you have been kissing.' 'My wife!' was all he said."

**Affronted Him.**—A Boston theater manager once ran across a friend of the slightest possible acquaintance who asked him for a pass. The manager searched in his inside pocket, and then shook his head. "I'd give you one willingly, but I haven't a card with me. I don't see how I can do it without my card." The would-be deadhead looked blank. Suddenly the manager said: "I'll tell you what I can do. Instead of using a card I'll just write 'Pass bearer' on your shirt front; that will get you in all right. Will that do?" The man assented, and the pass was written. That evening the deadhead showed up at the theater in due course, and the man at the gate nodded when he looked at the signature on the shining bosom. "All right; that's good." The deadhead passed through the gate and started into the theater. He had only taken a few steps when the gatekeeper called him back. The man looked surprised. "What's the matter now? Isn't it all right?" The gatekeeper nodded. "Yes: but you must give up the pass."

**Questions.**—The difference between the Saxon and the Celt was tested in a colloquial tilt between an Irishman and an Englishman. It could have been between no others. The rule was, that neither of them should ask the other a question which the questioner himself could not answer. The first question from the Irishman was this: "How is it that the gopher burrows a hole in the ground, and leaves no dirt around the hole?" The Saxon gave it up. "Faith," said the Irishman, "he begins at the other end." "But," said the Saxon, "How does he get to the other end?" "Ah!" said the Celt, "that's a question of your own asking."—*Samuel S. Cox.*

**Goat's Life Saved.**—Mulvaney decreed death to his goat because he chewed up everything, but the animal was spared because Mrs. Mulvaney interceded for him; but finally that goat chewed up Mulvaney's red flannel shirt, and then Mulvaney said he must die. Mrs. Mulvaney again interceded, but to no avail. Mulvaney took the goat upon the railroad track, fastened him to one of the railroad ties, and watched him as a train came dashing along. The goat stood there, watching too, and, in fear and trepidation, began to cough, when out came the red flannel shirt, signaling the train and causing it to stop, and that saved the goat's life. It's a pretty good world yet, and the goat is going to live!—*George Roe Van de Water.*

**In a Fix.**—A man whose reputation for honesty was a little rocky, on going home from his work one night, came across a pile of planks which somebody had unloaded by the roadside, and he couldn't overcome the impulse to steal the top plank. He knew it wouldn't do to go through the village, and thus expose the theft, and so he struck across lots. In the growing dusk he wandered into a bog-hole and sank into the mire. The more he struggled to extricate himself, the deeper he sank, until at last, alarmed for his safety, he called for help. His cries soon brought a neighbor with a lantern, who inquired what the matter was. "Well," said the man, "I was in a hurry to get home to-night, and so I took my way across the swamp and I got into this bog. The more I tried to get out the deeper I got in. Finally I went back up to the road and got this plank to see if I couldn't manage to get myself out with that."—*George A. Marden.*

**Curran and the Hundred Pounds.**—A farmer, attending a fair with a hundred pounds in his pocket, took the precaution of depositing it in the hands of the landlord of the public-house at which he stopped. Having occasion for it shortly afterwards, he resorted to his host for payment. But the landlord, too deep for the countryman, wondered what he meant, and was quite sure no such sum had ever been deposited in his hands by the astonished rustic. After ineffectual appeals to the recollection and finally to the honor of Bardolph, the farmer applied to Curran for advice. "Have patience, my friend," said the counsel; "speak to the landlord civilly; tell him you have left your money with some other person. Take a friend with you, and lodge with him another hundred in the presence of your friend, and come to me." He did so, and returned to his legal friend. "And now I can't see how I am going to be the better off for this, if I get my second hundred back again—but how is that to be done?" "Go and ask him for it when he is alone," said the counsel. "Ay, sir, but asking won't do, I'm afraid." "Never mind, take my advice," said the counsel, "do as I bid you, and return to me." The farmer returned with his hundred, glad to find that safely in his possession. "Now, sir, I must be content, but I don't see as I am much better off." "Well, then," said the counsel, "now take your friend with you, and ask the landlord for the hundred pounds your friend saw you leave with him." The wily landlord found he had been taken off his guard, while our honest friend exultingly returned to thank the counsel with both hundreds in his pocket.

**Worse Off Than Before.**—A gentleman bought a dog. His wife did not like dogs, and she specially detested a dog that always sits whining at the door waiting for an opportunity to get into the house and get under the stove. Finally the good man surrendered to his wife, and agreed to get rid of the dog. But he didn't want to kill it; he wasn't sure that he could lose it, so he thought he would try to sell it. When he came back without the dog his wife was delighted. She said, "Where is the dog?" "I have sold him." "You dear man!" she said, "how much did you get for him?" "Ten dollars." Visions of new bonnets in her head, she put her arms around his neck and said, "Have you got the money?" "No," said he; "I took five pups at two dollars apiece."—*H. S. Taylor.*

**"Boots and Saddles."**—A soldier of one of our infantry regiments at Nashville, during the Civil War, being in need of a pair of boots, and not being able to draw them from the quartermaster, went into the shop of a Jew dealer, and immediately priced some that were lying on the counter. "Dese poots ish nine dollars," said the dealer. "Can't give it; they are too dear," said the soldier. After some higgling, which brought down the price considerably, the soldier bought a pair and started off. He had walked only two or three squares, however, when the soles came off! Of course he at once made tracks for the Jew's store, and on entering accosted him with—"Look here, you scoundrel, you've swindled me! These boots ain't worth a cent!" The Jew looked up in amazement at his customer, and putting on an air of well-feigned astonishment, replied: "Oh, dem ish not infantry poots: I thought you vas a cavalryman."

**His Fast-Time.**—A Spanish priest, exhorting soldiers to fight like lions, added in his ardor, "Reflect, my children, that whosoever falls to-day sups to-night in paradise." Thunders of applause followed the sentiment. The fight began, the ranks wavered, and the priest took to his heels, when a soldier, stopping him, reproachfully referred to the promised supper in paradise. "True, my son, true," said the priest, "but I never take supper."

**Both Passed.**—A prominent lawyer says that many years ago he went West, but as he got no clients and stood a good chance of starving to death, he decided to come East again. Without any money he boarded a train for Nashville, Tennessee, intending to seek employment as reporter on one of the daily newspapers. When the conductor called for his ticket, he said: "I am on the staff of the ——— of Nashville; I suppose you will pass me?" The conductor looked at him sharply. "The editor of that paper is in the smoker; come with me; if he identifies you, all right." He followed the conductor into the smoker; the situation was explained. The "editor" said: "Oh, yes, I recognize him as one of the staff; it is all right." Before leaving the train the lawyer again sought the "editor." "Why did you say you recognized me? I'm not on your paper." "I'm not the editor, either. I'm traveling on his pass, and was scared to death lest you should give me away."

**Buying Speed.**—An old colored man had a mule that would not move for him. He pulled and dragged his mule until he was exhausted, and finally he sat down and said, "Well, ole fellow, yo's got de best ob me." There was a drug-store across the street, and a thought struck him. He went across and he said: "Has yo' got anyt'ing dat will make dat mule ob mine go?" The druggist said, "I don't know; I can try it." He came out and punched a little medicine into the mule's side. The mule commenced to wriggle around, and finally off he started over the side of the hill at a good pace. Sambo watched him for a moment or two and then he ran into the drug-store, saying, "Mister, how much yo' cha'ge for dat med'cine?" "Ten cents." "Has yo' any mo'?" "Yes." "Den jes put twenty cents wuf inter me so I kin ketch dat mule."—*John Philip Quinn.*

**A Perverted Parable.**—The old Dutchmen were kind to their neighbors in distress; not after the fashion of the modern version of the Good Samaritan who said to the inn-keeper, "Take care of him, and when I return I will repay thee"; and this he said knowing he would not pass that way again. —*Henry Elias Howland.*

**Not All Wool.**—A man had purchased a quantity of wool from a country grocer, and the latter had gone to the desk to get change for a note. Happening to turn his head while there, he saw, in a glass that hung so as to reflect the store, a stout arm reach up and take from the shelf a heavy cheese. The crafty grocer gave the thief his change as if nothing had happened, and then, under pretence of lifting the bag to lay it on a horse for him, took hold of it, and as it appeared to be heavier than he had expected, he exclaimed, "Why, bless me! I must have reckoned the weight wrong." "Oh, no," said the other, "you may be sure o' that, for I counted them with you." "Well, well, we won't dispute about the matter—it's so easily tried!" replied the grocer, putting the bag into the scale again. "There!" said he, "I told you so—knew I was right—made a mistake of nearly twenty pounds. However, if you don't want the whole, you needn't have it—I'll take part of it out." "No, no," said the other, staying the hands of the grocer on their way to the strings of the bag; "I rather guess I'll take the whole." And this he did, paying for his rascality by receiving skim-milk cheese at the price of wool.

**Musical Rogue.**—A beggar presented himself regularly at a certain coffee-house with a clarinet under his arm. "Will you allow me, gentlemen," said he, in a humble tone of voice, "to play a tune? I am no virtuoso, and if you prefer giving me a trifle, I will spare you the annoyance of listening to me." Every one felt at once for a few stray coppers, and the musician departed with a profound reverence. This he repeated several evenings in succession. At last, one evening, a young man who had never failed to contribute to the wants of the itinerant musician, asked him in a friendly manner to give them a tune, let it be good or bad; he wanted to hear him. "But I am afraid, sir, I shall disappoint you." "Never mind, give us a tune." "Well, sir, since you insist upon it," said the poor man, "I will tell you that I don't play at all."

**Not Identified.**—A miser who had lost a bag containing a hundred guineas offered ten guineas reward for its return. A poor man who had found it brought it to the miser and demanded the reward. The miser met the demand with the statement that there were a hundred and ten guineas in the bag when it was lost and that the finder must have helped himself to the reward. The case came into court, where the miser made this statement upon oath, whereupon the judge ordered the production of the bag, which was found to be sealed and which bore unmistakable signs of having been sealed up long prior to the date of the loss. The miser having sworn to the identity of the bag, the judge had the seal broken and the money counted, and finding that it contained but a hundred guineas, handed it back to the poor man, saying that as the miser's bag contained a hundred and ten guineas that could not be his, and he, the finder, must keep it until the rightful owner claimed it.

# CONVIVIALITY, DISSIPATION

**Too Buoyant.**—"Why do you drink so much?" said a clergyman to a helpless drunkard. "To drown my troubles." "And do you succeed in drowning them?" "No, hang 'em, they can swim."

**Sociability.**—"A citizen, coming on board, fell into conversation with a passenger, who made some inquiries about a third man. 'Lives in your place, I believe, don't he?' 'Yes, one of our oldest citizens.' 'Very sociable man, ain't he?' 'Remarkably so.' 'Well, I thought so. I think he is one of the most sociable men I ever met in all my life. Wonderfully sociable! I was introduced to him over at Grayson Springs last summer, and he hadn't been with me ten minutes when he begged all the tobacco I had, got his feet up in my lap, and spit all over me!—re-mark-ably sociable!'"

**Reaction.**—The same night in which Sheridan had electrified Parliament with his eloquence he might have been picked up drunk in the streets.

**Reason to Doubt.**—Si Stoughton, though a heavy drinker, was a kind husband and father; but Si is dead now. Shortly after that sad event the widow was visited by a spiritualistic friend, who had come to tell the bereaved one that she had seen his spirit. She was sure it was he. "Oh, no, it is impossible," sighed the widow sadly; "it wasn't Si's spirit; he didn't leave any."

**Wouldn't Have Made Him.**—A three-year-old saw a drunken man "tacking" through the street. "Mother," said he, "did God make that man?" "Yes, my child." The little boy reflected a moment, and then exclaimed: "I wouldn't have done it."

**What Use?**—This morning a regular customer remonstrated with his butcher about high prices. "Look here, grass is beginning to grow, and corn is getting cheaper; you ought to come down in the price of beef." "Vat's de use to talk apout cheapness so long as de barkeepers vants a dime every dimes a feller vants to vet his vissle? Vat's de use von de corn comin' in town so long ash de corn-juice stays up so high ash never vash?"

**Wanted Barbecues.**—A father says to his son, whom he has gone to fetch home from school, "Well, what did you do to-day?" "We had Homer explained. Tell me, papa, is it true then that the ancients used to roast an ox whole?" "Certainly, and they ate it, too." "Then why don't they serve beefsteaks like that now?"

**All Tight?**—A reporter who attended a banquet concluded his description with the candid statement that "it is not distinctly remembered by anybody present who made the last speech."

**Couldn't Balance His Account.**—"Who is he?" said a passer-by to a policeman, who was endeavoring to raise an intoxicated individual who had fallen into the gutter. "Can't say, sir," replied the policeman; "he can't give any account of himself." "Of course not," replied the other, "how are you to expect an account from a man who has lost his balance?"

**A Double-Ender.**—A somewhat inebriated gentleman had boarded a down-town car on Putnam avenue, Brooklyn. Balancing himself against the door, he asked the conductor to let him off at Smith street. When Smith street was reached he recognized his destination and, stumbling over to the bell-strap, gave it a tremendous tug. The conductor was furious. "What do you mean by jerking the bell like that—ringing it at both ends?" he said, with rising anger. "Well (hic) don't I want the carsh stop (hic) at bosh ends?"

**Last Glimmer.**—Wife (who has been sitting up for delinquent): "Are you crazy? Have you been going about the streets with your umbrella up this starlight night?" Weary husband: "That's just it, dear. It's the stars—perfect avalanche of 'em—couldn't dodge 'em, so put—up umbrella. Thought people would think I was intoxicated if I didn't." Wife: "If you didn't what?" Tired one: "Dunno."

**A Lean-To.**—A man praising porter, said it always made him fat. "I have seen the time," said another, "when it made you lean." "When, I should like to know?" inquired the eulogist. "Why, no longer ago than last night—against the woodshed wall."

**Disarmed by Compliment.**—The blacksmith of a certain village was so often seen the worse for drink that the feelings of his pastor were at length roused into activity on behalf of Vulcan's two sons, on whom their father's example was likely to exert no very good influence. Meeting him one day when introduced, the minister said: "Robert, this is an awful way to bring up your sons; what can you expect to make of them, with a drunken father?" The appeal was not lost on Robert, who, with a twinkle of genuine affection in his eye, and a sensation of choking in his throat, replied: "Well, minister, I hope to make my two lads what it's not possible for you to make your two." "Yes, and what is that?" "Well, sir, I hope to make them better men than their father."

**Reciprocity.**—When a certain general was camping on the lower Mississippi, his negro boy, Harry, was one day asked by a friend whether the general was not terribly annoyed by mosquitoes. "No, sah!" said Harry; "in the evenin' Mars' George is so 'toxicated he don' min' de skeeters, and in de mornin' the skeeters is so 'toxicated dey don' min' Mars' George."

**Full Already.**—A crowded trolley-car. Enter Mrs. Mulcahey with a jug. Mr. Mahoney, who is seated, facetiously: "Wud I hould the whiskey for yez, Mrs. Mulcahey?" Mrs. Mulcahey (with withering sarcasm): "Thank yez koindly, sor; but yez have all ye can hould now, I'm thinking."

**A Temperance Story.**—Once upon a time a very good and pious person saw a bibulous man coming out of a saloon in a state of mild and melancholy intoxication. "Oh! my friend," cried the pious person, "I am very, very sorry to see you coming out of such a place." "Is that so?" replied the bibulous man in a thick and tearful voice. "Well, I will go right back again." And he did.

**An Exemplar.**—"My dear, sh-sh-don't y' think we'd better (hic) zh-bring up the baby on er (hic) bottle? I was brought up on (hic) 'er bottle my-zelf."

**Congressional.**—A stranger dropped in one morning before breakfast at a Washington drug-store and called for a bottle of Congress water. The intelligent clerk ducked beneath the counter and promptly produced a bottle of old Monongahela. The customer tasted it, and then, depositing his glass, remarked, "Do you call that Congress water?" "That's it," answered the pill-compounder, smiling pleasantly. "Every Congressman that comes in here drinks it."

**Knew too Much.**—Doctor: "You must drink claret to build up your system." Patient: "Oh! don't ask me to do that, doctor. I am a wine-merchant. I know how it's made."

**Would Keep It Dark.**—One of the parishioners of a very dignified minister was much addicted to drink, and one night the clergyman met him coming home in such a condition that he remonstrated with him on the spot. He endeavored to point out the degradation of such a state, and, by way of clinching his argument, asked, "What would you say if you were to see me reeling down the road in a state of hopeless intoxication?" The offender appeared to be deeply impressed, and answered fervently, "I wouldn't tell a soul, sir."

**Opposition.**—"Beg pardon, sir, but could (hic) you tell me which is the opposite side of the street?" "Why, that side, sir" (pointing across). "Mush oblish. I was sover there jus' now, and asked 'nother gen'l'n which was opps' side, an' he said this was."

**Cure for Weak Eyes.**—An eldery gentleman, accustomed to "indulge," entered the barroom of a certain tavern, where sat a grave friend by the fire. Lifting a pair of green spectacles upon his forehead, rubbing his inflamed eyes, and calling for hot brandy-and-water, he complained to the friend that his eyes were getting weaker, and that even spectacles did not seem to do them any good. "I'll tell thee, friend," replied the Quaker, "what I think. If thee were to wear thy spectacles over thy mouth for a few months thine eyes would get well again."

**Full Moon.**—The young man was trying to play sober. He sat with the young lady on the front steps. He studied for a long time, trying to think of something that would illustrate his sobriety. Finally he looked up, and solemnly said: "The (hic) moon's as full as a goose; ain't it?"

**Self-Denial.**—Bently, a confirmed drinker, would never drink with a friend or in public, and always bitterly denied, when a little too steep, ever tasting liquor. One day some doubting friends concealed themselves in his room, and when the liquor was running down his throat, seized him with his arm crooked and mouth open, and holding him fast, asked with an air of triumph: "Ah, Bently, have we caught you at last? You don't drink, ha!" "Gentlemen, my name is not Bently!"

**Disturbed His Own Funeral.**—A drunken man fell asleep by the roadside at Delagoa Bay. A patrol coming along thought he was dead, and, as burial in that part of the world follows straight on the heels of death, he was speedily taken to the cemetery, where there are always some open graves. The lowering into the grave aroused the toper, who made such a commotion that he was released. He was immediately fined twenty-five dollars for creating a disturbance at a funeral.

**Proficiency.**—A Chinaman went home intoxicated, and was met at the door by his wife, who clubbed him unmercifully. A passer-by remarked: "John, your wife heap fight." "Yes," he replied, "she too muchee sabee. She live 'long side Melican woman tlee month."

**Sober Once.**—A man, upon being charged by a friend with never going to bed sober, indignantly denied it, and gave the incidents of one particular night in proof: "Pretty soon after I got into bed, my wife said, 'Why, husband, what is the matter with you? You act strangely!' 'There's nothing the matter with me,' said I; 'nothing at all.' 'I'm sure there is,' said she, 'you don't act natural at all. Shan't I get up and get something for you?' And she got up, lighted a candle, and came to the bedside to look at me, shading the light with her hand. 'I knew there was something strange about you,' said she; 'why you are sober!'"

**Sad Death of Burns.**—On one occasion Burns went to a party at the Globe Tavern, where he waited late, and on his way home, heavy with liquor, he fell asleep in the open air. The result, in his weakened state of body, was disastrous. He was attacked by rheumatic fever, his appetite began to fail, his black eyes lost their lustre, his voice became tremulous and hollow. Death came in the following July.

**Water.**—A young man, decidedly inebriated, walked into the executive chamber, and asked for the governor. "What do you want with him?" inquired the secretary. "Oh, I want an office with a good salary—a sinecure." "Well," replied the secretary, "I can tell you something better for you than a sinecure—you had better try a water cure."

**Six and Half a Dozen.**—Doctor Fordyce sometimes drank a good deal at dinner. He was summoned one evening to see a lady patient, when he was more than half-seas-over, and conscious that he was so. Feeling her pulse, and finding himself unable to count its beats, he muttered, "Drunk, certainly!" Next morning, recollecting the circumstance, he was greatly vexed; and just as he was thinking what explanation of his behavior he should offer to the lady, a letter from her was put into his hand. She too well knew, said the letter, that he had discovered the unfortunate condition in which she was when he last visited her; and she entreated him to keep the matter secret, in consideration of the hundred-pound bank-note which she enclosed.

**Short Gratification.**—Lysimachus, on account of extreme thirst, offered his kingdom to the Getæ to quench it. His exclamation when he had drunk, says Bishop Horne, is wonderfully striking: "Ah, wretched me! who, for such a momentary gratification, have lost so great a kingdom!"

**Boon Companionship.**—An Irishman used to come home drunk, and once, when he was watering his horse, his wife said to him, "Now, Paddy, is not the baste an example to ye? don't yer see he laves off whin he's had enough; he's the most sensible baste of the two." "Oh, it's very well to discourse like that, Biddy," cried Paddy; "but if there was another horse at the other side of the trough to say 'Here's your health, my ould boy!' would he stop till he drank the whole trough, think ye?"

**Early Riser, or Late?**—Some wag took a drunken fellow, placed him in a coffin with the lid left so that he could lift it, put him in a graveyard, and waited to see the effect. After a short time the fumes of the liquor left him, and his position being rather confined, he sat upright, and after looking around, exclaimed: "Well, I'm the first one that riz, or else I'm confoundly belated!"

**On Tap.**—A devotee of Bacchus was about to undergo an operation for dropsy at the hands of his physicians. "Oh, father, father!" screamed a son of the patient, who was looking on, "do anything else, but don't let them tap you." "But, Sammy," said the father, "it will do me good, and I shall live many a year after to make you happy." "No, father, you won't. There never was anything tapped in our house that lasted longer than a week."

**All He Could Hold.**—An individual at the races was staggering about the track with more liquor than he could carry. "Hallo, what's the matter now?" said a chap whom the inebriated man had run against. "Why (hic), why, the fact is (hic), a lot of my friends have been betting liquor on a race to-day, and they have got me to hold the stakes."

**He Beat It All Hollow.**—A story is current among the Chinese of a great wine-drinker who was able to sit all day at a table and, after consuming what would have been sufficient to drive the reason out of half a dozen men, would rise up perfectly sober. The emperor, hearing of the fame of this deep drinker, asked him to dinner, that he might test his marvelous powers. The emperor ordered a hollow figure to be cast in bronze of the exact size and model of this man, and, as the wine was served, for each cup the guest drank a similar cup was poured into the opening at the top of the head of the image. This went on for some hours, until, at length, the bronze statue overflowed, while the guest still continued at the table, and rose from it perfectly sober.

**What is Enough?**—Friend: "Look here, Tom, you've had enough." Tipsy youth: "No such thing. Of'en had too much; never had 'nough."

**Smelling and Tasting.**—"Is the sense of smelling more pleasing than the sense of tasting?" was the subject before a debating club. Skilton was the last to speak upon the negative, and all were anxious to hear him, when, ringing the bell, he ordered up a glass of hot whiskey punch, and drank it off with great gusto. Then, turning to his opponents, handed the empty glass to the leading disputant, and thundered out: "Now, sir, smell it!" It is needless to add that Skilton "brought down the house," and carried the decision for the negative.

**Never Saw Him Drunk.**—A late reverend gentleman, in Aberdeenshire, being summoned before his presbytery for tippling, one of his elders, the constant participator of his orgies, was summoned to appear as a witness against him. "Weel, John," said a member of the reverend court, "did you ever see Mr. C—— the worse of drink?" "Weel I wat, no," answered John; "I've mony time seen him the better o't, but never seen him the waur o't." "But did you never see him drunk?" "That's what I'll never see," replied the elder; "for lang before he's half slokened, I'm aye blind fou."

**Smoking.**—I once listened to a lecture from an Indian chief. It was an unimpassioned effort to tell something of Indian peculiarities. Among other things he said: "Indian great smoker! Smokin' great help to laziness!"

**Saw His Finish.**—Speaking of the tendency of temperance orators to set forward themselves as previous examples of the blighting effects of drink, a correspondent of the Inverness "Advertiser" says: "This predilection was smartly satirized the other evening at a temperance meeting. A person in the hall got up and said, 'My friends, three months ago I signed the pledge. [Clapping of hands and approving cheers.] A month afterwards, my friends, I had a sovereign in my pocket, a thing I never had before. [Clapping and loud cheers.] In another month, I had a good coat on my back, a thing I never had before. [Cheers and clapping much louder.] A fortnight after that, my friends, I bought a coffin.' The audience was going to cheer here, but stopped and looked serious. 'You all wonder,' continued the lecturer, 'why I bought a coffin;—well, my friends, I bought the coffin because I felt pretty certain that if I kept the pledge another fortnight I should want one.'"

**Reversed Himself.**—Some years ago a noted warrior of the Pottawattamie tribe presented himself to the Indian agent at Chicago, as one of the chief men of his village, observing, with the customary simplicity of the Indian, that he was a very good man, and a good American, and concluding with a request for a dram of whiskey. The agent replied that it was not his practice to give whiskey to good men; that good men never asked for whiskey, and never drank it when it was offered to them; that it was bad Indians only who demanded whiskey. "Then," replied the Indian, "me d—n rascal."

**Tantalizing.**—As Deacon A——, on an extremely cold morning in old times, was riding by the house of his neighbor B——, the latter was chopping wood. The usual salutations were exchanged, the severity of the weather briefly discussed, and the horseman made demonstrations of passing on, when his neighbor detained him with: "Don't be in a hurry, Deacon. Wouldn't you like a glass of good old Jamaica this morning?" "Thank you, kindly," said the old gentleman, at the same time beginning to dismount with all the deliberation becoming a deacon, "I don't care if I do." "Ah, don't trouble yourself to get off, Deacon," said the neighbor, "I merely asked for information. We haven't a drop in the house."

**Fergusson's End.**—Robert Fergusson was the poet of Scottish city life, or rather the laureate of Edinburgh. His dissipations were on the increase, his tavern life and boon companions hastening him on to a premature and painful death. His reason first gave way. He was sent to an asylum for the insane. After about two months' confinement he died in his cell.

**The Chickens Got Drunk.**—An amusing accident happened to the chickens of a woman in Tennessee. Her husband bought a bottle of brandy cherries. The cherries were eaten and the pits thrown out, and the chickens ate them greedily. In a short time the woman found that her chickens were all dead. She told an old negress that she might pluck the chickens and put the feathers in her bed, which she readily did. After picking off the feathers she carried the chickens out and threw them away. Night came on. The owner of the chickens was sorely grieved at her loss, but sleep soon swept away her troubles. At early dawn she was alarmed at hearing old chanticleer crowing loudly and the hens cackling. Judge her surprise when, on opening the doors and looking out, she saw every hen and rooster, young and old, grave and gay, marching round eyeing each other with suspicion, many of them entirely naked, while only a few had wing and tail feathers. The cherry-pits made them dead drunk.

**He Was Up.**—"Is your master up?" asked an early visitor of a nobleman's valet. "Yes, sir," rejoined the valet with great innocence; "the butler and I carried him up about three o'clock."

**Another Dimension.**—"My dear, come in and go to bed," said the wife of a jolly son of Erin, who had just returned from a fair, in a decidedly how-come-you-so state. "You must be dreadfully tired, sure, with your long walk of six miles." "Arrah, get away wid your nonsense," said Pat, "it wasn't the length of the way that fatigued me—'twas the breadth of it."

**His Strength Increased.**—A student of one of our State colleges had a barrel of ale deposited in his room—contrary, of course, to rule and usage. He received a summons to appear before the president, who said: "Sir, I am informed that you have a barrel of ale in your room." "Yes, sir." "Well, what explanation can you make?" "Why, the fact is, sir, my physician advises me to try a little each day as a tonic, and not wishing to stop at the various places where the beverage is retailed, I concluded to have a barrel taken to my room." "Indeed. And have you derived any benefit from the use of it?" "Ah, yes, sir. When the barrel was first taken to my room, two days since, I could scarcely lift it. Now I can carry it with the greatest ease."

**Treating.**—"Major, I see two cocktails carried to your room, every morning, as if you had some one to drink with." "Yes, sir: one cocktail makes me feel like another man; and, of course, I'm bound to treat the other man."

**Deleterious Drinks.**—A doctor who was given to dwelling on the evils of tea and coffee met a witty Irishman of the better class, to whom he said: "Perhaps you think that I could not convince you of the injurious effects of tea and coffee." "I don't know," said the man from Erin, "I'd like to be there when you did it." "Well," said the doctor, "if I convince you that they are injurious to your health, will you abstain from their use?" "Sure and I will, sir." "How often do you use coffee and tea?" asked the doctor. "Morning and night, sir." "Well," said the doctor, "do you ever experience a slight dizziness of the brain on retiring at night?" "I do; indeed I do." "And a sharp pain through the temples, in and about the eyes, in the morning?" "Troth I do, sir." "Well," said the doctor, with an air of confidence and assurance in his manner, "that is tea and coffee." "Is it, indeed? Faith and I always thought it was the whuskey."

**Perfectly Sane.**—Many years ago in a Philadelphia court a pretty young widow was in danger of losing two-thirds of her husband's estate. His relatives grounded their claim on the alleged insanity of the deceased. The presiding judge was not only convivial, but also very gallant. "What were your husband's last words?" inquired the attorney. The pretty widow blushed and, looking down, replied: "I'd rather not tell." "But indeed you must, ma'am. Your claim may be decided by it." Still blushing, the widow declined to tell. At last a direct appeal from the bench elicited the information: "He said, 'Kiss me, Polly, and open the other bottle of champagne!'" The judge at this instant cried, with all the enthusiasm of conviction, "Sensible to the last!"

**A Diluter.**—A gentleman in an English town gave his man servant some whiskey to mix with the whiting in cleansing the windows of the house. He was surprised to see that the man never dipped the cloth in the whiskey, and accosted the delinquent sharply as to what had become of the spirits. The following reply was made: "Ye see, yer honor, I drank it, but (suiting the action to the word) I blow my breath on the glass, and its a' the same."

**Tennyson's Wise Words.**—At the risk of provoking a smile at our simplicity, we will relate that long years ago, when we thought that great men, if they speak at all, always speak words of wisdom, we followed Tennyson, who was accompanied by a lady and two children, about the South Kensington Museum for two hours and a half, hoping that he would speak. At last he made signs as if he were about to do so. Hoping to hear some criticisms of a painting we listened intently, and these memorable words fell from the lips of England's poet laureate: "You take care of the children while I go and get some beer."—*Rev. J. M. Buckley.*

**Innocent Acquisitiveness.**—Basking in the light of the Pilgrims' glory, we gather here to celebrate them and ourselves. As products of their evolution we have learned, as the development of this country shows, to lay hold, so far as in us lies, upon the treasures of earth, and to illustrate the character of the prisoner in the police court who was asked: "Do you know anything of the robbery of this liquor-store?" To which he replied, "Well, Judge, do you suppose I'd be sober if I did?"—*Henry Elias Howland.*

**Waiting for His Mutton.**—During the height of the so-called "Jingo" excitement in England, when men, and more especially women, were almost unendurable on account of their political vehemence, Lord Beaconsfield was, apparently at least, perfectly calm. Seated at dinner by the side of an illustrious lady, he was asked in tones full of feminine petulance: "What are you waiting for? What are you waiting for?"—the implication being amazement that he did not hurl England into a war against Russia. "Waiting?" said he; "I am waiting for some roast mutton and potatoes."

**Yielding to Force.**—"Bridget," said O'Mulligan to his wife, "it's a cowld ye have. A drop of the crather 'ud do you no harrum." "Och hone," said Biddy, "I've taken the pledge; but you can mix a drink, Jemmy, and force me to swally it."

**Special Grace.**—The Bishop of Mayence once delivered a sermon against drunkenness, and after painting in the strongest colors the evils of overindulgence, concluded as follows: But the abuse of wine does not exclude its use; for it is written that wine rejoices the heart of man. Probably there is no one in my congregation who cannot drink four bottles of wine without feeling any disturbance of his senses, but if any man at the seventh or eighth bottle so forgets himself as to abuse and strike his wife and children and treat his best friends as enemies, let him look into his own conscience, and in future always stop at the sixth bottle. Yet, if after drinking eight, or even ten or twelve bottles, he can still take his Christian neighbor lovingly by the hand, and obey the orders of his spiritual and temporal superiors, let him thankfully take his modest draught. He must be careful, however, as to taking any more, for it is seldom that Providence gives any one the special grace to drink sixteen bottles at a sitting, as it has enabled me, its unworthy servant, to do, without either neglecting my duties or losing my temper.

**The Bailie's Logic.**—A woman at Kirkcaldy was found lying drunk in the street with a child four months old beside her. The police took her before Bailie Taft, who said—quite rightly—that her conduct was a disgrace to humanity. The woman replied that she had reared a family of fourteen, and that no harm had happened to any of them. To this the bailie retorted that if she had behaved herself she might have had double that number of children.

**He Was No Hog.**—Some time ago they tried to prohibit the sale of intoxicating liquors in the city of Cincinnati. In the course of a trial there it was endeavored to show that beer is not an intoxicating beverage. A brewer of the city, who weighed some three hundred pounds, was called upon as a witness. Something like the following examination followed: "How long have you been connected with the brewing business?" "About twenty-five or thirty years." "You know something about beer?" "Yes." "How much beer do you drink a day?" "Seventy-five or eighty glasses." "Now, do you consider beer an intoxicating liquor?" "Well, it never made me drunk, but I don't know what it would do if a man made a hog of himself."—*W. S. Christopher.*

**Yacht Defined.**—"What is a yacht?" we inquired of a long, gaunt codger who was lounging about the wharf. "Wot's a yot?" said the lounger; "well, you get any sort of craft you please, and fill her up with liquor and seegyars and get your friends on board and have a high old time, and that's a yot!"

**Abruptly Finished.**—To a young man who stood on the street-corner in Chicago, peaceably smoking a cigar, approached the elderly and impertinent reformer of immemorial legend. "How many cigars a day do you smoke?" inquired the meddler in other people's affairs. "Three," patiently replied the youth. "How much do you pay for them?" continued the inquisitor. "Ten cents each," confessed the youthful sinner. "Don't you know, sir," continued the sage, "that if you would stop smoking and save up that money, by the time you are as old as I am you might own that big building on the corner?" "Do you own it?" answered the smoker. "No, I don't," replied the old man. "Well, I do," said the young man.

**Truth by Implication.**—A certain sea-captain wrote in his log: "The first mate drunk all day." "But," protested that officer, "it was but once for a year, and your record implies that I am a common sot." "Isn't it true that you were drunk all day?" asked the captain. The mate admitted it was a fact, and the captain said, "Then let it stand." The mate's turn came to write the log and he set down: "The captain has been sober all day." "What do you mean, sir?" roared the irate shipmaster. "Isn't it true?" was the reply.—*Melancthon W. Stryker.*

**The Last Survivor.**—A gentleman about to join his regiment, stationed in the West Indies, was making some anxious inquiries of a brother officer, who had returned, after serving several years in that climate, concerning the best means of preserving health; to which the other replied: "During our passage out many serious discussions took place about the mode of living best calculated to preserve health. Not to interrupt each other's plans, we agreed to separate into two distinct messes, which, from their different modes of living, very soon obtained the distinctive appellations of the sober and the drunken club." "Well," said the other gentleman, with some anxiety, "and what was the result?" "Why, truly, not very satisfactory: we buried all the members of the sober club in the course of a few months, and I am the only survivor of the drunken."

**Died While Smoking.**—The fatal effect of a long-continued use of tobacco has been illustrated in the case of a man at Broglie, France, who died lately while smoking his pipe. He was one hundred years and three months old.

**The Show Must Go On.**—A good many years ago, in Philadelphia, a sailor who had partaken of more ardent spirits than any sailor or anybody else ought to partake of, wandered into church. The clergyman was expatiating upon the proposition that in the last great day some would be the sheep and some would be the goats; and he asked: "In that last great day, who will be the goat?" About that time our drunken friend was wandering in, and he said, "Sooner than have the show stop, I'll be the goat."—*Joseph R. Mann.*

**No Inflation.**—There is a boarding-house mistress in Maine who is not in the habit of getting left. When some of the boarders began to brace their constitutions against the enervating spring weather with tonics she posted this notice: "All boarders who build up their appetites artificially will be charged twenty per cent. additional."

# ANECDOTE APPLIED

**Disappointment.**—As I listened to the description indulged in by the president of the orators who preceded those of this evening, and heard indicated to you so distinctly what is expected of us, I was reminded, with respect to myself, of the old lady who, throughout a long life, hoped that some day she might see a hippopotamus. At last a traveling circus, with one of these animals as a curiosity, passed through the village in which she resided, and she went to the show and soon found herself face to face with the animal of her hopes and dreams. After looking him in the face for a moment she threw up her hands and exclaimed, "My, ain't he plain!" —*Seth Low.*

**A Vain Inquiry.**—I wish some philosopher or theologian would tell us why it is that the good have only water in their veins, and warm water, and the weakest of water: even the celebrated Taunton water, that is so weak it will not run down-hill; while the veins of the bad are filled with blood, and alcohol and fire.—*Rev. Heman L. Wayland.*

**Good Pluck, Bad Judgment.**—Well, I was instructed to speak about the influence of Dutch civilization. In doing so I must steer clear of the present situation as much as possible. I have seen the little fellow tackle the big one before, and know only too well the result. I feel that in this gallant fight, now going on, the ultimate result must be like that which befell the Indian who lassoed the locomotive out West. When the engineer saw him whirled through space at the rate of forty miles an hour, fast to his own lasso, he rested his head upon his hand, and watching from the window, said: "Indian, I admire your pluck, but damn your judgment!" —*John S. Wise.*

**Must Pay for It.**—You New-Englanders are as much mixed as to your proper appellation as was the Aberdeen bailie, of whom I read long ago, regarding the difference between a quadruped and a biped. The master of an Aberdeen clipper had been commissioned to take home a monkey from abroad as a present to a young lady in his native city, and through some carelessness the monkey had died on the voyage. The young lady was very much incensed, and she therefore had the captain sued before one of the bailies of the city. After listening carefully to the testimony, the bailie turned to the captain and said, "Aum thinkin', captain, ye'll hae tae pay for the bird." The captain whispered to him, "It's no' a bird, it's a quadruped"; to which the bailie replied, "A weel, quadruped here or quadruped there, ye'll hae tae pay for the bird."—*Dugald Crawford.*

**Which Way Did He Go?**—For many years it has been my practice to follow your president and not with the doubt or hesitation of the questioning spouse, who, when charged by her departing husband to place upon his monument "Prepare to follow me," obeyed the charge, but, remembering his dubious past and his somewhat uncertain future, added a little on her own account to this effect:—

> "To follow thee I'm not content,
> Until I know which way thee went."

—*Charles Emory Smith.*

**The Retort Courteous.**—Like many other public speakers, a well-known lecturer has a great dislike to being interrupted during his lectures, and if any one happens to come in late he has a habit of stopping short and watching the intruder to his seat, generally with the effect of making him look very sheepish and disconcerted. Some time back, while lecturing in a large town, he was interrupted by a man coming in late and making a great noise with his creaking boots. The speaker stopped and stared as usual at the intruder, who seemed not to be in the least conscious that all eyes were upon him. At length, getting out of patience, the lecturer remarked, icily: "I am waiting for you, sir." Apparently, quite unmoved, the offender spent a few seconds in arranging his coat on the chair. Then, sitting down, he turned to the lecturer with a charming smile, and said: "Now, Mr. B——, I am ready if you are."

**Ought to Be Familiar.**—But the veteran always maintains his dignity: both the white veteran and the black veteran. In the mountains of New Hampshire, I met one of the colored troops, who was still "fighting nobly," driving a stage on a country route; and I said to him, "What is your name?" Said he, "George Washington, sah!" I said, "That is a name that is well known to everybody in this country." Said he, "I reckon, sah, it ought to be. I's been drivin' heah eber since de wah!"—*Horace Porter.*

**Anecdotes in the Pulpit.**—It is related that among those who came to hear Whitefield was an old dissenting minister of the name of Cole, who had been for many years minister of one of the chapels in the city. Whitefield, when a boy, had been taught to ridicule Mr. Cole, and one day, when some one asked him what business he would be of, Whitefield replied, "I will be a minister; but I will take care never to tell stories (or anecdotes) in the pulpit, like old Cole." This saying was told to Mr. Cole, who remembered it; and on one of these occasions when Whitefield, whose addresses were interspersed with frequent anecdotal illustrations, happened to tell some "story," Cole said to him after the sermon was over, "I find that young Whitefield can now tell stories as well as old Cole." He was much affected by Whitefield's preaching, and invariably made it a point to be present whenever the opportunity occurred, and was so humble that, said Whitefield, "he used to subscribe himself my curate, and went about preaching after me in the country from place to place; but one evening, whilst preaching, he was struck with death, and then asked for a chair to lean on till he concluded his sermon, when he was carried up-stairs and died. Oh blessed God!" exclaimed Whitefield, "if it be Thy holy will, may my exit be like his."

**Saw Through Him.**—There is one peculiar advantage which the veteran has: nobody is trying to take his place. He is not as apprehensive as that man at Bull Run, at the time the army was a little previous in falling back. He saw a nice eligible ditch which would cover him from the enemy's fire. He flopped into it and lay quietly on his back. Just then General Franklin came along and cried, "Get out of that!" He said, "No, you don't, General; you are just trying to get this little bit of cover for yourself!"—*Horace Porter.*

**Would Not Fail.**—Vermont, as you know, in 1777 declared her independence and for fourteen years, until she was admitted as the first-born child of the Union, not only maintained it against her older and stronger neighbors, but also did her full duty at Bennington and on other fields against the common enemy, and was, to use the poet's phrase, "independent of all, save the mercies of God." It was during this period that Ethan Allen wrote his famous letter to Congress, in which he said, "Rather than fail, I will retire with my hardy Green Mountain boys to the desolate caverns of the mountains and wage war with human nature at large." —*Redfield Proctor.*

**No Choice.**—If you are dissatisfied with what I have said this evening, my only comment is that which a little girl made to her mother, who chided her because God would not be pleased with her sleepy prayer: "Well, it's the best He will get out of me to-night."—*William Walter Phelps.*

**Not the Man He Thought He Was.**—When I realized the difficulty and magnitude of the subject, and saw to what a dizzy height I might have to climb in order properly to unfold the theme, I found myself very much in the condition of one of my old schoolmates, who, having read "Two Years Before the Mast" and the "Pirate's Own Book," conceived the splendid idea of becoming a sailor. He accordingly proceeded to Boston on foot and shipped at once on a vessel ready to sail. The ship had scarcely got outside the harbor before the captain ordered my young sailor friend aloft to unfurl a sail. The boy looked up at the towering mast-top, and then at the captain, but made no start to climb the rigging. The captain ordered him a second time, with the same result, and then said to him: "Why don't you obey orders?" "I can't, sir," said the young man. "But didn't you ship as an able seaman?" "Yes, sir; but I'm not the man I thought I was." —*Calvin E. Pratt.*

**Negro and the Fish.**—Compromise in matters of principle is always a failure. The policy runs away with the principle, and we find ourselves in the position of the negro who was fishing on the coast of Florida, when a tarpon caught hold of his hook and pulled him overboard. He came to the surface and sputtered out, "What I wan' to know, is dis nigger a-fishin', or dis fish a-niggerin'."—*Rev. Henry van Dyke.*

**A Question of Nationality.**—When we come to say what a nationality is, we are very much in the condition of the man on whom the census enumerator called, asking what his nationality was. "That," said the man, "is just what I have been trying all my life to find out. My father was English, my mother was French. I was born in a Dutch ship, sailing under a Spanish flag, and trading in Turkish waters. Now, what am I?"—*Rev. R. S. Storrs.*

**The Blessing of Rest.**—Your hearty greeting tempts me to compliment you as a Hibernian complimented his friend, when he said: "May you live to eat the chicken that scratches the top of your grave." When I rise to speak I remember that the most natural thing in the world for an American to do is to make a speech. When the genuine American is born and gets fairly on his feet, the first thing he does is to say "Fellow citizens," and after he has got through with the world and is about to leave, he says: "One word more." But silence sometimes is more agreeable than speech, as when the man said to the bird-trainer: "I gave you fifty dollars to teach my wife's parrot how to talk. How much will you charge to teach the confounded bird to shut up?" And then there are times when silence is more restful than speech, as when the lady asked the physician for some medicine and he said: "Madam, all you need is rest." "Oh," she says, "just look at my tongue." "Ah," says he, "that needs rest, too." But who could keep silence when there is such a toast as this presented, and I am asked to tell why I like the Dutch?—*T. DeWitt Talmage.*

**He Was Not Lost.**—Being launched into a theme as vast as this, one feels that he may be in danger as the wandering Indian was on the prairie, who, when asked if he was lost, said, "No; Indian no lost; tepee lost."—*Rev. R. S. Storrs.*

**A Healthy Profession.**—I will say that journalism is a healthy profession, whatever may be the fate of those who are connected with it. A venerable New England woman has recently stated that she sees every day in the newspapers, the same men writing who used to write when she was a little girl. "I see '*Veritas*,' and '*Pro Bono Publico*,' and 'Observer,' and 'Lover of Truth,' and they are at it now, and it does my soul good to read them." Journalism must be a healthy profession.—*Rev. J. M. Buckley.*

**Not Bigoted.**—Another reason why we come to this dinner, when we get an invitation, is best stated in the story of a temperance lecturer who was caught by a disciple, after he retired, taking a hot whiskey punch. Said his shocked follower, "I thought you were a total abstainer." "So I am," said the lecturer, "but not a bigoted one."—*Chauncey M. Depew.*

**Lost Echo.**—The veteran has been described as an angel, with just enough of the devil in him to make him perfect; and I began to realize that on my last visit to Ireland. In the Gap of Dunloe I was searching for the famous echo; but it, like many things in Ireland, exists proverbially in the guide-books. I shouted to it, but it did not seem on sufficiently intimate terms with me to respond. I said to the guide, "What is the matter with the echo?" Said he, "It has not been here, sir, since last season." "How is that?" said I. "Well, sir, last season there was one of your ould veteran soldiers from America came over here, and he addressed that echo in such terrible, blasphemous words, that he scared it entirely away!"—*Horace Porter.*

**Not Ashamed of It.**—Those forefathers of ours are very much alive. An Irishman, going through a graveyard, paused before a tombstone, and reading the inscription, "I am not dead but living," sententiously said, as he turned away, "Begorra, if oi was dead, oi wouldn't be ashamed to own it." No man need feel called upon to apologize for the Pilgrims as not dead to-night.—*Henry A. Stimson.*

**Spreading Herself.**—I don't suppose it was intended that I should entirely compass this toast to-night in all its magnitude. I have been generous enough to suppose that it was only given to me in the spirit of that small boy in the country who came in and told his mother that he had set the old brindle hen on two dozen eggs. "Why," she said, "you don't expect her to hatch two dozen, do you?" He said: "No; but I just wanted to see the darned old thing spread herself." —*Horace Porter.*

# BLUNDERS, IRISHISMS

**How They Sold Out.**—Two Irishmen going to the Derby races took a keg of whiskey to sell there. In going they agreed that neither should have a drink without paying for it. They went a good way and then had a rest. One of them, who had threepence (the other had nothing) got some whiskey and paid the other for it. By and by the one who got the threepence became thirsty, too, so he had some whiskey and paid the one who first had the threepence for it. They went on their way, first one paying and then the other, till all the whiskey was drunk. They then started to count the receipts and were a little surprised to find they had only threepence.

**Wrong Idea.**—" Our hero sat in the corner of the railway compartment devouring his newspaper," read Miss Myrtle Dolan from the latest acquisition to her paper-cover library. " He wor devourin' what? " asked her father, with sudden interest. " His newspaper, the book says," replied Myrtle. " Go an wid yees. Oi t'ought 'twor a mon ye wor r'adin' about, an' now, be the powers, he turns out to be a goat! "

**He Took the Coat.**—" Dinnis, me b'y! " " Fwhat do yees want? " said the man in the cart. " Are yees goin' to the town? " " That oi am." The man who had called him came out of the cabin, and approached the cart. " Oi have a coat to sind to the town," said the man who had come out of the house. " Wad yees moind takin' it fer me? " " Not at all," said the man in the cart, " if yees till me the addhriss oi'm to lave it at." " Niver moind the addhriss," said the other, with his hand on the wheel. " Sure it's mesilf that's goin' insoide the coat! " He leaped into the cart, and the driver, without a change of expression upon his face, went submissively on with him toward Wexford.

**Slip of the Tongue.**—The tongue will sometimes make the most awkward slips. It is told of a clergyman in one of the towns near Boston that he had given him to read from the pulpit an announcement that "the Bellingham praying-band" would conduct the evening meeting; but by some strange perversity of the unruly member, the congregation were astounded with the announcement that there would be a service by the "Prayingham belly-band."

**His "Common Country."**—A son of the Emerald Isle was taken up not far from Manassas Junction. In a word, Pat was taking a quiet nap in the shade, and was roused from his slumber by a scouting party. "Who are you?" "What is your name?" and "Where are you from?" were the first questions put to him by the armed party. Pat rubbed his eyes, scratched his head, and answered: "Be me faith, gintlemin, thim is ugly questions to answer, anyhow; an' before oi answer any o' thim, oi'll be afther axin' ye, by yer lave, the same thing." "Well," said the leader, "we are of Scott's army, and belong to Washington." "All roight," said Pat; "oi know'd yees was gintlemin, for oi'm that same. Long life to Gineral Scott." "Aha!" replied the scout, "now, you rascal, you are our prisoner," and he seized him by the shoulder. "How is that," inquired Pat; "are we not frinds?" "No," was the answer. "We belong to General Beauregard's army." "Thin yees tould me a lie, me boys; and thinkin' it might be so, oi tould yees anither. And now tell me the truth, an' oi'll tell the truth too." "Well, we belong to the State of South Carolina." "So do oi," promptly responded Pat, "an' to all the other Sthates uv the counthry too; an' there, oi'm thinkin', oi bate the whole av yees. Do yees think oi'd come all the way from Ireland to belong to one Sthate, win oi had a roight to belong to the whole av thim?"

**Beheaded.**—Mr. Murphy, who was addicted to telling strange stories, said he saw a man beheaded, with his hands tied behind him, who directly picked up his head and put it on his shoulders, in the right place. "Ha, ha, ha!" said a bystander, "how could he pick up his head when his hands were tied behind him?" "And sure what a purty fool ye are!" said Murphy; "and couldn't he pick it up wud his teeth?—To ould Nick wid yer botheration."

**Irish Highwayman.**—Driven to desperation by the stringency of the money market and the high price of provisions, an Irishman procured a pistol and took to the road. Meeting a traveler, he stopped him with: "Your money, or your life!" Seeing Pat was green, the traveler said: "I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll give you all my money for that pistol." "Agreed." Pat received the money, and handed over the pistol. "Now," said the traveler, "hand back that money, or I'll blow your brains out!" "Blaze away, me hearty!" said Pat. "Never a dhrop of powther there's in it."

**Could Have Saved His Money.**—An Irishman spent his last dollar to come to this country, and after hunting for a week to get work failed. He became discouraged and walked to the dock and sat down looking out at sea; he commenced to think what a fool he had been to spend his last dollar to come here when he might be in Ireland, and the money he spent to come here in his pocket. Just then there was a diver who happened to be working under water near the dock and he came up near the Irishman. The minute the diver came up he unscrewed his head-piece and heaved a long breath. The Irishman looked at him for a minute, and said: "Well! well! if I'd known that, I would have walked over from Ireland myself!"

**To Be Saved at Once.**—A friend of an Irishman having fallen into a slough, the Irishman called loudly to another for assistance. The latter, who was busily engaged in cutting a log, and wished to procrastinate, inquired, "How deep is the gentlemen in?" "Up to his ankles." "Then there is plenty of time," said the other. "No, there is not," rejoined the first; "oi forgot to tell yees he's in head first."

**Advancement of Learning.**—Mr. Stupid, who was hurrying to get in out of a shower, tried to push his umbrella through a doorway. One of the doors was open; but the opening was too narrow to admit the umbrella. Mr. Lackwit said, "Wait a moment, Friend Stupid, open the other door," and thus entrance was effected. Then they talked for several minutes. By and by Mr. Stupid exclaimed: "What a dolt I am! If I had closed my umbrella, I could have entered the door as it was." "That's so!" remarked Mr. Lackwit. "Come to think of it, I see you could. Well, well! not a day passes that we do not learn something new."

**Jimmy O'Neil.**—When General Jackson was President, Jimmy O'Neil, the porter, was a marked character. He had foibles which were offensive to the fastidiousness of Colonel Donelson, and caused his dismissal on an average about once a week. But on appeal to the higher court, the verdict was invariably reversed by the good nature of the old general. Once, however, Jimmy was guilty of some flagrant offence and was summoned before the highest tribunal at once. The general, after stating the details of the misdeed, observed: "Jimmy, I have borne with you for years in spite of all complaints; but in this act you have gone beyond my power of endurance." "And do you believe the story?" asked Jimmy. "Certainly," answered the general; "I have just heard it from two senators." "Faith," replied Jimmy, "if oi belaved all that twinty Sinators said about you, it's little oi'd think you fit to be Prisident." Jimmy remained with his kind-hearted patron, not only to the close of his Presidential term, but, accompanying him to the Hermitage, was with him to the day of his death.

**Morality Not Needed.**—The Irishman had a correct appreciation of the fitness of things who, being asked by the judge, when he applied for a license to sell whiskey, if he was of good moral character, replied: "Faith, yer honor, oi don't see the necissity of a good moral character to sell whuskey!"

**High Temperature.**—Two Irish laborers, old-time friends, met on the street in San Francisco, and after a cordial handshaking, one of them inquired: "An' where have yees been, Moike?" "Worrukin' on the farrums in Southern California," was the reply, "and oi'm moighty glad to get back." "What happened yees there?" was the next inquiry. "Th' wether. It was too doombed hot. Why, whin oi was worrukin' near Frisno th' t'ermom'ter marked wan hundred an' sixteen degrais in th' shade." "Is that so? Will, be hivens! they didn't make yees worruk in th' shade, did they?"

**Good Reference.**—A poor son of the Emerald Isle applied for employment to an avaricious hunk, who told him he employed no Irishmen. "For the last one died on my hands, and I was forced to bury him at my own charge." "Ah, yer honor," said Pat, brightening up, "and is that all! Then ye'll give me the place, for, sure and oi can get a certificate that oi niver died in th' impl'y of any masther oi iver served."

**Honest Man.**—An Irishman having accidentally broken a pane in a window of a house on Broadway, attempted as fast as he could to get out of the way, but he was followed and seized by the proprietor, who exclaimed: "You broke my window, rascal, did you not?" "To be sure, oi did, an' didn't ye see me runnin' home for the money to pay ye for it?"

**"Yis" and "Ja."**—An Irishman and a German were once traveling on a road together; they didn't have a cent and were half starved. After being refused a good many times, they at last succeeded in getting a piece of meat, and as they were quarreling over it to see who should have it, the man who gave it to them proposed that they should take hold of opposite ends with their teeth, and commence to eat and see who could eat the faster. He tied their hands behind them, gave each an end in his mouth, and said: "Are you ready?" The Irishman said, "Yis," between his teeth, but the poor German said "Ja," opening his mouth, and the Irishman got the meat.

**Overworked.**—A four-year-old Irish child, saying her prayers at her mother's knee, having concluded, as usual, with "God bless papa and mama, grandpapas and grandmamas, uncles and aunts," etc., gave a great sigh, and said: "O mama dear, I do wish these people would pray for themselves, for I am so tired of praying for them."

**No Ammunition Left.**—It is now known that the surrender of Lexington, during the Civil War, to the Confederates, was rendered a necessity by the want of ammunition, as well as by the want of water. After the surrender, an officer was detailed by the Confederate General Price to collect the ammunition, and place it in safe charge. The officer, addressing Adjutant Cosgrove, an Irishman, asked him to have the ammunition surrendered. Cosgrove called up a dozen men, one after the other, and exhibiting the empty cartridge-boxes, said to the astonished Confederate officer, "I believe, sir, we gave you all the ammunition we had before we stopped fighting."

**Pronunciation.**—Two men, disputing about the pronunciation of the word "either"—one saying it was ee-ther, the other i-ther—agreed to refer the matter to the first person they met, who happened to be from Ireland. He confounded both by declaring: "It's nay-ther, for it's aye-ther."

**Waked.**—An Irish soldier had died and left behind him at home an affectionate father and a faithful wife to weep over the news of his death and to mourn his loss. The usual letter was written to them by the nurse who had charge of the ward he died in, stating the fact of his death, and asking their pleasure as to his effects and remains. In due time the answer came, and ran something like this: His dues from Government (about six dollars) were to be carefully forwarded; but, owing to the expense, they had concluded not to send for his body, but had " dacently waked his clothes! "

**Climacteric.**—Climax of an honorable member's speech in the House of Commons: " I smell a rat; I see it floating in the air, and by heaven! I'll nip it in the bud."

**Phrenological Test.**—A distinguished phrenologist, while dining at a large hotel, remarked at the table that he had formed an opinion of the character of each one present. An Irishman directly opposite said that he would propound a question, and that, if it was truthfully answered, he would forever believe in phrenology. The phrenologist said he was satisfied, and told him to proceed. " Thin," said the Irishman, " will yees be afther tellin' me am oi married or single? "

**Pig Seized.**—Magistrate: " Well, Patrick, what have you got to say about stealing the pig? " Patrick: " Well, yer honnor-r, ye see, it was jist this: The pig tuk upon him to shleep in my bit of a garden for three nights, yer honnor-r, and I jist sayzed him for the rint."

**Pleasant Dreams.**—A soldier went to his haversack for a piece of bread he had left there the night before, and found it was missing. He accused his tent-mates of stealing it; but they all stoutly denied it except one. " Arrah, drink yer coffee," said he, " an' oi'll tell ye about a dhream I had lasht night." " An' what has your dhrame to do with my loaf? " said the loser of the bread. " Hould on, bedad, till yees hear it," cried the other. " You see, oi dhramed Captain Sheibner bucked and gagged me, an' put me in the guard-house, the spalpeen, for twenty-foor hours. An' oi was very hungry. Well! a beautiful lady came to me, and relased me, an' sint me to me tint. 'You'll find bread in the haversack,' says she." " Well? " said the loser of the bread. " Well," said Pat, " oi got up in my shleep an' ate your loaf."

**Time of Night.**—An Irishman accosted a gentleman on the street, late at night, with a request for the time. The gentleman, suspecting that Pat wished to snatch his watch, gave him a stinging rap on the nose, with the remark, "It has just struck one." "Be jabers," retorted Pat, "Oi'm glad oi didn't ax yees an hour ago!"

**Worth a Shilling.**—Dr. Norman Macleod was once accosted by an Irishman who addressed him by name, and inquired warmly after his health. "I am quite well, thank you," replied the doctor, "but you have the advantage of me." "Faith thin, docthor, and ye don't remimber me?" replied Pat; "how long has your 'onner been in London?" The doctor said he had been in London some time, but that he was quite at a loss to understand how the Irishman had come to know him. "Faith, thin," said Pat, "an' if yer riverence will give me a shillin' oi'll tell ye." The doctor handed over the shilling, whereupon the Irishman said, "Sure and didn't oi see yer 'onner's name on yer umbrella?"

**American Weather.**—A German looked up at the sky, and remarked, "I guess a leedle it vill rain somedime pooty queek." "Yees do, eh?" replied an Irishman; "what business have yees to purtend to know about American weather, ye furrin galoot?"

**Cat and Dog Life.**—Patrick and Bridget had been married a long time, but did not get along well together, for they were constantly quarreling. It happened, however, that one day they were sitting directly opposite the fire, when in came the cat and dog, and lay down between them and the fire, and also opposite each other. Presently Biddy said, "Faith, Patrick, isn't it a shame we should be always quarreling? see the cat and dog, how peacefully they get along." "Och, Biddy, sure an' it isn't a fair comparison at all; just tie 'em together, and see how they will act!"

**Was Cruel to Be Kind.**—Driving through Sackville street, in Dublin, some time ago, on a car, a passenger was struck by the wretched appearance of a horse. "Pat," said he, "you ought to be taken up for cruelty to animals, driving such an old horse as that." "Be gor, sur," was the quick reply, "if oi didn't dhrive that oi'd be taken up for cruelty to a wife an' six children."

**A Thin Cat.**—The skeleton of a cat walked into a butcher's shop. Ryan, seeing her, bawled out, " Mickey, didn't oi tell ye a month ago to fade that cat wid a pound of mate a day until ye had her fat?" " You did; an' oi'm just after fadeing her wid a pound." " Has that cat ate a pound this morning?" " Yes, sir." " Shure, oi think it's a lie ye're telling. Bring me thim scales. Now bring me that cat." The cat turned the scale at exactly one pound. " There, didn't oi tell ye she'd eaten a pound of mate this morning?" " All right, me boy; there's the pound of mate; but where the divil's the cat?"

**More than Sufficient.**—An Irishman and a negro had agreed to settle the question of who was the better man. They also agreed that as soon as one was satisfied he should indicate the fact to the other by simply saying " sufficient." After pounding each other for some time, the Irishman sang out " sufficient," when much to his disgust the negro exclaimed, " Sho I's been tryin' to tink ob dat word fo' twenty minutes."

**Pleased with It.**—" What is a republic?" asked an official of a candidate for naturalization. " Shur'n I don't know." " What is a monarchy?" " I don't know." And so on through a series of questions. At last the wearied official handed a copy of the Constitution to the applicant's sponsor, and said: " Take this man out and instruct him a little." In the course of fifteen minutes the " gay, guiltless pair " hurried back into the presence of the representative of the United States Government. " It's all right," cried the sponsor. " Oi've rid the Constitootion to Pat, and he's virry much plazed with it."

**Barber's Way.**—Did you ever know a barber to own up that he had cut you? They never do it; they simply go for a chunk of alum and casually remark, " Well, I guess I shaved that spot a trifle too close."

**Purchaser Cheated Himself.**—A shopkeeper purchased of an Irishwoman a quantity of butter, the lumps of which, intended for pounds, he weighed in the balance and found them wanting. " Sure, it's your own fault if they are light," said Biddy in reply to the complaints of the buyer. " It's your own fault, sir, for wasn't it with a pound of your own soap I bought here, that I weighed them!"

**Letter from Purgatory.**—"What's the matter, Ann?" said her mistress to an Irish servant. "Och, ma'am," replied Ann, "the postman's outside, and he's got a letter for me from purgatory, and oi know it's from me ould mother, who's been there this tin years, an' it's all about me not payin' for the masses oi said oi would to get her out." On her mistress going out she found the postman in a fit of laughter with a letter directed to Ann Brady, from the dead-letter office.

**At a Fortunate Time.**—A gentleman on returning from Europe said to his coachman, "I made a flying trip through Ireland when I was abroad, Patrick, and it seemed to me the people looked contented enough." "It's seldom they look that way, sir; you must have been there while the fighting was going on."—*Henry Elias Howland.*

**Good to Die.**—"Gintlemin," exclaimed an Emerald-Islander who was holding forth to an assemblage of men on the advantage of belonging to a society of which he was president; "Gintlemin, oi cou'dn't begin to tell ye half the privileges appertainin' to a mimbership in this society, but oi'll thry to tell ye a few. First, whin ye are sick, it'll not be pertaters an' 'tay ye'll be gittin', but foine cuts of roast bafe an' lashins of the best whuskey. Nixt, whin ye're dead, ye'll have such a foine funeral that the folks on the sidewalk 'll be afther askin', wid their eyes stickin' out loike a lobster's, 'Shure who's in the coffin?' An' whin ye are buried we'll take such exsadin' good care of your wives and children that they'll all be rejoicin' greatly because they're widies an' orphans!"

**Paddy at Niagara.**—"There!" cried Jonathan to a newly-arrived Paddy, as he waved his hand in the direction of the Horseshoe Falls; "there, now! isn't it wonderful?" "Wontherful!" replied Pat; "what's wontherful?" "Why, to see all that water come thundering over them rocks." "Faith, then, to tell ye the honest truth," was the response, "oi can't see anything very wontherful in that. Why, what the divil is there to hinther it from coming over?"

**Mule-Driving.**—I am like the Irishman who applied for an opportunity to work his passage on the Erie Canal. They gave it to him, and set him to driving a mule on the tow-path, from Albany to Buffalo. He said he liked it, but that "only for the name of the thing he would as soon walk."—*Horace Russell.*

**Rocks Ahead.**—A captain of a ship once found himself driving upon an unknown coast. He called his officers about him to see if any of them were familiar with the shoals and rocks that might lie hidden around them, but they were as unfamiliar with them as himself. Finally he went among the sailors, and said: "Is there any one here that has been on this coast before and knows it?" and an Irishman, in that ready Irish way, said, "I have, sir." "Then come aft and tell us where the rocks are," said the captain. Just then the ship struck a hidden reef. "There," said the Irishman, "that's one of them."—*D. M. Lord.*

**Even with the Judge.**—A certain judge was once obliged to sleep with an Irishman in a crowded hotel in America, when the following conversation took place between them: "Pat, you would have remained a long time in the old country before you could have slept with a judge, would you not?" "Yes, your honor," said Pat; "an' oi think yer honor would have been a long toime in th' ould country before ye'd been a judge, too."

**No Trouble to Hold Him.**—Two Irishmen were walking together through a marsh when one of them, looking up, saw a wildcat in a tree. He said to the other, "Pat, there's a cat up that tree, if we could get it into the city it would be worth fifty dollars." "Well," said Pat, "you climb up the tree and shake him down." So Mike climbed the tree, shook it, and pretty soon the wildcat dropped. Then there was a circus below, in which a quantity of hair and clothing, flesh and nails was all mixed up. Finally Mike peered down from the tree and yelled, "Do you want me to come down and help you hold him?" "No," said Pat, "I want you to come down and help me let him go."—*Rev. Henry van Dyke.*

**Curran and the Bull.**—The most perfect specimen of an Irish bull is one told by Curran. He was going one day to a levee at the castle in Dublin. There was a great press of carriages, and all at once he was startled by the pole of the carriage which followed him crashing through the back of his. He hastily put his head out of the window, crying to the coachman, "Stop, stop! the pole of the carriage behind is driven into us!" "Arrah, then, it's all right again, your honor," replied Pat, exultingly, "for oi've just drove my pole into the carriage before."

**Durance Vile.**—It is said that an Irish corporal was once stationed over an officer who was placed under temporary arrest, and the officer said to him, "Turn your back: I want to go over in the other tent to speak to another officer." He replied, "Sir, I cannot; I must obey my orders. You will remember that it was only Friday night past that I happened to be drunk a little and you put me in confinement, but I scorn to mention it."—*Charles P. Daly.*

**Blind Horses.**—I read some time ago of two Irishmen passing one another on the road. One of them was on the way to the fair and the other going home from it. They had a conversation something like this: The first Irishman was giving his experience to a friend. He said: "He says to me, says he, 'Where do you live?' says he. 'At Kilnagross,' says I. 'Were you at the fair at Ross?' says he. 'I was,' says I. 'Did you thrade?' says he. 'No,' says I. 'Will you thrade wid me,' says he, 'harse, saddle, bridle, and all?' says he. 'I will,' says I. So we thraded, and I got on his harse (that's his harse) and he got on my harse (that's the other harse) an' started off. Then he turns round an' calls out, 'Hallo,' says he. 'Hallo,' says I. 'There niver was a man from Ross,' says he, 'but could put his finger in the eye of a man from Kilnagross,' says he, 'and that harse,' says he, 'that you've got,' says he, 'is blind in one av his eyes,' says he. Then I says, 'Hallo,' says I. 'Hallo,' says he. 'There niver was a man from Kilnagross,' says I, 'but could put his finger in the two eyes of a man from Ross,' says I, 'and that harse,' says I, 'that you've got,' says I, 'is blind av both his eyes,' says I."—*W. W. Catlin.*

**Saving the Constitution.**—Arguing for the *Habeas Corpus* Suspension Bill in Ireland, Sir Boyle Roche said: "It would be better, Mr. Speaker, to give up not only a part, but, if necessary, even the whole of our Constitution, to preserve the remainder."

**In a State of Grace.**—A priest once chanced to hear, unperceived, a fierce verbal onslaught by one market-woman on another, in the course of which every effort of rhetoric was made to provoke retaliation, but without effect. "Go on, go on," at last said the matron attacked; "ye know I'll not answer ye, because I've been to confession this morning, and I'm in a state of grace. But wait till I get out of it!"

**Irishman and Negro.**—There were two Irishmen—and Irishmen do not love negroes—who had heard of Fred Douglass, and that he was going to lecture upon slavery, a subject upon which he was always eloquent, and they determined to lay aside their prejudice and hear him. They listened to his speech; were carried away completely by it. Coming down the aisle one says to the other, "Tom, that was magnificent!" Says Tom, "Well, what of that? He is only half a naygur!" "Half a naygur!" says the other. "Well, howly Moses! what would he have done then if he had been a whole naygur?"—*William P. Frye.*

**Why Pat Came Over.**—Many years ago, the Rev. Dr. Hutton, who was a Dutch divine in New York, had a quarrel with an ugly little Irishman, as he told me, and the quarrel extended to some strong words, in which the Irishman expressed his regret that he had ever come to this country, upon which the doctor was tempted to answer, "Then why did you come to this country?" His answer was, "I came to improve the breed."—*Charles P. Daly.*

**Steering by a Star.**—They tell a story of an Irishman, who was a hand on board a sailing vessel on Lake Erie. The skipper said to him one night, "Jimmy, I want some sleep, and I want you to take hold of the tiller! Do you know anything about navigation?" "Not much," said Jimmy. "Well," said the skipper, "do you see that star? Keep her head in that direction." "Yes, sir," said Jimmy, "I'll keep her in that coorse"; and so the skipper went below. Jimmy did very well for a time, but by and by it grew a little cloudy and stormy, and when the storm had cleared away somewhat, and Jimmy looked again for his star, lo, it was behind him! He turned around, much alarmed, and said: "Wake up, captain! Wake up! and give me something else to steer by, for I'm past that."

**Didn't Need the Ark.**—I read in the paper, the other day, a conversation between an Irishman and a Yankee. The Yankee observed to the Irishman, "Why is it that, with all the information we have about the deluge, there is no mention of any Irishman being taken into the ark? How was the race perpetuated?" "O be jabers!" was the reply, "in them days the Irishmen were wealthy and had boats of their own." —*Hugh J. Hastings.*

**On Deck.**—You all remember Patrick O'Flynn's report of the battle of Trafalgar. In the midst of the roar and crash and smoke he said that Lord Nelson ordered the firing to stop and cried out, "Is Patrick O'Flynn on deck?" "He is, my lord," answered Patrick. "Then," said his lordship, as Patrick reports him, "let the battle go on."—*Charles Emory Smith.*

**Turning Black.**—They tell a story of a poor Irishman who reached New Orleans, and as he was stepping from the steamboat on the levee, one of our colored fellow citizens looked at poor Pat and addressed him in brogue. Said he, "Pat, good morning to you; have you just come over?" And Pat admitted that he had, in terror, saying, "Say that again, say that again." The negro said, "I asked you if you had just come over." The Irishman said, "Oh! you don't mean to tell me that you are an Irishman?" "I am nothing else but an Irishman," said this deceitful colored gentleman. "And as black as that?" said the Irishman. "As black as that," said he. "And how long have you been in America?" "I have been in this country, Pat, about three months." Pat turned in dismay to his wife, and said, "Biddy, let me take one last loving look at your white face, for look what you will be in three months."—*Rev. H. M. Gallaher.*

**Great Expectations.**—We all have our ambitions. Some of them are mild and reasonable; some of them are wild and extravagant. Some we outgrow before we accomplish them; some of them are fulfilled; and others are mere visions which we never expect to realize—like the Irishman's pig, which he said "didn't weigh as much as he expected, and he never supposed it would."—*George A. Marden.*

**Scattered.**—A birthday speech is like the remains of Dennis McCann. When he was blown up by an explosion of dynamite a committee was appointed to break the news to his wife. After the spokesman had informed her of the tragedy as gently as he could, she asked if Dennis had been badly mangled. "Well, yes," said the spokesman, "his head was found in one lot, his legs in another, and his arms in a tree half a mile off." "That," said the bereaved widow, "is just like Dennis. He was always all over the place."—*Chauncey M. Depew.*

# TRAVEL

**Appearances Deceptive.**—On one occasion Daniel Webster was on his way to Washington, and was compelled to proceed at night by stage from Baltimore. He had no traveling companion, and the driver had a sort of felon look which produced no inconsiderable alarm in the Senator. "I endeavored to tranquilize myself," said Webster, "and had partly succeeded, when we reached the dark woods between Bladensburg and Washington—a proper scene for murder or outrage—and here, I confess, my courage again deserted me. Just then the driver turned to me and, with a gruff voice, inquired my name. I gave it to him. 'Where are you going?' said he. The reply was, 'To Washington. I am a Senator.' Upon this the driver seized me fervently by the hand and exclaimed, 'How glad I am! I took you for a highwayman.'"

**Long Cane.**—A traveler, among other narrations of wonders of foreign parts, declared he knew a cane a mile long. The company looked incredulous, and it was evident they were not prepared to swallow it, even if it should have been a sugar cane. "Pray, what kind of a cane was it?" asked a gentleman, sneeringly. "It was a hurricane," replied the traveler.

**Cabbage and Pot.**—A traveler said in company that he passed through a country where the cabbages grew so large that ten thousand soldiers could easily encamp under the leaves. Another of the company added that, while traveling in a far country, they were making an immense copper kettle, and ten thousand workmen employed upon it were placed at such distances from each other that they could not hear their hammers. The gentleman who told the cabbage story inquired what they were going to do with such a big kettle? "To boil your cabbage in!" was the quiet reply.

**Asked for a Rear Guard.**—Artemus Ward was traveling on a slow-going Southern road soon after the war. When the conductor was punching his ticket, Artemus remarked: "Does this railroad company allow passengers to give it advice, if they do so in a respectful manner?" The conductor replied in gruff tones that he guessed so. "Well," Artemus went on, "it occurred to me it would be well to detach the cowcatcher from the front of the engine, and hitch it to the rear of the train. For, you see, we are not liable to overtake a cow; but what's to prevent a cow strolling into this car and biting a passenger?"

**Mind Your Business.**—A ship at sea being in great danger, everybody was observed to be on his knees except one man, who, being called upon to come with the rest of the hands to prayers, answered: "Not I; it's your business to take care of the ship. I'm a passenger."

**Fatal Smattering of French.**—An English traveler once met a companion, sitting in a state of the most woful despair, and apparently near the last agonies, by the side of one of the mountain lakes of Switzerland. He inquired the cause of his sufferings. "Oh," said the latter, "I was very hot and thirsty and took a large draft of the clear water of the lake, and then sat down on this stone to consult my guide-book. To my astonishment, I found that the water of this lake is very poisonous! Oh, I am a gone man—I feel it running all over me. I have only a few minutes to live! Remember me to ———" "Let me see the guide-book," said his friend. Turning to the passage, he found, "*L'eau du lac est bien poissoneux*" ("The water of this lake abounds in fish.") "Is that the meaning of it?" "Certainly." The dying man looked up with a radiant countenance. "What would have become of you," said his friend, "if I had not met you?" "I should have died of imperfect knowledge of the French language."

**Wanted to Investigate.**—The great advantage of the railway over the old coaching system is of course speed, though the management of some lines makes us doubt whether we have gained much by the change. "Is this a fast train?" asked a traveler of the conductor on one occasion. "Certainly it is," was the reply. "I thought so," said the passenger. "Would you mind my getting out to see what it is fast to?"

**East-Indian Major Longbow.**—An old East-Indian, who had returned from Calcutta with a large fortune and a liver complaint, had retired to his native place, and was availing himself one evening of the usual privilege of travelers to a very large extent. His Scotch friends listened to his *Major Longbows* with an air of perfect belief; till, at last, the worthy nabob happened to say, that in a particular part of India it was usual to fatten horses upon the flesh of sheep's heads reduced to a pulp and mixed with rice. "Oh," exclaimed all his auditors with one voice, "Oh, that will never do. We can believe all the rest; but really, feeding horses upon sheep's heads is too bad." "Well, gentlemen," said the man of the East, "I assure you, that my story about the horses is the only bit of truth that I have told you this evening!"

**Wrong Direction.**—During a dense fog a Mississippi steamboat took landing. A traveler, anxious to go ahead, came to the unperturbed manager of the wheel, and asked why they stopped. "Too much fog. Can't see the river." "But you can see the stars overhead." "Yes," replied the urbane pilot; "but until the biler busts we ain't going that way." The passenger went to bed.

**Early Steam Traveling.**—An old country dame committed herself for the first time to a railroad train, and by a misadventure the train on arrival that very day was run too quickly into the station, so that a car or two became smashed, and the passengers were much thrown about. The old lady in particular was jerked under the seat upon the top of her bandboxes, where she was found by the conductor meekly and patiently awaiting assistance. Upon his exclaiming, "For heaven's sake, ma'am, come out, there's been an accident!" she gently replied, "Oh, sir, I thought you always stopped like this."

**Jolly Particular.**—A tar, speaking in London against the New Mercantile Marine Act, complained of the power which he said the new act gave the captains; and spoke bitterly of the character of many of the skippers of the day. "Why," said he, "not long ago, on the coast of Afriker, a cap'n was goin' to throw one o' the crew that was dying overboard before he was dead. So the man says, 'you ain't a goin' to bury me alive, are you?' 'Oh,' says the captain, 'you needn't be so jolly partikler to a few minutes.'"

**Generosity.**—Two old friends lately quarreled at the Gentlemen's Driving Club, and on parting one of them remarked: "As I am going abroad I have made my will, and I have bequeathed to you my whole stock of impudence!" The other replied: "You are very generous as well as kind! You have left me by far the largest portion of your estate!"

**He Got Thar.**—Going down the great Jackson route from Grenada, Mississippi, a regular old homespun native of the State entered the sleeping-car and paid for a berth. He had never been inside of a car of the kind, and everything astonished him. When the porter came to make up the beds he saw that the native was greatly perplexed, but as the native made no direct appeal, it wasn't his duty to post him. He was the first one to make preparations for bed. He glanced anxiously around, pulled off one boot, and then took a rest for five minutes. When the other boot came off he had solved the problem. Pushing his boots under the berth he started for the rear platform, and nothing was heard from him for about ten minutes. Then he put his head into the door and called out: "All you uns in thar, look out, for I'm a coming!" And come he did. He had disrobed while standing on the platform, made a bundle of coat, vest, and trousers, and as he shot into bed after a run up the aisle he gurgled out: "Old Mississip' may be a little slow, but she allus gits thar just the same!"

**Willing to Hear It.**—A Methodist critic, who wished to put his bishop "in a hole," or, as Dr. William Everett would say, "to deposit him in a cavity," asked in open meeting whether or not the bishop came to the conference in a Pullman car. "Yes," the bishop cheerfully replied; "do you know any easier way?"

**Made in Germany.**—On a car the passengers included two young ladies, one of whom had returned within a few days from a trip abroad. Proud of the distinction of having visited foreign scenes, she regaled her companion with her experiences. The friend, remarking the returned traveler's hoarseness, said: "You have a severe cold, haven't you?" "Oh, yes," responded the other, with the consciousness of enjoying a superior distinction, unlike the plebeian New England affliction, "I imported that from Germany."

**Tackling the Wrong Man.**—The commercial traveler of a Philadelphia house while in Tennessee approached a stranger as the train was about to start, and said: "Are you going on this train?" "I am." "Have you any baggage?" "No." "Well, my friend, you can do me a favor, and it won't cost you anything. You see, I've got two rousing big trunks, and they always make me pay extra for one of them. You can get one checked on your ticket and we'll euchre them. See?" "Yes, I see; but I haven't got any ticket." "But I thought you said you were going on this train?" "So I am. I'm the conductor." "Oh!" He paid for his extra baggage, as usual.

**The Universal Yankee.**—A clergyman told me that he visited the great Pyramid, and when he got to the top he found a Yankee there teaching his Arab dragoman how to whistle "Yankee Doodle."—*Rev. H. M. Gallaher.*

**Willing to Oblige.**—Years ago the Boston and Albany Railroad made a rule that passengers should not ride on tickets intended to be used in the opposite direction from that in which they were journeying. One day the conductor came to a well-dressed middle-aged lady, just after leaving Worcester on the western-bound express, who handed him a ticket from Palmer to Worcester. He protested that, although very sorry, the rules of the company wouldn't allow him to take that ticket. The lady said that she had bought it in good faith, but had never before had an opportunity to use it, and intimated with studied politeness, that all such regulations were senseless. And she finally remarked: "I am willing to ride backward all the way, if that will be any comfort to you." He took the ticket.

**Stage-Coach Days.**—John Randolph was once in a tavern, lying on a sofa in the parlor, waiting for the stage to come to the door. A dandified chap stepped into the room with a whip in his hand, just come from a drive, and standing before the mirror, arranged his hair and collar, quite unconscious of the presence of the gentleman on the sofa. After attitudinizing a while he turned to go out, when Mr. Randolph asked him: "Has the stage come?" "Stage, sir! stage!" said the fop; "I've nothing to do with it, sir." "Oh! I beg your pardon," said Randolph, quietly; "I thought you were the driver!"

**Free Opinion.**—It was on a Western railroad that the following dialogue took place. The conductor had been his rounds, and had taken a seat beside a very quiet and unassuming passenger. "Pretty full train," finally observed the passenger. "Yes." "Road seems to be doing a good business." "Oh, the road makes plenty of money, but—" "But what?" asked the passenger, as the other hesitated. "Bad management. It is the worst managed line in this whole country." "Is that so?" "That's so. The board of officials might know how to run a side-show to a circus, but they can't tackle a railroad." "Who is the biggest fool in the lot?" "Well, the superintendent is." "I'm glad of that," said the passenger, as his face lighted up; "I was afraid you would say it was the chairman of the board." "Suppose I had?" "Well, I'm the man!"

**Terminal Facilities.**—"Look here, Pete," said a knowing darky to his companion; "doan stan' on de railroad." "Why, Joe?" "'Kase ef de cars see dat mouf ob yourn, dey will tink it am de depo' an' run right in!"

# BUSINESS

**Missed His Vocation.**—A man engaged in banking took his son into the bank, intending that that should be his business also, and that the name should be continued in identification with the establishment. The young man got on very well until it came to the time when the annual examination of the books was to be made, and it so turned out that there was a very slight difference between the debit and credit accounts. It did not amount to more than three pence half penny, but the gentleman at the head said to the clerks: "You have got to go over the books again. You know we cannot have any error whatever in the accounts. And the boy, with the characteristics of the present generation, said: "Why, father, are you going to put them to all that trouble for such a trifle? Why, I will pay the three pence half penny myself, and let them off." Upon which the father looked at the boy and said: "My boy, you may leave the bank. It is not the kind of business that you are fitted for. I will see that you are put into the church."—*Rev. John Hall.*

**Knew His Pa.**—He has learned a great deal of experience, like a gentleman from the country who came down to Wall street and said to a broker: "I want to invest in some securities; how can I tell those that are no good?" "Buy them," said the broker. He has learned from experience, like the boy at school when his teacher asked him: "Elnathan, if your father borrowed from you one hundred dollars and should agree to pay you at the rate of ten dollars per week, how much would he owe you at the end of seven weeks?" "One hundred dollars," said the boy. "I am afraid you don't know your arithmetic," said the teacher. "Well," said the boy, "I may not know my arithmetic, but I know my father."—*Henry Elias Howland.*

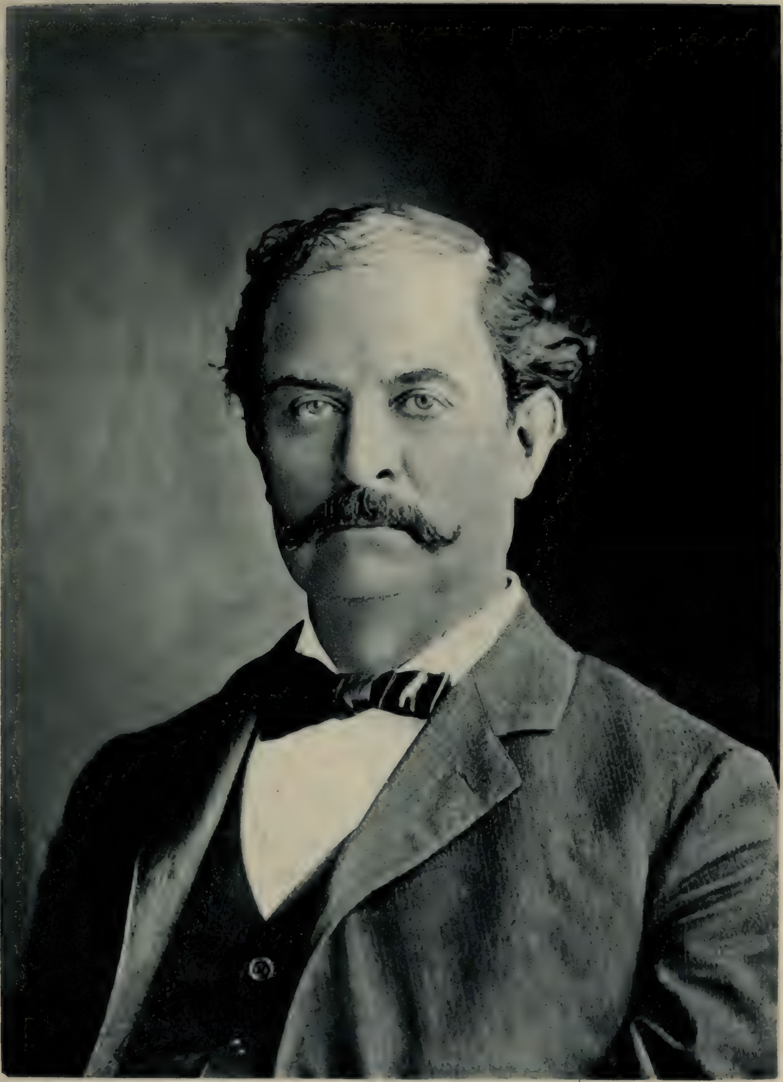
**Take Two.**—A bashful youth was paying marked attention to a beautiful young lady, who rejoices in the possession of several sisters and an interesting niece about six years old. One evening he was enjoying a social chat with the young lady, vainly trying to nerve himself to ask the terrible question, when the little niece entered the room. A new thought struck him. Taking her on his knees, he asked in a quivering voice, "Fanny, dear, are you willing I should have your aunt for my own? I will give you five hundred dollars for her." "Oh, yes," said the little thing, clapping her hands in glee. "But hadn't you better give me a thousand dollars, and take two of them?"

**Investments.**—In many respects the late Governor Nelson Dingley of Maine was a most admirable character. He was a learned and able man, dying in the great position of chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means. It in no way detracts from his just fame to say that he was almost totally destitute of a sense of humor. He was so matter-of-fact that it approximated cruelty to joke with him, but nevertheless John M. Allen did it. When business was at its worst during the panic which began in 1893, one morning John and the governor met on a street-car. "Governor," remarked John, solemn as a billy-goat, "I hear a vast deal of talk about trouble in making paying investments, but I find no difficulty whatever in the matter. In fact, less than ten minutes since I made an investment which paid me twenty per cent. I consider that a rattling good speculation." "So do I," replied Governor Dingley, pricking up his ears. "How did you manage it?" "Oh," said John, with a straight face, "I bought six street-car tickets for a quarter."—*Champ Clark.*

**"Sue, But Don't Starve."**—Once a butcher sued Webster, and after that discontinued sending meat to his house. "What do you mean by withholding my supplies?" complained the statesman, when he met the butcher, one day. "Why, I sued you, and I supposed you wouldn't want to trade with me any more," was the reply. "Well, you got your money at last, with full pay for all your trouble, didn't you?" demanded Webster. "Yes," replied the other. "Well, you will again," said Webster. "Sue me again, if I forget to pay you. Sue me all you want to; but, for heaven's sake, don't starve me!"

*JOHN M. ALLEN*

*Photogravure after a photograph from life*



**Recognized His Talent.**—He spoke with the wisdom of the New England father who sent his son to New Orleans to speculate in cotton, and he was rapidly making a mess of it. Not hearing from him for some time, he telegraphed him to know how he was getting along. The son replied, "I'm about even on cotton, but I'm seven dollars and a half ahead on draw-poker!" The father, who was a business man, immediately telegraphed him, "Drop cotton and stick to poker." —*Horace Porter.*

**Consolation.**—A Turkish pasha is surveying the field with his glass. An aide-de-camp rides up: "All our artillery has been captured." The pasha strokes his beard philosophically, and says, "Fortunately it was not paid for."

**Life and Fire Insurance.**—A certain Dutchman, owner of a small house, had effected an insurance on it of eight hundred dollars, although it had been built for much less. The house burnt down, and the company refused to pay more than its actual value—about six hundred dollars. "If you wish it," said the cashier of the insurance company, "we will build you a house larger and better than the one burned down, as we are positive it can be done for even less than six hundred dollars." To this proposition the Dutchman objected, and at last was compelled to take the six hundred dollars. Some weeks after he had received the money he was called upon by the same agent, who wanted him to take out a policy of life insurance on himself or on his wife. "Dat be tam!" exclaimed the Dutchman: "you 'surance fellows ish all tiefs! If I insure my vife, and my vife dies, and if I goes to de office to get my two tousand tollars, do I get all de money? No, not quite. You will say to me, 'She vastn't vorth two tousand tollars; she vas vorth 'bout six hundred. If you don't like de six hundred tollars we vill give you a bigger and better vife!'"

**Eye to Business.**—A Jew who was condemned to be hanged was brought to the gallows, and was just on the point of being turned off, when a reprieve arrived. Moses was informed of this, and it was expected he would instantly quit the cart, but he stayed to see his two fellow prisoners hanged; and being asked why he did not get about his business, he replied that he waited to see if he could bargain with Maister Ketch for the two gentlemen's clothes.

**Debtor and Creditor.**—A colored resident of Detroit, who occasionally lends a few dollars on good security, was the other day invited to lend a neighboring cobbler thirty dollars on a note of hand running thirty days. "S'pose dat note come due and yo' hasn't de cash?" inquired the capitalist. "But I will have." "But s'pose yo' hasn't?" The cobbler couldn't get over that, and he was looking very serious, when the capitalist got a bright idea, and said: "We kin fix dat. Yo' make de note, yo' see. Yo' mought be good er yo' moughtn't. I's good anyhow, an' we bof knows it, 'case here's de cash right here. Yo' make de note an' I'll back it. I knows myse'f, yo' see, an' de cap'list dat won't lend money on his own 'dorsement hain't no business head on him." And they fixed it that way.

**Rothschild's Dodge.**—Upon a money-lender complaining to Baron Rothschild that he had lent ten thousand francs to a person who had gone off to Constantinople without leaving any acknowledgment of the debt, the baron said: "Well, write to him and ask him to send you the fifty thousand francs he owes you." "But he only owes me ten," said the money-lender. "Precisely," rejoined the baron, "and he will write and tell you so, and thus you will get his acknowledgment of it."

**A Cute Tradesman.**—Some years ago, when Patti was going to sing in Detroit, Mabley, the great clothier, was the first man at the ticket-window when it opened. "How much for the house?" he asked. The astonished ticket-man figured it up to about ten thousand dollars. "All right; I'll take it," said Mabley; and all who came for tickets after that were told, "Mr. Mabley has bought the house; you must apply to him." Mabley would not sell a ticket; he gave away every seat. It paid him; Mabley was more talked about than Patti.

**Overtime.**—A gentleman who employs a great number of hands in a manufactory in the west of England, in order to encourage his work people in a due attendance at church on a fast-day, told them, that if they went to church they would receive their wages for that day in the same manner as if they had been at work. Upon which a deputation was appointed to acquaint their employer, that if he would pay them for over hours, they would attend likewise at the Methodist chapel in the evening!

**Old Companions.**—An elderly lady went to market to buy a goose. There were but two in the market, both in custody of a little lass who refused to sell one without the other. The lady was prevailed on to take both. She thought proper to inquire of the vender why she had so stubbornly declined selling them separately? "If you please, my lady," was the answer, "Mother said as how the geese had lived together fifteen years, and it would be cruel to part them."

**Fair Exchange.**—I got to chatting with an acquaintance the other day, and asked him what he was doing. "Well," he replied, "just now I am doing nothing, but I have made arrangements to go into business." "Glad to hear it. What are you going into?" "Well, I am going into partnership with a man." "Do you put in much capital?" "No; I put in no capital." "Don't want to risk it, eh?" "No; but I put in the experience." "And he puts in the capital?" "Yes, that is it. We go into business for three years; he puts in the capital, I put in the experience. At the end of three years I will have the capital and he will have the experience!"

**Cheap Clothing.**—"How much do you charge for the pants, anyway?" asked the rural customer. "Dot makes some difference off you vants dem vor Suntay or efery tay," replied the vender, judging his subject carefully. "If you vants a sheap bair vor efery tay, dot bair vos two tollars, but if you vants dem bants vor Suntay, dey vould pe fife tollars and a helluff. Subbose you dakes um vor Suntay, und ven dey vos a little worn, you vears dem vor efery tay. By dot you safe two tollar on a fife-tollar pair of pants!" Against which argument the countryman had nothing to offer, and the transaction was closed.

**Cat in the Meal.**—There is a well-known story of the ruin of a London luncheon-shop by a spiteful and envious rival. The latter hired a boy to enter the successful shop exactly at the time when it was most crowded, and to lay on the counter before the eyes of all the wondering and horrified guests a dead cat. "That makes nine, ma'am," said the brazen-faced urchin, as he deposited his burden and left the shop. What avail were protestations of innocence from the indignant president of the counter? The plot had been carefully laid, and it resulted, as was expected, in a stampede of the diners, to return no more.

**Sure to Pay Him.**—A Missouri farmer owed a neighbor named Walt Perkins twenty-five dollars, and had owed the amount for years. One day he met Walt and said: "Don't be uneasy, Walt. I have the thing all fixed by which I can pay you." Walt asked him how he had got it fixed, and the old granger said: "Well, Walt, if nothing happens, next year I hope to raise a good crop of corn, and I intend to trade some of the corn for a yoke of oxen, and I know an old man in St. Charles County that owns an old mare, and he wants to trade her for a yoke of oxen. Now, Walt, when I raise the corn, and get the oxen, I will make the trade for the old mare, and then I will bring her home and raise mule colts—and Walt, the very first mule colt I sell you shall have the money."

**Awkward Moment.**—Just imagine the feelings of the man who, the first day out, comes face to face, on the deck of a European steamer, with the creditor whom he has successfully dodged for the past nine months.

**Decider Was Sharp.**—A fellow up-town being a little short and a little dry, walked into a store and purchased three crackers. Before paying, seeing that the storekeeper had cider, he came to the conclusion that he was more dry than hungry, and asked permission to swap the crackers for the cider. Biting off the end of the cider with a smack of his lips, he turned on his heel to go out, when the storekeeper said: "Come, pay me for the cider." "Didn't I swap the crackers for the cider?" said the other. "Well, then, pay me for the crackers," said the puzzled trader. "Haven't you got them on the shelf? What are you hindering me for, you darned fool?" Having thus decided the matter, off he went.

**Legacy in Advance.**—An English stock-jobber, known for his unexampled parsimony, although possessed of an immense fortune, one day met a poor man, one of his own relations. "Come, George," said the miser, "do you know I have just now made my will, and remembered you handsomely, my boy." "God bless your honor," said the grateful man, "you will be rewarded for so charitable an action, for you could not have thought of a more distressed family." "Are you indeed so very poor, George?" "Sir, my family 's starving!" said the man, almost crying. "Hark ye, then, George, if you will allow me a good discount, I will pay your legacy immediately."

**The Barber's Lament.**—Peter Parley tells an amusing story of a leading New York barber who was shaving a gentleman on the evening Madison's nomination for the Presidency was announced. "Dear me!" he exclaimed, "surely this country is doomed to disgrace and shame. What a President we might have had, sir! Just look at Daggett of Connecticut, or Stockton of New Jersey! What cues they have got, sir—as big as your wrist, and powdered every day, sir, like real gentlemen as they are. Such men, sir, would confer dignity upon the chief magistracy; but this little Jim Madison, with a cue no bigger than a pipe-stem! Sir, it is enough to make a man forswear his country!"

**Paternity and Patronage.**—American tradesmen who claim genius for advertising should listen to a Berlin grocer, who thus informs the public, through the "Borsen Zeitung": "Twins are come to me for the third time. This time a boy and a girl. I entreat my friends and patrons to support me stoutly. Excellent butter, well worth its price. Similarly, sausage and cheese."

**The Value of Money.**—A ship coming home from Australia took fire in mid-ocean. In their haste to escape, the sailors put several barrels of gold in one of the two boats in which they escaped, and the other contained most of the provisions. When they examined their stores they discovered their error; they had several barrels of gold, each worth fifteen thousand pounds, but very little food. As night began to come on, when the boats might be separated, a sailor stood up and shouted across the water to his companions: "We'll give you fifteen thousand pounds for a barrel of bacon!" That was now the value of the money.

**The Other Fellow.**—A gentleman was much annoyed at night by a person stepping heavily in the room above, and, unable to sleep, he went up to the room to learn the cause, and found a man walking up and down apparently in great anguish. His sympathy led him to inquire the cause. "I owe my friend Brown five hundred dollars, which I am utterly unable to pay," explained the nervous person. "My friend," said the gentleman, "I can give you advice which will relieve your distress." "What is it?" anxiously asked the sufferer. "You have walked far enough," replied the gentleman. "My advice to you is to go to bed, and let Brown do the walking."

**A Gum-Game.**—He had a sign at the door reading: "Great reduction in prices to flood sufferers." An individual who seemed to have passed through several inundations halted, looked suspiciously at a pair of trousers, and asked: "How much for these?" "Dot bair vhas four tollars." "How much off to a flood sufferer?" "Vhas you in der freshet?" "I calkilate I was. Half my farm is still under water." "Oh! I see. Dot vhas oxactly handy for you. I make no reduction on clothing, but I take off ten per cent. on some second-hand rubber boots for you to wade around your farm in."

**Showing John Bull Around.**—"And what is this?" asked the visitor. "This is Wall Street. It is the most celebrated of all our American watering-places."

**Jones's Punctilio.**—There once lived in Boston a certain Mr. Jones. Among many other peculiarities he had that of failing in business about once in two years. He always paid his creditors fifty per cent.—no more nor no less than fifty per cent. After many such incidents, Mr. Jones failed again, made an assignment of his effects as usual, and was very much surprised when the assignee said to him: "Mr. Jones, we shall declare a dividend of forty per cent." "Sir," said Mr. Jones in a dignified manner, "you must make it fifty; I always pay fifty cents on the dollar, sir." "It can't be done, sir," said the assignee. "It shall be done," said Mr. Jones. "I will pay the balance out of my own pocket."

**Ability and Inability.**—"Couldn't you lend me five shillings?" "Yes, I could, but I won't." "Then do you think I wouldn't pay it back?" "Yes, you would; but you couldn't."

**Good Speaker.**—When Sir Richard Steele was fitting up his great room in York Buildings, which he intended for public orations, he happened at a time to be pretty much behindhand with his workmen; and coming one day among them to see how they went forward, ordered one of them to get into the rostrum and make a speech, that he might observe how it could be heard. "Why, here, Sir Richard," says the fellow, "we have been working for you these six weeks, and cannot get one penny of money; pray, sir, when do you design to pay us?" "Very well, very well," said Sir Richard, "pray come down, I have heard enough; I cannot but own you speak very distinctly."

**The Biter Bit.**—The story is told that in General Butler's early days a Yankee obtained his legal opinion how to recover the value of a ham which a neighbor's dog came along and ate. He was advised to prosecute and recover for damages. "But the dog was yourn," said the sharp Yankee. Butler opened his eyes a little, asked him what the ham was worth, was told five dollars, and then said: "Fortunately that is exactly the price of the legal advice I have just given you."

**Enlarged the Vacuum.**—He hadn't a penny about him. His boots were old, his garments covered with three spatters of mud to every patch, and his stomach yearned for something to balance it. He was reading a piece of an old newspaper. By and by he threw away the paper and called out: "Bully for us—'rah for the great American nation!" "Phat's the matther?" asked a coal-shoveler near by. "Why, we are sending boots and shoes to Brazil, wheat and beef to England, wool and oysters to France, plows and hoes and axes to South America, and I'm blessed if we ain't scooping in trade from about every country on the globe! 'Rah for us!" "It's all very foine," replied the shoveler, as he resumed work, "but phat did yees hev for breakfast? and phat a pictur of poverty yees are wid thim ould clothes an!" "That's so," slowly remarked the vagrant, as he surveyed himself and caught another twinge from his empty stomach. "I'm one of this nation and I love my country; but we might be sending hitching-posts to Madagascar and cobblestones to Dahomey, and it wouldn't bring me a square meal. I'm sorry I hollered —I believe it increased my appetite."

**The Glassman.**—When you hear a man say that snowballing is a healthy amusement and the boys ought to be allowed to enjoy it, don't think him a generous soul. Set that man down as a glazier.

**The Everlasting Lamp.**—In one of the cemeteries near Paris a small lamp was kept burning under an urn over a grave, and an inscription on the gravestone ran thus when translated into English: "Here lies Pierre Victor Fournier, inventor of the Everlasting Lamp, which consumes only one centime's worth of oil in one hour. He was a good father, son, and husband. His inconsolable widow continues his business in the Rue aux Trois. Goods sent to all parts of the city. Do not mistake the opposite shop for this."

**An Honest Boy.**—A boy walked into an office yesterday with a pocketbook in his hand, and inquired if Mr. Blank was in. "That's my name," replied one of the gentlemen. "Well, here's a wallet with your name in it." "Yes, I lost it this morning." He received it, and the boy started down-stairs, but was halted by the call, "Say, boy, what's your name?" "Oh, that's all right," replied the boy, as he backed down. "'Taint worth your saying I'm an honest boy, and offering me ten cents for my trouble, for there was only fifty cents in the wallet, and ma used that to buy some soap and a new clothes-line."

**Dismissed.**—A wag says to one of his friends in the most solemn manner: "If my employer does not take back what he said to me this morning, I shall leave his house." "Why, what did he say?" "He told me that I could look for another place."

**The Lace Fichu.**—The wife of a well-known Nottingham manufacturer, being with her husband in Paris, fell in love with a lace fichu of exquisite fineness and delicacy. She would instantly have purchased it had she not been deterred by various mysterious signs of dissuasion from her husband, which surprised her not a little, as she knew him to be a judge of good lace, and wondered, therefore, at his lack of appreciation of this beautiful specimen. She cast one beseeching glance at her husband, but he was grave and inflexible; so with a sigh of resigned regret she turned away, and the moment they left the shop her disappointment broke forth: "John! why did you keep me from buying that lovely thing? And only ten pounds; I am sure you could not think that dear? Why did you not let me have it?" "You are quite right, my dear," was the reply of the unmoved John. "We consider that a very superior article, and the reason I did not want you to buy it is because it came from one of my own frames, and I can let you have as many of the same kind as you like for fifteen shillings apiece!"

**Not at a Loss.**—Riding in the country one day he saw a sign upon a gate-post reading thus: "This farm for Sail." Stopping his horse, he hailed a little old woman who stood on tiptoe hanging out clothes. "I say, madam, when is this farm going to sail?" "Just as soon, sir," replied the old lady, "as anybody comes who can raise the wind!"

**Ground and Stockholders.**—When they build a railroad, the first thing they do is to break ground. This is often done with great ceremony. Then they break the stockholders. This is done without ceremony.

**The Good Father.**—" Father," began the innocent child, as he leaned on his father's knee, " you are an awful good man." " Yes, I hope so, my son." " You wouldn't cheat anybody out of a cent, would you?" " Of course I wouldn't; why do you ask?" " Suppose, father, that you had ten thousand dollars in Wabash preferred which cost you eighty dollars." " Yes." " And they went down to fifty-five dollars." " Yes." " And suppose an old friend from Elmira came here to buy stock, and could be talked into believing that Wabash preferred would touch seventy-five before September, would you unload on him at sixty and rake in the cash?" " No—ahem—that is—see here, Sylvanus! The next time I have a dear old friend call to see me and you listen at the library door to catch our conversation, you'll get a dividend on curiosity that will last you a lifetime!"

**First Financier.**—The earliest mention of a banking transaction was when Pharaoh received a check on the bank of the Red Sea.

**His Favorite Task.**—Grocer: " Well, Augustus, you have been apprenticed now three months, and have seen the several departments of our trade—I wish to give you a choice of occupation." Apprentice: " Thank'ee, sir." Grocer: " Well, now, what part of the business do you like best?" Augustus (with a sharpness beyond his years): " Shutting up, sir."

# MASTER AND SERVANT

**Livery.**—Mr. Puffer (who has recently "struck it rich"): "Pete, I am going to get you a coachman's livery; what do you think of that?" Pete (who has been "hired man" for years): "Yes, sah, I would like it very much, sah. It would distinguish me from the rest of the fam'ly, sah."

**The Dean's Orders.**—On one occasion a maid asked Dean Swift's permission to attend her sister's wedding. He not only gave her permission, but lent her a horse upon which to make the journey, and another servant to accompany her. In the excitement of the moment the unforunate girl forgot to close the door after her, and Swift, allowing time for her to get some distance upon her journey, sent another servant post-haste to fetch her back. In fear and trembling the poor girl presented herself before the dean, asking him what he wanted her for. "Only to shut the door," was the reply, "after which you can resume your journey."

**Joking at Death.**—When Dumas was on his death-bed and his end rapidly approaching, his faithful servant, who adored his master, was sobbing audibly in a corner of the chamber. Turning towards the spot, his eyes dimmed in the death-struggle, Dumas faintly uttered, "Don't weep, my friend; if I want anything up there, I'll ring for you."

**Never Touched It.**—A lady engaged a domestic servant from the Highlands. In the evening the lady wanted supper brought in, so she rang the bell. Not getting any answer, she repeated the summons, but with the same effect. She then proceeded to the kitchen, where she found the servant almost convulsed with laughter. She pointed to the bell and exclaimed: "As sure's I leeve I never touched it, an' it's waggin' yet!"

**Descent Is Easy.**—A gentleman, lying on his death-bed, called his coachman, who had been an old servant, and said: "Ah, Tom! I am going a long and rugged journey, worse than ever you drove me." "Oh, dear sir," replied Tom, "don't let that discourage you; it is all down-hill."

**Servantgirlism.**—Mistress: "But I thought you were very comfortable, Mary." Mary: "Yes, mem, but the young man as keeps company with me thinks there's too many gentlemen visitors comes here, and they might wean me from his young affections; so, with your permission, I will not be a medium for contention."

**High Life Below Stairs.**—The other day a light knock was heard at the door of a Belgravian mansion, and after Jeames had allowed the visitor to knock again, he condescended to open the door. "Is Lord ——— at home?" said some one, who was instantly detected by the sagacious Jeames as somebody's "hown man hout of livery." "No, 'e ain't at 'ome," replied Jeames; "but I say, old fellow, don't go hoff in such a 'urry. Just run round the corner, will you, and fetch a pint of 'alf-an'-'alf." The obliging caller did as he was bid; ran round to the adjoining public house, and speedily reappeared, bearing a pint of foaming porter. "'Ave a drink, old chap," said Jeames, when he had slaked his own thirst. "No, thank you," said the visitor, "I don't drink so early in the morning, but I'll take the pot back, if you'll allow me; and, by the way, just tell your master when he returns, that Lord Redesdale called."

**Maladroit Servant.**—"Is Mrs. Samuelson in?" asked Mrs. Beezumbee of the servant at the house of the former on Austin avenue. "No, mum, she tole me herself to tole you she wasn't in." "That's very kind in her. Please tell Mrs. Samuelson that I didn't call this afternoon."

**Fortunate Butler.**—The butler of a certain Scottish laird, who had been in the family a number of years, at last resigned his situation because his lordship's wife was always scolding him. "Oh!" exclaimed his master, "if that be all, ye've very little to complain of." "Perhaps so," replied the butler; "but I have decided in my own mind to put up with it no longer." "Go, then," said his lordship, "and be thankful for the rest of your life that ye're not married to her."

**Engaging a Servant.**—A rich but eccentric English nobleman advertised for a servant. A candidate called, and making known his business, was shown up to his lordship. Among the duties which Flunky said he could include as his, was blacking his lordship's boots. "Oh, never mind that," said the dry old nobleman, "I always black my own boots—always. But how much wages do you expect?" "Sixty guineas a year, my lord," replied Flunky. "Sixty guineas!" exclaimed his lordship, with consternation; "sixty guineas! Make it seventy, and I'll come and live with you!"

**Professional Rights.**—Lady: "Sixpence is a great deal too much to charge for sweeping my doorstep. I generally only give the little boys twopence." Arab: "Amatoors, mum! amatoors!"

**His Last Wish.**—The slave who found the copper on Col. Peter Schuyler's estate, opposite modern Belleville, was given by his master three wishes. The first was, that he might never be parted from the Schuylers. The second was that he might have a bright-colored dressing-gown like that he had seen on the colonel. And the third was, that he might have all the tobacco he wanted. "But, Pompey," said Colonel Schuyler, "ask more than this. Try again. Come, one more wish, and you shall have it." And now the influence of the restful ingredient of a Dutchman's fireside came in. "Well, Massa, my udder wish is, to hab a little mo' tobacco."—*William Rankin Duryee.*

**Willing.**—"What do you mean, you rascal, by spilling my coffee all over me?" shouted an enraged passenger. "Never mind, sir!" protested the waiter: "I'll get you some more, sir."

**Jimmy and Tommy.**—One day when Mrs. Van Auken installed a Chinaman in her kitchen, the following conversation took place: "What is your name, sir?" asked Mrs. Van Auken. "Oh, my namee Ah Sin Foo." "But I can't remember all that lingo, my man. I'll call you Jimmy." "Velley welle. Now whachee namee I callee you?" asked Ah Sin, looking up in sweet simplicity. "Well, my name is Mrs. Van Auken; call me that." "Oh, me can no 'membel Missee Yanne Auken. Too big piecee namee. I callee you Tommy—Missee Tommy."

**No Cook, No Coffee.**—A wealthy but untrained woman was unexpectedly left without a servant. She undertook to make her husband a cup of coffee, but it took so long he asked what in the Halifax was the matter with the coffee. "I don't know," she said, bursting into tears; "I've biled them air beans for a hull hour, and they ain't no softer now than they was when I fust put 'em in the pot."

**Egg Broth.**—"Well, Sambo, how do you like your new place?" "Berry well, massa." "What did you have for breakfast this morning?" "Well, yo' see, missus biled three eggs fo' herse'f an' gib me de brof."

**Breakage.**—Thad Stevens once had a colored servant in Washington named Matilda, who one morning smashed a large dish at the buffet. "What have you broken now, you d—— black idiot?" exclaimed her master. Matilda meekly responded: "'Taint de fo'th commandment, bress de Lawd."

**Negro Logic.**—It was just "befo' de wah." Squire Johnson had been to Nashville, and on his return brought "Ole Mose," the favorite slave on the plantation, a new hat. Mose was very proud of it. The next Sunday the squire was driving home from church with his family, and the carriage overtook Mose and his "ole missus" trudging along afoot. It was raining slightly, and the squire noticed that Mose was bareheaded and was carefully protecting his new hat with his coat. "Why don't you wear your new hat, Mose?" inquired the squire. "You'll get that old head of your's wet." "Dat's so, Massa Johnson," replied Mose, "but dat ole head's yourn an' de hat's mine."

**A Seasoned Vessel.**—The squire (engaging new butler): "Well, I dare say you'll do; but look here, Richards, I may as well warn you that I often get out of temper with my servants and when I do, I let 'em have it hot—make use of devilish strong language, you know." New butler (with quiet dignity): "I have been accustomed to that, sir, from my lord, the bishop!"

**Kind Master.**—"Say, Pat, what ever made you go to work for old Uncle Dan? He's the meanest man in the country." "Mane is it?" said Pat; "why, sure an' he's the foinest, aisyest-goin' masther iver oi had, bedad; he gives a man fifteen hours to do a day's wurruk in."

**Cause and Effect.**—Master: "Late again, Sandy! Can't you manage to get here in time?" Sandy (with a doleful headshake): "I canna sleep o' nichts, sor, an' so I'm loth to get up in the mornin'." Master: "Eh, man, sleeplessness! Why don't you consult a doctor and get at the cause?" Sandy: "I get at the cause weel eneuch, but it'll no shut up. It's six weeks auld, an' an awfu' yeller."

**His Will.**—"He wos a koind maister, he was. He thought of me afore he died, and in his will he said: 'I leave to my son William both them sheep wot wos lost last week, if they gets found, and in case they doesn't I leave 'em to my faithful servant Joseph.' I hopes they won't get found."

**He Did the Swearing.**—Colonel Fisk sat in his tent one day attending to official business, when he heard one of his men, a teamster, swearing like a Hessian. He recognized his voice, and determined to reprove the man at the first opportunity. He had not long to wait. "John," he called, "come here." John responded with a military salute and stood before his colonel unflinchingly. "John, did I not hear some one swearing dreadfully down the hill a little while ago?" "Yes, colonel, that was me." "You, John? I am surprised. Don't you remember that I was to do the swearing for this regiment?" "Yes, colonel, I know; but you see I was coming up the hill with a big load and the breeching broke. The swearing had to be done right away, and you weren't there to do it."

**No Pride About Her.**—Lady: "But there's some mistake here; it's a lady help I want." Sweet young thing: "Ho! hi'm not at all pertickler, m'm. Hi don't mind coming as a lady 'elp—if you prefers it."

**Gentility.**—Bridget: "Wot's the most genteel thing for a lady as is a lady to carry in the street, Nora?" Cook: "Sure, thin, some prefers a three-volume book; but I prefers a roll of music mesilf—quite careless and aisy loike."

**In Spite of the Clock.**—Mistress to her new servant-girl: "Nomad, I told you to come at eight o'clock." Nomad: "Yes'm, I asked 'em 't home, and they said it was eight." Mistress: "Yes, but you knew that it was later." Nomad: "Yes'm, I know'd 't was not so, but I thought I'd take their word for it."

**At Dinner.**—“ Waiter! ” “ Yes, sir.” “ What's this? ” “ It's bean soup, sir.” “ No matter what it has been, the question is, what is it now?”

**Ungracious.**—An Austin family has a colored servant that, while very attentive to her duties, has never been known to give anybody a civil answer. Purely as an experiment, the lady of the house bought her a new calico dress and gave it to her, saying: “ I am glad to have the pleasure, Matildy, of giving you this dress.” “ You mout hab had dat pleasure long ago ef yer had had any regard fo' my feelings,” was the gracious reply.

**Her Sweetheart.**—“ Mary, I do not approve of your entertaining your sweetheart in the kitchen,” said a lady to her servant. “ Well, ma'am, it's very kind of you, but he's too shy to come into the parlor.”

**Servants and Children.**—A worldly man began to taunt a celebrated preacher, and, among other things, told him it was true his congregation was large, but it was chiefly made up of servants and low people. “ I know it is,” said the sagacious divine. “ My church is composed of such converts as Jesus Christ and his apostles gained; and as for servants, I had rather be instrumental in converting them than their employers.” “ Why so? ” inquired the man. “ Because,” observed the minister, “ they have the care of all the children.”

**Not a Babbler.**—“ Had you the audacity, John,” said a Scottish laird to his servant, “ to go and tell some people that I was a mean fellow, and no gentleman? ” “ Na, na,” was the candid answer; “ you'll no catch me at the like o' that. I aye keep my thoughts to mysel'.”

**Victim of a Former Fashion.**—Mistress: I want Mary—where is she? Why do you answer the bell? ” Cook: “ Beg pardon, mum, but Mary isn't at all well, mum. She's been trying the new fashionable tight-lacing, and she finds she can't stand it mum, and that's the fact! ”

**Whistling to Keep Sober.**—A certain lady in Cheshire, whenever she hires a servant, asks him if he can whistle. On being requested by a friend to explain the cause of such a singular question, she replied that when her footman went down to draw the ale, she always made him whistle until he returned, by which means she insured his sobriety.

**Care for Servants.**—The Earl of Chesterfield left by his will legacies amounting to as much as two years' wages each to all his menial servants, considering them "as his unfortunate friends, equal by birth, and only inferior by fortune." John Claude, when on his dying bed, thus addressed his son, who, with an old servant, was kneeling before him: "Be mindful of this domestic; as you value my blessing, take care that she wants nothing as long as she lives."

**Secret of Faithfulness.**—"Robert," said a man, winking slyly at a clerk of his acquaintance, "you must give me good measure; your master is not in." Robert looked solemnly into the man's face, and replied, "My master is always in." Robert's master was the all-seeing God.

**Cleanliness Next to Godliness.**—There is a story, of no very ancient date, of a servant-girl who came to see her spiritual adviser, and informed him that she considered herself a converted character. The minister asked her by what signs she was made aware of the inward change she spoke of. She replied that she now swept out all the corners of the rooms intrusted to her care. On being further questioned as to the performance of her daily duties, it soon became apparent that there was still great room for improvement in matters of cleanliness; so she was told to go home, to be still more conscientious, and to return at some no distant period, when she could report further progress in the reformation that had just begun, and then she might be admitted to a full participation of church privileges.

**For a Consideration.**—"As I am a rather particular man," said a gentleman to a man he was about to engage as coachman, "I shall expect you every evening to come to my house for a quarter of an hour to attend family prayer. I suppose you do not object?" "Why," answered the man, "I don't see much to say against it, but I hope you'll consider it in my wages."

**Happy Servant.**—The servant of an army officer one day met a crony, who inquired of him how he got along with his fiery master. "Oh, excellently!" answered the servant, "we live on very friendly terms: every morning we beat each other's coats; the only difference is, he takes his off to be beaten, and I keep mine on."

**Dexterity.**—A big lad named Thomas, who had been employed only in farm work, was trimmed and dressed for the occasion, and ordered to take his stand at the back of his mistress' chair. Having been duly drilled and repeatedly enjoined, he took his post at the head of the table, behind his mistress. It was at a time when English ladies first followed the French fashion of having the back and shoulders, under the name of the "neck," uncovered much lower than accords with older notions. This lady was in the height, or lowness, of that fashion; and between her shoulder-blades, not far from the confines of her corsage, Thomas espied what Pasquier had seen upon the neck of Mademoiselle des Roches. The lady was too much occupied with her company to feel the flea; but, to her horror, she felt the great finger and thumb of Thomas upon her back, and, to her greater horror, heard him exclaim, "A vlea, a vlea! my lady, ecod I've caught 'en!"

**A Character Indeed.**—A gentleman in Mayence gave his servant-maid the following "character": "The bearer has been in my house a year—minus eleven months. During that time she has shown herself diligent at the house-door; frugal in work; mindful—of herself; prompt—in excuses; friendly—toward men; faithful—to her lovers; and honest—when everything has vanished."

**Very Same.**—A young Irish servant-girl in Philadelphia one day said to her mistress, "Here's the man with the butter, m'm." "Is it the same man we have been having?" asked the lady. "Yis'm," said the maid, "'tis the same man, only there's two av thim, an' this is his brither."

# MISCELLANEOUS

**Woke the Wrong Man.**—A fool, a barber, and a bald-headed man were traveling together. Losing their way, they were forced to sleep in the open air; and, to avert danger, it was agreed to watch by turns. The first lot fell on the barber, who, for amusement, shaved the fool's head while he was sleeping. He then awoke him, and the fool, raising his hand to scratch his head, exclaimed: "Here's a pretty mistake; you have awakened the old bald-headed man instead of me."

**Cockney Zoology.**—Precocious young lady: "Law, ma, ere's a heagle." Mama (reproachfully): "A heagle; ho, you hignorant girl! 'y, hit's a howl!" Keeper of the menagerie (respectfully): "Haxing parding, mum, hit's a 'awk."

**Could Speak Spanish.**—A scout who was with General Crook, once told me that when scouting against the Apaches, coöperating with the Mexican Government, an emissary from the Mexican army came to meet Crook—a gorgeous fellow, with gold-lace and tinsel all over him; and he met Crook, who was dressed in his simple, plain, every-day fashion. When they came together for their conference, it was found that Crook could not speak Spanish and the Spaniard could not speak English. In this dilemma Crook turned round and asked: "Is there anybody here who can speak Spanish?" Instantly one of the men spoke up. "Faith and there is. That aurora borealis up there on the horse—divil a word else can he spake."—*Frank H. Scott.*

**An Extinguisher.**—There is a story of a Yankee at Vesuvius, who, when asked if they had anything like that in America, replied contemptuously, "Anything like that? Why, sir, we have a water-privilege in America that would put that out in five minutes."—*Rev. H. M. Gallaher.*

**Must Control the Secret.**—"Extravagance is the cause of hard times," said a Nevada capitalist. "We must be more economical. Ten years ago I commenced working in a mill in Gold Hill at a small salary, and in less than a year I owned the mill and had some money in bank." "You are right," returned a listener with great earnestness. "It is possible for a man to lay up $2,000 or $3,000 a month on a salary of $5 a day, but he must be very economical and have the handling of the amalgam."

**An Old Lesson Newly Taught.**—In the vaults of the church of the Capuchins in Vienna, which many of you have seen, you are shown, you remember, many coffins of the emperors and of their relatives, among which some of the most interesting are those of Maria Theresa, of the Duke of Reichstadt, and of the Emperor Maximilian. A company of a dozen or fifteen persons who had collected to make the circuit of the vaults under the guidance of the verger (or whatever title the official may have) was pausing a while ago before the tomb of Maximilian, when a gentleman—I will not indicate what his nationality may have been—said, "Ah! if Mr. Seward and Mr. Lincoln had only done their duty, the unfortunate emperor would not be lying there!" Instantly there came a sharp voice from the rear of the crowd: "The pertickeler lesson which that ere tomb teaches is that everybody in this world had better mind his own business."—*Rev. R. S. Storrs.*

**Two to Keep.**—A rich widow had a pension claim. It was opposed by Mr. Clay of Alabama. She had a house, she said, but it cost so very much to keep it up. Not unlike the Spanish beggar on horseback: When rebuked for begging on horseback, he whined, "Oh, señor! the greater cause to beg, for have I not my horse to feed as well as myself?" —*Samuel S. Cox.*

**Democracy of the Deep.**—The greatest of all burial-places is the sea, and its slumberers sleep without monuments. All other graveyards show some distinction between high and lowly, rich and poor; but in the ocean cemetery the king and the clown, the prince and the pauper are all alike and undistinguished. The same billows roll over them, the same sun shines and the same storms rage above their common grave, and the same requiems are sung for all by the mournful minstrels of the sea.

**Milking-Time.**—An industrious citizen, who lives not over a thousand miles from town, arose a few mornings ago, while the festive lark was still snoring, and, with a tin bucket under his arm, went to the barn to milk the family cow. It was dark and rainy, and in fumbling about for old Brindle he got into the wrong pew with the off-mule of his wagon team. He can't remember now which side of the roof he went out at, but his recollection of alighting on the picket fence is very vivid. He expects the bucket down in a few days.—*Samuel S. Cox.*

**Good Runners.**—Down in Virginia flourishes a breed of so-called "razorbacks." They greatly resemble a greyhound in shape, and in speed would successfully compete with one. At one of the county fairs, several years ago, an enterprising Pennsylvanian placed on exhibition a pen of sleek, fat Berkshires, which presented a marked contrast to the leaner native specimens by which they were surrounded. Their owner one day encountered one of his competitors in swine-culture, and ventured a comparison between his own and the stilted occupants of the neighboring pens. "Waal, stranger," replied the ruralist, "they may be right smart for you uns, but down this yar country you couldn't give 'em 'way." "Why not?" asked the astonished Pennsylvanian. "Why, ye see, stranger, down yar a hog that can't outrun a niggar ain't wuth a cuss."

**Alternates.**—"When I get to heaven," said a woman to her Baconian husband, "I am going to ask Shakespeare if he wrote those plays." "Maybe he won't be there," was the reply. "Then you ask him," said the wife.

**Couldn't Afford It.**—During the Civil War a negro, Zeke, was one day detailed off the plantation to help throw up some earthworks. The enemy observed the defensive preparations and began to shell the place. The first missiles went wide of the mark, but after a few rounds the range was found more accurately and the shells began to burst uncomfortably close to Zeke. He stood his ground as long as he could, but at last dropped his shovel and ran for his life. The officer in charge of the operations met him a little distance down the road and, halting him, ordered him to explain his flight. Zeke was trembling with fear, but found breath to say: "Dey's shooting over dare, an' my massa he's a po' man. He paid $900 for me, an' he can't afford to have me killed." And with that he took to the woods at the top of his speed.

**After More Chalk.**—A boy was called away from this earth and joined the great majority; and when he entered the portals of the upper sphere St. Peter told him to mount the golden stairs and, giving him a piece of chalk, directed him to leave on each successive step a chalk-mark for some sin that he had committed. After advancing a considerable distance, the boy met his father coming down, and said, " Dad, what's the matter; what are you coming back for? " " Out of chalk," was the answer.—*Charles Emory Smith.*

**Wit and Humor Distinguished.**—Wit laughs at; humor with. Wit is the result of antipathy; humor of sympathy. Wit punishes pungently; humor cherishes cheerfully. Wit is the counterfeit-detector of the issues of life; humor makes even the bogus coin ring merrily. Wit is lightning: it flashes to scathe. Humor is light, and radiates with a pleasing flow. —*Samuel S. Cox.*

**Reasons for Celebrating.**—A thing need not be great, even in appearance, to be worthily celebrated. If any one can find the day on which the needle first trembled on its poise, seeking the north, and liberating the commerce of the world from the headlands and coasts to which it had been tied; if any one can find the day on which the movable type first came into the grasp of human fingers, to be the lever to lift the world nearer the throne of God; if anybody can find the day when the wire first thrilled with that impulse of articulate thought which now is making neighbors of the most distant nations—it were well to celebrate such days. It was the birth of a babe in a Jewish manger which opened the new era of Christendom. It is by such tiny and seemingly inconsiderate instruments that that babe, now Sovereign Lord of the earth, is carrying forward his shining banners to the ends of the world. We should celebrate such, not for their splendor, but for the immense consequences which have ever since flowed from them.—*Rev. R. S. Storrs.*

**Anatomical Details.**—The husband of a beloved deceased wife came to see her bust. " Pray, study it well," said the artist; " it is only in the clay, and I can still alter it." The widower looked at it with the most tender interest. " It is her very self! " he exclaimed; " her large nose—the sign of goodness! " Then bursting into tears, he added: " She was so good! Make the nose a little larger! "

**Wonders of the Telegraph.**—There is one view of this great invention of the electric telegraph which impresses me with awe. Beside us at this board, along with the illustrious man [Samuel F. B. Morse] whom we are met to honor, and whose name will go down to the latest generations of civilized man, sits the gentleman [Cyrus W. Field] to whose clear-sighted perseverance and to whose energy—an energy which knew no discouragement, no weariness, no pause—we owe it that the telegraph has been laid which connects the old world with the new through the Atlantic Ocean. My imagination goes down to the chambers of the middle sea, to those vast depths where reposes the mystic wire on beds of coral, among forests of tangle, or on the bottom of the dim, blue gulfs strewn with the bones of whales and sharks, skeletons of drowned men, and ribs and masts of foundered barks, laden with wedges of gold never to be coined, and pipes of the choicest vintages of earth never to be tasted. Through these watery solitudes, among the fountains of the great deep, the abode of perpetual silence, never visited by human living presence and beyond the sight of human eye, there are gliding to and fro, by night and by day, in light and in darkness, in calm and in tempest, currents of human thought borne by the electric pulse which obeys the bidding of man. That slender wire thrills with the hopes and fears of nations; it vibrates to every emotion that can be awakened by any event affecting the welfare of the human race. A volume of contemporary history passes every hour of the day from one continent to the other. An operator on the continent of Europe gently touches the keys of an instrument in his quiet room, a message is shot with the swiftness of light through the abysses of the sea, and, before his hand is lifted from the machine, the story of revolts and revolutions, of monarchs dethroned and new dynasties set up in their place, of battles and conquests and treaties of peace, of great statesmen fallen in death, lights of the world gone out and new luminaries glimmering on the horizon, is written down in another quiet room on the other side of the globe.—*William Cullen Bryant.*

**Made Her Happy.**—The sentiment of to-day was freely expressed by the New England girl who mistook the first milestone out of Boston for a tombstone, and reading its inscription, "1 M. from Boston," said, "'I'm from Boston.' How simple, how sufficient!"—*Chauncey M. Depew.*

**Favored Establishment.**—When Lord Chancellor Thurlow was waited upon by a company of Presbyterians, to ask his aid in removing the disabilities which rested upon them at that time, he answered, " Gentlemen, I will be perfectly frank with you. I am against you and for the Established Church; not that I like the Established Church a bit better than any other church, but because it is established; and when you get your blanked religion established I will be for that, too—good morning to you."—*Charles Emory Smith.*

**Why He Saved Him.**—There were two negroes down in Georgia, an old one and a young one, sitting on the same log, fishing. The young one became very drowsy, while waiting for the bite that never came. He kept nodding and nodding, until finally he lost his balance and fell into the river. A benevolent old Georgia gentleman, who just then chanced to pass that way, was delighted to see the other fisherman fling down his pole and line, plunge into the river, and rescue the boy. The old gentleman said to the negro: " That was a noble act of yours to save that boy's life. Is he a son of yours? " " Oh, no," said the old negro, " he ain't no son ob mine." " But why, then, did you take such an interest in saving the boy's life? " asked the gentleman. " Why, de fac' am, massa, dat boy's got all my bait in his pocket."

**Truffled Turkey.**—It was remarked by a well-known gastronomer, in a celebrated work, that man surrendered Paradise for the sake of an apple; and he exclaimed, " If that apple had been a truffled turkey, what might have happened to the human race! "—*Richard E. Mount.*

**The Yankee Crowed.**—Two safe-agents were presenting their relative claims to an admiring crowd. One was a Yankee, and the other wasn't. He that wasn't told his story. A rooster had been shut up in one of his safes, and then it was exposed for three days to an intense degree of heat. When the door was opened, the rooster stalked out as if nothing had happened. It was now the Yankee's turn. A rooster had also been shut up in his safe, and it was submitted to the trial of a tremendous heat for more than a week. Parts of the safe had been melted away, and the door itself had been so welded as to require the use of cold-chisels to get it open. When at last it was opened, the rooster was found frozen to death.

*HENRY CODMAN POTTER*

***Photogravure after a photograph from life***

**Difference in Civilization.**—"What is the difference between the civilization of England and that of America?" asked an American of an Englishman. "This, at any rate," said the Englishman, "that in America there is not a foot of land that is not for sale, while in England there are millions of acres which cannot be bought."—*Rev. H. C. Potter.*

**A Modern City of Refuge.**—If there is any place in America which has the attributes of a sacred city, a city of refuge, it is Philadelphia. There is an atmosphere of sobriety and solemnity about it, that would make even the rashest speaker hesitate to attempt to deliver an extemporaneous speech without writing it beforehand. When I look at you, residents of this city where grandfathers are always above par—representatives also of the Pilgrim Fathers—I, a mere Dutchman and a New-Yorker, cannot help feeling as Daniel did in the lion's den, perfectly safe but somewhat prayerful.—*Rev. Henry van Dyke.*

**Giving a Reason.**—In any event I should have recalled the reply of the Arab sheik, whose neighbor came desiring to borrow his rope. He replied, "I cannot lend it; I want it to tie up my milk with." "But, surely, you do not tie up your milk with a rope?" "Brother," said the sheik, "when you do not want to do a thing, one reason is as good as another."—*Rev. Heman L. Wayland.*

**Buy or Sell.**—Lady Brassey tells, in her charming description of "A Voyage on the Sunbeam," a story of a Yankee visiting Santiago, who was taken by a friend to see a bridge which the inhabitants of the town were rather proud of. It was built across a ravine, where, in the stormy season, a torrent ran, but the bed of which, when the American was brought to it, was perfectly dry. The friend who had brought him asked what he thought of it. "Well," he said, "I think if I were you, I would either buy a river or sell the bridge." —*Rev. R. S. Storrs.*

**Professional Limitations.**—The tenor of one of our city churches, whose pulpit is occupied by a famous preacher, said to me recently: "You must come again; the fact is, neither the doctor nor myself were at our best last Sunday morning. We artists cannot always be at our best."—*Chauncey M. Depew.*

**A New Birth.**—I thought I would speak about Congress to-night. I thought it would be a novelty to this sated audience for a man to speak of anything he knew something about. Great orators can't afford to do it. Who ever heard Dr. Talmage speak of religion? . . Or Depew speak of railways? . . And our fiery Grady, did he say one word of newspapers? And yet he has made the New South he spoke so touchingly of—made it with his "Atlanta Constitution." . . And he knew how to run a newspaper, too. He noticed a citizen as dead. The citizen appeared alive! "Can't correct it," said editor Grady; "but I'll put you in among the births."—*William Walter Phelps.*

**No Room for Idlers.**—Mr. Motley I think it was who, when he came back from the ample and rich leisure of European cities, and found everybody in Boston as busy as men in great commercial centers must be, said that there ought to be a line stretched across Boston harbor with the notice on it, "No admission here except on business."—*Rev. R. S. Storrs.*

**The Previous Question.**—One day a man went into a Boston store and began telling about a fire. "There had never been such a fire," he said, "in the County of Essex. A man going by Deacon Pettingill's barn saw an owl on the ridge-pole. He fired at the owl, and the wadding somehow or other getting into the shingles, set the hay on fire, and it was all destroyed—ten tons of hay, six head of cattle, the finest horse in the country," etc. The deacon was nearly crazed by it. The men in the store began exclaiming and commenting upon it. "What a loss!" says one. "Why, the deacon will well-nigh break down under it," says another. And so they went on, speculating one after another, and the conversation drifted on in all sorts of conjectures. At last, a quiet man, who sat near the fire, looked up, and asked, "Did he hit the owl?"—*Wendell Phillips.*

**Thanked Him for the Relief.**—He reminded me of my Quaker friend who reached the depot just as the train left, and there was another fellow traveler in the same predicament, and that other fellow traveler began to swear and swore like a trooper. And he damned the railroad and the train and everybody connected with it, and my Quaker friend said: "Friend, thee knows that I cannot swear, but I do thank thee for that word."—*Rev. John Philip Newman.*

**A Soft Answer.**—A Quaker had a quarrelsome neighbor, whose cow often broke into the Quaker's well-cultivated garden. One morning, having driven the cow from his premises to her owner's house, he said to him, "Friend, I have driven thy cow home once more; and if I find her in my garden again I—" "Suppose you do," his neighbor angrily exclaimed, "what will you do?" "'Why," said the Quaker, "I'll drive her home to thee again, friend." The cow never again troubled the Quaker.

**All Around Man.**—The Frenchman About says that he had met an American who had been a farmer's boy, a lawyer, a school-teacher, a grocery-keeper, a miner, and he is now captain of a steam sloop in the Calcutta trade, and writing articles for the "North American Review."—*Rev. H. M. Gallaher.*

**The Yankee Did It.**—You remember when General Banks went on that unfortunate expedition up the Red River, how our ironclads were left sticking in the mud—I speak as plainly as I can, it is Swift's advice—our ironclads were stuck in the mud, and the Confederates came bounding down upon their prey, as they thought; but General Banks sent for a Yankee named Bailey—they called him a Yankee, but I think from the name that he must have been Irish. Well, Bailey came, and he said to the river, in his own way of course, "Red River, I would be very much obliged to you if you would lift yourself up about ten feet. I want to sail these Yankee gunboats out." And the Red River said back to him, in its own language, "Colonel Bailey, I ain't a-going to do it." Colonel Bailey replied: "Well, I'm a Yankee, and I am a-going to make you do it"; and, sure enough, he lifted the river up nine or ten feet, and actually floated out our imprisoned gunboats. —*Rev. H. M. Gallaher.*

**Truthful at Least.**—A man was found by a policeman one evening investigating a building somewhat closely. "What are you doing?" asked the policeman. "Nothing," replied the man; "I am thinking of opening a jewelry store here, and I thought I would look it over," and so he was allowed to remain. The next morning when it was reported that the jewelry store had been robbed, the policeman scratched his head, and finally said, "Well, that man may be a thafe, but he's no liar."—*W. W. Catlin.*

**Slowness of Apprehension.**—There are many who talk of the traditions of the past; there are many who oppose every element of progress. In this very city [New York], a city of intelligence and progress, the votes of these people defeated Fernando Wood, in his candidacy for Congress, and they ridiculed him off the stump, because he had so little intellect as to vote for an appropriation of $25,000 to aid Mr. Morse in putting up a wire between Baltimore and Washington, by which the people of Baltimore could talk to their neighbors forty miles away. It took centuries to convince the farm-boy that it was better to divide his corn in two ends of the bag rather than to put a rock in one end and corn in the other. —*Joseph Wheeler.*

**In the Stock Exchange.**—Atchison's seven per cent. and Atchison's rises and falls have taught a bitter lesson to many a Boston man. A Detroit man went into the wheat pit and came out shorn. "Were you a bull?" asked his friend, to whom he was telling his story. "No." "Were you a bear?" "No." "What in thunder were you, then?" "I was an ass, my friend, that is what I was."—*George A. Marden.*

**Yankee Soldier Traits.**—The Yankee soldier required a great deal of attention to put him in good fighting trim. He wanted a rather elaborate outfit. He had to have a pocket in his shirt, a toothpick in his pocket, and a frequent ration of pumpkin pie. . . . . But the Yankee was the true type of American soldier. If he had but one pair of socks, he would put one of them over his gun in wet weather. If ordered to retreat, he always got lame. If he were too short-sighted to see the enemy, he always went nearer. These men were willing to enlist for three years in the field; willing at the end of that time to re-enlist—to "veteranize" for the entire war; always seemed ready to do anything—that wouldn't take them back to New England.—*Horace Porter.*

**New England Dinners.**—Whatever benefit may be realized from the consumption of countless New England dinners should be mine. From the bean of Beverly to the turkey of Cape Cod, there is no viand known to our ancestors that I have not labored to enjoy; and if only their digestion could have been vouchsafed to me along with their diet, I might on this occasion be able to sound their praises with a lustier voice.—*James C. Carter.*

**Sure to Survive.**—A Boston lady said that if the Spaniards bombarded the city and destroyed the state-house and every other building there, Boston would remain. "And how is that?" said her anxious and earnest friend. "Why," said she, "Boston is a state of mind."

**How They Raise Men in Georgia.**—During a visit to Washington General Wheeler was entertained by a party of Northern men at dinner, when one of the gentlemen said laughingly: "How is it, general, that the sleepy farms of the South produce such whirlwind fighters in such small packages?" "Well, gentlemen," said the little general, puffing at a large cigar, "I believe I'll have to give you the answer an old 'cracker' woman once gave me when I asked her a similar question. Not many years ago I had occasion to make a saddle journey through the pine barrens of Georgia, where almost everybody is a 'cracker' and mighty shiftless. One day, however, I rode into a little community that showed such signs of thrift as to be quite out of keeping with the general character of the barrens. I rode up to a cabin where a gaunt old woman stood in the doorway, and asked her who owned these little farms that were so well kept. 'That farm on the left belongs to my son Jabez,' said she, 'and the next one to my boy Zalim, and the next to my lad Jason, and the next is my boy Potiphar's place, and—' 'Hold on, sister,' said I; 'how did you manage to raise such a fine lot of boys way off here in the woods?' 'Waal, stranger,' she answered, 'I am a widdy woman, and all I had to raise 'em on was prayer an' hickory, but I raised 'em powerful frequent.'"

**Painter and Physician.**—A painter, whose talents were but indifferent, turned physician. He was asked the reason for it. "In painting," answered he, "all the faults are exposed to the eye; but in physic, they are buried with the patient, and one gets off more easily."

**Didn't Know New York.**—Some years ago a well-known New York gentleman, traveling in Egypt, wished to communicate with his Wall street office by telegram. He wrote out his message, and passed it in to the clerk, who, upon reading it, much surprised my friend by asking "Where is New York?" The shocked banker pulled himself together, and the best reply he could make was, "It is opposite Jersey City." —*Henry A. Gildersleeve.*

**All Accidents.**—It seems, according to the narration, that the awkwardest man in the world accidentally shot his neighbor's dog, and in explaining to his neighbor how he did it, he accidentally shot his neighbor, whereupon he was haled before the coroner and a jury, and in explaining to the coroner how he did it he accidentally shot the coroner. Whereupon, the story goes, he was forthwith discharged for fear he would undertake to explain it to some one else.—*Howard Leslie Smith.*

**Chicago Climate.**—Our Chicago neighbors once invited a convention to meet in their city, and the committee on invitation set the time in August, assuring the convention that "Chicago in August is cooler than the top of Pike's Peak, because that great inland sea, Lake Michigan, lies like a huge refrigerator at the gates of the city and cools it off." That convention met, the temperature was at a hundred, the breweries in Milwaukee were using all the cool air of Lake Michigan, when a delegate got up and said: "We can't stand this; what the devil is the matter with that refrigerator?" The chairman of the Chicago committee arose and blandly said: "Mr. Chairman, there is a time in the domestic affairs of every family when the hired man forgets to put the ice in the box."—*William B. Melish.*

**Checkmate.**—On one occasion, when a boarder had devoured almost everything eatable on the table within his reach, and when the landlady had supplied him until her strength and patience were well-nigh exhausted, she suddenly broke out with— "I shall certainly have to raise the price of your board!" "Don't think of doing such a thing," he replied; "it is nearly killing me now to eat all I pay for, and should you raise my board and compel me to eat more, it will be the death of me."

**A Slight Hitch.**—There are certain portions of Vermont where the only recreation and pleasure of the inhabitants is the attendance upon funerals. A friend of mine up there engaged in the diversion of the neighborhood, and went to one of these gatherings. After the preacher had concluded, he was startled by the undertaker, who got up and announced this notice: "Friends will be patient; the exercises are briefly postponed because the corpse has been mislaid." —*Chauncey M. Depew.*

**An Empty Sound.**—In Hawthorne's "Our Old Home" there is an amusing description of his sensations at an English state dinner when, in his official capacity of American consul, he was first called upon to make a speech. He describes how by degrees it dawned upon him that the Lord Mayor, at whose table he was, had an eye to him in certain introductory remarks, and he says: "I rapped upon my mind; it gave forth a hollow sound, being absolutely empty of appropriate ideas."—*Charles Francis Adams, Jr.*

**Assorted Meannesses.**—New Englanders, I know, have been charged with close-fistedness with their money, but I don't think it is any more true of them than of people all over the world—plenty of mean people everywhere. That was up here in New York State where a man asked his neighbor if he would not take a drink; the neighbor replied, "No, I never drink, but I will take a cigar and three cents." That was over here in Pennsylvania, where a stingy man, to economize in his meat-bill cut off his dog's tail and roasted it, and after having gnawed the meat off, gave the bone to the dog. That was over yonder in Tennessee, where a child had such wrong notions of money that when, on Sunday-school anniversary day, each boy was to present his contribution and quote a passage of Scripture, a boy handed in his contribution and quoted: "A fool and his money are soon parted." Most of the stories of New England close-fistedness are told by those who tried a sharp game on a Yankee, and were worsted, and the retort was natural; as in the case of a man on shipboard, coming from California in gold times, when there was not half room enough for the passengers, and after they had been out four or five days, a man who had not been seen before on deck appeared, and his friend said: "Why, I did not know you were on board! How did you get a stateroom?" "Oh," he says, "I have none, and I will have to sit up at night the rest of the voyage. So far I have been sleeping on top of a sick man, but he has got well and won't stand it any longer."—*T. DeWitt Talmage.*

**Natural Query.**—"Where was 'Starvation Camp' located?" said a Hartford man through his nose to the great explorer Stanley. "On the banks of the Congo," answered the traveler. "Waal, then," said the Yankee, "why didn't you fish?" —*Chauncey M. Depew.*

**A Utilitarian.**—An eminent astronomer, bound for Europe, gave a popular talk one beautiful starry night on the Milky Way. The address was much enjoyed by his listeners, who were heartily expressing their approval, when suddenly, from the edge of the crowd, came a shrill voice: "But vot vos der use of id? Id has no bractical use. Now, if I coult only shove dose stars togeder so dey vould sphell 'Blank's Brinting Ink' I vould gif ten t'ousand tollars."

**God's Country.**—Some years ago, when the annual encampment of the G. A. R. was held at Portland, Maine, a few delegates from the "wild and woolly," of that class who are eternally cramming the advantages of what they term "God's country" down everybody's throat, took a jaunt up that way to see the country and sneer at "primitive methods," etc. In a particularly rocky and uninviting section of the State they alighted at a station for exercise, and ran across an aged farmer sitting on a baggage-truck and chewing tobacco. "Well, ye don't look as though ye'd had a boom here lately," said the Kansas man, addressing the aged agriculturist; "you fellers are foolish to stay in this country, where ye have to do yer spring plowin' with a pickaxe and yer plantin' with a shotgun. I sh'd think ye'd starve to death. Why don't ye come out to Kansas? Not a stump nor a stun in sight; soil ten feet deep; crops o' one year make ye rich." The Maine man listened with a face full of interest, and finally took a fresh chew of tobacco. He rose from the baggage-truck and faced the crowd of Kansans. "So ye're all doin' well, are ye? I'm mighty glad to hear it. I'm holdin' six mortgages on Kansas farms to-day, an' if you fellers will just keep it up an' pay your int'rest, I'll try an' pull along here."

**In the Mayflower.**—I remember a little controversy which took place between a lady from Beacon street, Boston, and a lady belonging to one of the Knickerbocker families of New York. They were engaged in a contest as to which one of them might claim the nobler ancestry. By and by the Beacon street lady said, with a good deal of earnestness, that her ancestors came over in the Mayflower. Whereupon the New York lady, with her nose tilted to a sort of "400" aristocratical angle, remarked superciliously that she was not aware before that there were any steerage passengers in the Mayflower.—*Minot J. Savage.*

**Not an Archeologist.**—A chap once arrived in Maine, with an Egyptian mummy, which he desired to exhibit. It was requisite then that before the exhibition permission should be obtained from the judge of one of the higher courts. Accordingly, the showman proceeded to a court-house where court was in session, and applied to the judge for a license, stating that at infinite trouble and expense, to say nothing of danger, he had been fortunate enough to procure the greatest curiosity ever seen in the United States. "What is it?" asked the judge. "An Egyptian mummy (may it please the court, more than three thousand years old," said the showman. "Three thousand years old!" exclaimed the judge, jumping to his feet, "and is the critter alive?"

**Yankee Spirit.**—We all know the Yankee's proclivity for talk—talk and self-appreciation. A dialogue between the Old Englander and the New Englander sets this forth. It is Yankee through and through. The New Englander has just told of a wonderful swimming feat which he performed; it was a twenty-mile swim at a stretch. The Old Englander laughed at that feat as a mere trifle and then told his story. His story was this: When he left Liverpool on the steamship, he looked behind and saw a man swimming after the ship with the evident intention of following it across the ocean. And he did it. The man and the ship struck the Cunard wharf at New York at the same tick of the clock. Nothing abashed, the Yankee asked the Englishman if he would forever stick to that story, and if he would swear to it. When the Englishman replied in the affirmative, the Yankee said: "I am mighty glad, stranger, to have such a credible witness as you to that swimming feat, for that fellow you saw and have told us about was me. I am yours truly, sir!" That is the spirit of the Yankees up to date.—*David Gregg.*

**A Bad Night.**—A compositor in a Parisian printing-office who, after wrestling from midnight until morning with the abominable and hopelessly obscure manuscript of a great French novelist, was met on his way home, in the gray dawn, by a fellow workman. "Merciful powers!" exclaimed his companion, when he looked him in the face, "what terrible disaster has befallen?" "None," said the compositor grimly; "I have been spending a night with a manuscript of Balzac." —*Rev. H. C. Potter.*

**Sterne and the Puppy.**—Sterne one day in a coffee-house observed a spruce, powdered young fellow at the fireside, who was speaking of the clergy in a mass as a body of disciplined impostors and systematic hypocrites. Sterne got up while the young man was haranguing, and approached the fire, patting and coaxing all the way a favorite little dog. Coming at length toward the gentleman, he took up the dog, still continuing to pat him, and addressed the young fellow: "Sir, this would be the prettiest little animal in the world, had he not one disorder." "What disorder is that?" replied the fellow. "Why, sir," said Sterne, "one that always makes him bark when he sees a gentleman in black." "That is a singular disorder," replied the young fellow; "pray, how long has he had it?" "Sir," replied Sterne, looking at him with affected gentleness, "ever since he was a puppy."

**Glorious Day.**—Lord Brougham once rose and said in his place in Parliament, that he hoped the day would come when every Englishman would be able to read Bacon. And Cobden said, "I hope to see the day when every Englishman will be able to eat bacon, as he cannot now."—*Rev. H. M. Gallaher.*

**Why He Was a Democrat.**—The old teacher in one of the smaller schools near my native town of Peekskill had drilled a number of his brightest scholars in the history of contemporary politics, and to test both their faith and their knowledge he called upon three of them one day and demanded a declaration of personal political principles. "You are a Republican, Tom, are you not?" "Yes, sir." "And Bill, you are a Prohibitionist, I believe?" "And Jim, you are a Democrat?" "Yes, sir." "Well, now, the one of you that gives me the best reason why he belongs to his party can have this woodchuck, which I caught on my way to school this morning." "I am a Republican," said the first boy, "because the Republican party saved the country in the war and abolished slavery." "And Bill, why are you a Prohibitionist?" "I am a Prohibitionist," rattled off the youth, "because rum is the country's greatest enemy and the cause of our overcrowded prisons and poorhouses." "Excellent reasons, Bill," remarked the tutor encouragingly. "Now, why are you a Democrat, Jim?" "Well, sir," was the slow reply, "I am a Democrat because I want that woodchuck!"—*Chauncey M. Depew.*

**Where He Came From.**—It is related of Dr. Bethune, who was admired by New Englanders quite as heartily as by New Yorkers, that once in Boston, as he stood in the street to see a procession go by, a stout, well-built gentleman came up to him and said: "Fine-looking men, these." "Yes," said the doctor, "who are they?" "New Hampshire men," said the gentleman; "I am from New Hampshire." And then he asked the doctor, "Where are you from?" The doctor, then a resident of New York, replied, "I am from a city, sir, that everybody goes to and nobody goes away from."

**Enraptured.**—Garrick, on his return from the Continent, prepared an address to the audience, which he delivered previous to the play he first appeared in. When he came upon the stage, he was welcomed with three loud plaudits, finishing with a huzza. As soon as this unprecedented applause had a little subsided, he used every art of which he was so completely master to lull the tumult into a profound silence, and just as all was hushed to death, and anxious expectation sat on every face, old Cervetto, who was better known by the name of "Nosey," anticipated the very first line of the address by a tremendous yawn. The moment Garrick came off the stage he ran to the music-room, where, collaring astonished "Nosey," he began to abuse him vociferously. "Wha—why—you old scoundrel—you must be the most infernal—" "Oh, Mr. Garrick!" burst out Cervetto, "vat is the matter—vat haf I do—oh, vat it is?" "Well then, just at that very moment, did you not, with your infernal jaws extended wide enough to swallow a sixpenny loaf—yawn? Oh, I wish you had never shut your damned jaws again!" "Sare, Mr. Garrick—only if you please hear me von vord. It is alvay the vay—it is indeed, Mr. Garrick—alvay the vay I go ven I haf the greatest rapture, Mr. Garrick."

**Grave-Blossoms.**—A clergyman once received a call to a new parish in Massachusetts. He was walking one day in the village cemetery, and he saw a man standing by a family lot, and he approached him, and said, "My dear friend, are these the graves of your children?" The man replied, "Yes; there lies Billy, and there lies Harry, and there lies poor little Katie, and in the corner there," pointing pathetically to where there were some flowers, "lies the old lady, all blown out." —*Hugh J. Hastings.*

**Genial Manager.**—A manager had engaged a French operetta troupe to perform in a city of South America. He offered high terms, promised his protégés a benefit apiece, made the best arrangements for their comfort on the voyage out, and at last had the satisfaction of steaming off with them all. The day when they started was a fine one, and as soon as the shores of France had faded out of sight, the company, to keep up their spirits, began to sing on deck. But very soon they stopped, and five gentlemen were seen to stare at one another with consternation. "Why, how is this," cried one, "I was engaged as the only tenor." "That is my case, too," chimed in another, and so said they all. The manager had slunk down into the cabin during this altercation, but he was called up again and was requested to furnish explanations. "Calm your minds," he said, in a cheerful tone. "You are five tenors now, but I calculate that four of you will be carried off by the black vomit as soon as we land, and I promise that the one who survives shall be my only tenor."

**United We Stand.**—Sarah Bernhardt was playing "Fedora" to a crowded house. The poison scene, as usual, elicited a tempest of applause, but before it had completely died away, loud peals of laughter burst forth from the upper part of the theater. The sober-minded people in the boxes and stalls gazed reproachfully at the boisterous "gods"; but in a moment they too began to laugh, for in the front row of the third gallery, and in full view of all, stood two one-armed men, energetically coöperating to prolong the applause by clapping their remaining hands together.

**Great Men Compared.**—Fifty years ago, when I left college and went over to London lion-hunting, I spent an hour or two with the most extraordinary Scotchman of this century, Thomas Carlyle. He said to me: "Your name is Cuyler—you are a Dootchman." I said; "Yes, Mr. Carlyle, my ancestors were from Holland, and I am very proud of it." He said: "Ah, the Dootch were just the bravest people God Almighty ever made. Philip the Second sent the Duke of Alva to squelch the Dootchmen, but they joost squelched him like a rotten egg; aye, they did. At the beginning of this century, the world went wild over a red rag of a Frenchman; but for grandeur, Bonaparte was nothing to William the Silent."
—*Theodore Cuyler.*

**Wrong One.**—I read the other day of a Dutchman who had lost his child, and who thus related his experience in finding him: "I lose my poy, und I go out und find him sitting on the curbstone. I tell him come home. He say he von't. He look at me; I look at him. He begin to cry; I begin to cry. He feel very bad; I feel very bad. I tole him stood up, und he stand up. I put my arms aroun' his neck—und it vasn't him!"—*A. Q. Keasbey.*

**Near Relations.**—An old lady who had been taken to see the Siamese twins looked at them with great interest, and remarked with considerable sagacity, "Brothers, I suppose?"

**Voices of the Sea.**—There is an old legend which tells how, long ago, the city of Is, a dream of the bold sailors of Brittany, was swallowed up by the sea. When a storm sweeps the surface of the deep, the lonely sailor sees the tall spires of the sunken city in the hollows of the waves, and when a profound calm broods over the waters he hears the sound of its bells rising from the caverns of the sea and chiming the music of another time. Every man carries in his bosom a humanity that is like the fabled city, and from the depths of his nature he hears the voices of the past breaking his profoundest silence. In the hidden recesses of his being, where sleep the souls of his ancestors, a secret power shapes his life to purposes larger than his own, and lifts him in moments of inspiration above his conscious and voluntary self.—*David J. Hill.*

**How to Get Them Up.**—Some stupid editor says that "if a fee of fifty cents were charged to see the sun rise, nine-tenths of the world would be up in the morning."

**Protecting Its Name.**—During the hot season, a professor—I think he was from Dartmouth—took a run down on the New England coast to enjoy a day's bathing. Unfortunately for him, it was a stormy day, and the waves rolled mountain high, and the man in charge refused absolutely to allow him to take his wash. He left in great disgust and disappointment, and mounted the seat with the omnibus-driver, complaining very bitterly. Now, the driver was a practical New England man, and he said to him, "Don't complain, my dear sir; we don't want strangers to come down here and get drowned; it would hurt the beach."—*Hugh J. Hastings.*

**A Country Comedy.**—Some time ago Nat Goodwin, while spending a day in the country, met with an adventure which has afforded himself as well as his friends considerable amusement. As he was walking lazily along the roadside he saw running toward him at full speed a man whose wild aspect gave strong reason to believe that he had escaped from a lunatic asylum that was in the neighborhood. Mr. Goodwin naturally turned aside at his approach, but the man turned too, and as he came nearer his appearance was even more threatening than at first. Mr. Goodwin hastened his steps, and the maniac still following, broke into a run. The pursuit grew more and more exciting, and Mr. Goodwin, finally leaving the road, fled recklessly over fields and hedges, the terrifying apparition close at his heels. At last Goodwin sank exhausted on the ground, thinking his last moment had come, and even, so his friends say, started to pray, when the lunatic, tapping him on the shoulder, said, "Tag, you're it," and started again at full speed in an opposite direction.

**A Set of Scoundrels.**—You will remember that John Adams wrote his wife in 1776 that there was too much corruption in public life; that virtue was not in fashion and vice not infamous, and that he was ashamed of the age he lived in. And, thirty years after the Second Congress, Gouverneur Morris and John Jay were talking over old times, when Morris said, "Jay, what a set of scoundrels we had in that Second Congress." "Yes," said Jay, as he knocked the ashes from his pipe, "that we had."—*Edward Oliver Wolcott.*

**No Other Side.**—Among Americans the distinctive Puritan statesman of our time, the worthy political descendant of John Winthrop and Samuel Adams, whose name can never be mentioned at this New England table without affection and honor, who added to the indomitable conviction of the Roundhead the cultivated graces of the Cavalier, and whose lofty character and unstained life was a perpetual rebuke of mercenary politics and mean ambitions, was Charles Sumner. I was one day talking with him upon some public question, and as our conversation warmed, I said to him, "Yes, but you forget the other side." He brought his clenched hand down upon the table till it rang again, and his voice shook the room as he thundered in reply, "There is no other side!" —*George William Curtis.*

**Let Her Go.**—A cruel friend of former Senator Blackburn of Kentucky tells this campaign story at his expense: Years ago, when he was first running for Congress, Mr. Blackburn was present one day at a hanging. After the sheriff had adjusted the rope, he looked at his watch and found that he was some minutes ahead of time. He turned to the prisoner and said: "You have still ten minutes left to live; perhaps you would like to say something to the crowd." But the prisoner was sullen and said that he would most decidedly not like to say anything. Whereupon Joe Blackburn jumped up and said: "If the gentleman does not want his time and will kindly yield it to me, I should like to present myself as a candidate for your suffrages. If elected to Congress, I—" But this was too much for the prisoner. "Mr. Sheriff," he said, "I'm to be hung but not tortured, and I won't insist on a few minutes more life when the alternative is to listen to one of Joe Blackburn's speeches. Let her go, Mr. Sheriff." The sheriff obligingly "let her go," and the prisoner was launched into eternity.

**Not Far to Go.**—A distinguished lawyer and politician was traveling on the train when an Irishwoman came into the car with a big basket, bundle, etc., and sat down near him. When the conductor came around to collect fares the woman paid her money, and the conductor passed by the lawyer without collecting anything. The good woman thereupon said to the lawyer: "An' faith an' why is it that the conductor takes the money of a poor Irishwoman an' don't ask ye, who same to be a rich mon, for anything?" The lawyer (who had a pass) replied: "My dear madam, I'm traveling on my beauty." The woman looked at him for a moment and then quickly answered: "An' is that so? Thin ye must be very near yer journey's end."

**"War is Hell."**—It was a soldiers' fight, and when the height was won in that matchless charge the situation was well summed up by the author of the "Red Badge of Courage." "The Regular Army was dusty, disheveled, and covered with sweat, its hair matted on its forehead and its shirt glued to its back. Indescribably dirty, thirsty, hungry, and aweary from its bundles, its marches and its fights, it sat down on the conquered crest and was satisfied and exclaimed: 'Well, hell, here we are!'"—*Henry Elias Howland.*

**Mute Appeals.**—The pathos of true want was seldom better expressed than in the following. When Leitch Ritchie was once traveling in Ireland, he passed a man who was a painful spectacle of pallor, squalor, and raggedness. His heart smote him, and he turned back. "If you are in want," said Ritchie, with some degree of peevishness, "why don't you beg?" "Sure, it's begging oi am, yer honor." "You didn't say a word." "No, yer honor, and yet see how the skin is speakin' through the holes of me trousers! and the bones a-cryin' out through me skin! Look at me sunken cheeks, and the famine that's starin' in me eyes! Man alive! isn't it beggin' that oi am, beggin' with a hundred tongues?"

**Swearing Off.**—That was my first plunge into the great American athletic sport of after-dinner speaking. Since that time I have lived through a perilous life, and now I have sworn off. I swore off about three years ago, but the way I swore off was like the way the Connecticut deacon swore off eating clams. He ate too many one day, and it made him feel very uncomfortable and pious, and he thought that he would have recourse to prayer, and he said, "Oh Lord, heal thy servant of this grievous illness, and I faithfully promise thee that he will never eat any more clams—very few, if any. Amen."—*Rev. Henry van Dyke.*

# GENERAL INDEX

# GENERAL INDEX

THE Index has been constructed with an aim to its practical usefulness rather than to exhibit elaborate syntheses of very general subjects. The indexer has tried to take the point of view of the reader who may wish to search for a discussion, an illustration, or an apt quotation upon any one of a multitude of subjects of interest, and to bring him by easy and rapid progress to the object of his search. Concreteness of expression has been constantly sought for.

It only remains to explain the meaning of symbols within parentheses. A. D. S. represents After-Dinner Speech; L, Lecture; and A, Occasional Address. In some cases, where the treatment of the subject in the text warrants more especial emphasis, the name of the author, in parentheses, follows the subject.

## A

**Abbott, Lyman** VOL. PAGE
- International Brotherhood (A)... 7 1
- On F. Marion Crawford's lecture, Pope Leo XIII.................. 4 339

Abdul Ahmed II
- Cox, S. S., on...................... 1 289

Abelard in class-room................ 4 xx

" Abe Slupskey "..................... 1 321

**Abolitionists**
- Discussions between A. and pro-slavery advocates in Boston..... 6 904
- Farrar on .......................... 5 411
- Lowell as an Abolitionist, (Curtis) 7 261
- Pond, J. B., on.................... 6 893
- Quincy, Edmund, as an Abolitionist, (Lodge) ................ 8 778

**Abolition of Slavery**
- Influences of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" upon.................. 1 53

**Abstinence**
- Gough on .......................... 5 507

**Acre**
- Turning point in Napoleon's career ............................ 6 993

**Acres of Diamonds** (L)
- Conwell, Russell H............... 4 307

**Acting**
- Macready on ...................... 2 792

Acting of Macready, (Lytton)....... 2 770

Action, education by, (Emerson).... 8 427

**Actors**
- Coleridge, Lord, on great........ 1 248

Actor's Art, The (A. D. S.)
- Dickens, Charles ................. 1 401
- Irving, H., on..................... 2 676
- Lamb, Carlyle and Emerson on.. 3 1260

Actresses, great, (Coleridge, Lord).. 1 248

Adam, Burdette, Robert J., on....... 4 145

**Adams, Charles Francis** VOL. PAGE
- College Fetich, A (A)............ 7 10
- The Lessons of Life (A. D. S.).. 1 1
- Lincoln's emendations to Seward's letter of instructions to Adams as Minister to England 6 1173

Adams, Elmer B.
- President's speech introducing Henry C. Caldwell............... 1 112

Adams family, The, (Fields)........ 5 432

**Adams, John**
- Appointing circuit judges ....... 2 767
- Cited by Lowell................... 2 743
- Garfield compared with, (Blaine) 7 126
- Letter to Jefferson on Greek..... 7 17
- On artists, (Higginson).......... 5 568
- " Public office is a public trust " (quoted by J. H. Choate)....... 1 189

**Adams and Jefferson** (A)
- Everett, Edward.................. 8 439

Adams, John Quincy
- Adams, John, on.................. 8 466
- On Emerson and Transcendentalism, (Curtis)..................... 7 259

Adams, Samuel
- Cited by Lowell................... 2 743
- Sears on ......................... 7 xxviii

Addams, Mortimer C.
- President's address: Introducing Horace Porter.................... 3 931

Adjectives, Scotch use of............ 6 1150

**Adler, Felix**
- Marcus Aurelius (A).............. 7 23

Administration of laws, (Roosevelt). 3 1000

**Adopted Citizen, The** (A. D. S.)
- Grant, U. S........................ 2 561

Advertising, (Rosebery, Lord)...... 3 1011

Æschines, quoted by T. B. Reed ... 4 vi

Æschylus, cited by F. W. Farrar.... 2 480

**Africa** VOL. PAGE
Cape to Cairo railway 7 8
Explorations of Stanley 3 1081
Forest tribes, (Stanley) 6 1037
Natal-Transvaal railway 1 144
Stanley completes Livingstone's discoveries 1 7
Toilet of savage of Central Africa, (Mark Twain) 1 226

**After-Dinner Speeches**
Caldwell, H. C., on 1 112
Coleridge, Lord, on 1 247
Depew, C. M., on Sala, G. A. 1 341
Evarts on 2 463
Harrison on 2 590
Lowell, J. R., on 2 747
Lowell, J. R., on 2 750
Page, T. N., on 3 862
Reed, T. B., on 4 xi
Sears, L., on 1 xv

**Agassiz, Louis Jean Rodolphe**
Man and Monkeys (L) 4 1
Special creation, (Weiss) 9 1173
On his first lecture 8 790
"Priest of God" 1 45

**Age of Research, The (A. D. S.)**
Gladstone, W. E. 2 580
Age of young men 4 373
Agnosticism
McKelway, St. Clair, on 2 808
Wu Ting-Fang on 6 1234
Agrarian laws of the Jews,
Milman, Dean, on 6 1122
Agriculture, office of, (Everett) 8 462
Akbar, attempt to found a new religion, (Döllinger) 7 358

**Alabama Claims** 1 125
Farrar on 5 410
Joint-High Commission, (Evarts) 2 449
Albert Edward Nyanza
Discovered by Stanley 6 1044

**Albert Edward, Prince of Wales**
Colonies, The (A. D. S.) 3 1175
President's address: Introducing Sir Wilfred Laurier 2 702
Speech of Earl of Carnarvon at installation of Prince of Wales as Grand Master of English Free Masons, April 28, 1874 7 159
Albertus Magnus and Herbert Spencer, (Evarts) 2 464
Albion, England so named, (Huxley) 5 604
Alcott, Louisa Maria
Whipple, E. P., on 3 1231
Alexander the Great, Marco Polo, Columbus, Henry M. Stanley compared, (Depew) 6 1030
Alexandrian schools of philosophy, (Döllinger) 7 353
Al Hafed; tales of acres of diamonds 4 308
"All quiet along the Potomac to-night" (quoted by Farrar) 5 408
Allston, Washington, quoted by Lord Coleridge 1 256

VOL. PAGE
Alpine travel 5 750
Alps, Napoleon crossing 6 996
**America** See also *United States.*
As viewed by Lowell on his return from eight years abroad 2 755
Attitude of men towards women in America 1 79
Barré's defense of, in the House of Commons, (Farrar) 5 405
Bishop Berkeley's prophecy as to, (Farrar) 5 401
Carlyle on 8 800
Character of, influenced by Revolution, (Starr King) 5 679
Chatham's eulogy on, (Farrar) 5 405
Criticised by M. Arnold 4 47
Discovery of, (Fiske) 8 491
Distinguished early visitors to, (Farrar) 5 403
Dominant notes in American history 1 71
England and, (Allston) 1 256
England and, (Curtis) 1 306
Farrar on 5 395
Future of, (Farrar) 5 422
Future of, (H. Porter) 3 943
Great Britain and, (Herschell) 2 610
Growth due to spirit of individualism 1 35
History rewritten from an American point of view, (White) 9 1193
Lacks reverence, (Chapin) 4 223
Made up of a mixture of races 1 119
Money-making in America, (Beecher) 4 59
Perils to the body politic, (Farrar) 5 416
Progress of, (Conwell) 4 332
Rise and progress of, (Tennyson) 5 414
Ruskin's warning applied to, (Farrar) 5 402
Russia and the United States, (R. H. Dana) 1 323
Self-government in, (Beecher) 4 63
Shakespeare's prophecy as to, (Farrar) 5 401
Talmage on 3 1127

**America Visited (A. D. S.)**
Stanley, Arthur Penrhyn 3 1073

**America's Golden Age (A. D. S.)**
Choate, Joseph H. 1 167

**America's Mission (A. D. S.)**
Bryan, W. J. 1 94

**America's Uncrowned Queen (L)**
Wilson, Homer T. 6 1213

**American**
And English, (Matthews) 9 865
Boy, (Farrar) 5 418
Characterized by G. W. Curtis 1 315
Expansion, (Choate) 1 199
Historians, (Farrar) 5 415
Hospitality, (Collins, Wilkie) 1 261
Humor, (Ian Maclaren) 6 1146
Humor, (McKelway, St. Clair) 2 812

- **American**—*Continued* VOL. PAGE
  - Humorists, (Farrar) 5 415
  - Humorists, (Savage) 6 954
  - Idea, The, (Eggleston, G. C.) 2 425
  - Ideas in their influence on Europe 3 1149
  - Independence first advocated by Scotch-Presbyterians of N. C. 1 122
  - Life. A. P. Stanley quoted by Farrar 5 415
  - Lodge, H. C., on 8 783
  - Manhood, Farrar's tribute to the 5 417
  - Novelists, (Farrar) 5 415
  - Orators, (Farrar) 5 415
  - Oratory, (Sears) 7 xxviii
  - Philanthropists, (Farrar) 5 414
  - Poetry, future of, (Bryant) 7 153
  - Poets, (Farrar) 5 415
  - Roosevelt, Theodore, on the 3 1000
  - Self-conceit, (W. Phillips) 6 832
  - True, (Schurz) 9 1018
  - Webster on 3 1218
- American Chemical Society banquet
  - Wiley, Harvey W.—"The Ideal Woman," Washington, D. C., Dec., 1898 3 1240
- **American Government Unique (A)**
  - Webster, Daniel 9 1152
- **American Historical Association**
  - Address of president for 1900, Edward Eggleston, "The New History" 8 401
  - Address by Andrew D. White at opening session, Sept. 9, 1884: "The Field of Historical Study" 9 1177
- **American Literature**
  - Address by Brander Matthews 9 861
  - Depew, C. M., on 1 334
  - Founders of, (Reed, T. B.) 4 viii
  - Higginson on 5 568
  - Lowell, J. R., on 2 762
  - Mabie, H. W., on 7 815
  - Motley, J. L., on 2 842
  - Sentimental period, 1840-50 (Warner) 9 1133
- **American Patriotism (A)**
  - McKinley, William 9 847
- **American Scholar, The (A)**
  - Emerson, Ralph Waldo 8 419
- **American Soldier, The (A. D. S.)**
  - Wheeler, Joseph 3 1220
  - Spencer, H., on the 3 1068
- **American Standard, The (A)**
  - Washington, Booker T. 9 1140
- **American Wit and Humor (L)**
  - Savage, Minot Judson 6 943
- Ames, Fisher
  - On American Literature 5 568
- Amiability of English, (M. Arnold) 4 88
- Amin Bey
  - Winthrop, R. C., on 3 1263
- Amusement
  - Talmage on 6 1076
- Analysis VOL. PAGE
  - Age of 3 895
  - As contrasted with imagination, (Goschen) 8 559
- Anarchists in Italy 4 353
- "Ancient Mariner"
  - Hazlitt on 5 561
- **Anderson, Martin Brewer**
  - Genius and Achievement of Morse (A) 7 40
- Andocides
  - Sears on 7 xv
- Andrew, John A.
  - Lodge, H. C., on 2 723
- Anglo-Saxon
  - Future of, (T. N. Page) 3 867
  - Civilization, Teaching of 1 98
- Animal life at bottom of the sea 5 612
- Animals
  - Succession of A. in geologic ages 4 18
- Anno, on the gorilla 4 6
- Anthony, Susan B.
  - Pond, Maj., on 6 904
- Anthropoid apes 4 12
- Anti-Climax
  - Savage, M. J., on 6 950
- Antietam, Battle of 5 472
- Antiquity
  - Reverence for, (Emerson) 4 382
  - Reverence for, (Kingsley) 5 693
  - Substance of the past lives on, (Starr King) 5 684
- Anti-Slavery
  - Lowell's part in the movement, (Curtis) 7 261
  - Preached in the Lyceums 4 xxiv
- Anti-Slavery Standard, edited by Edmund Quincy 7 266
- Antonelli, Cardinal 4 342
- Aozone Canadensis 4 20
- Apelles
  - Maxim: Nulla dies sine linea 1 152
- Apes
  - Mimic powers of 6 945
- **Aphorisms**
  - Bacon on 5 811
  - Difficulty of their composition, (Morley) 5 822
  - English and French contrasted, (Morley) 5 817
  - Maxim contrasted with, (Morley) 5 812
  - Mill, J. S., on 5 810
  - Of Pascal 5 812
  - Political, of Harrington, (Morley) 5 818
- **Aphorisms (L)**
  - Morley, John 5 809
- **Appeal for Dreyfus (A)**
  - Zola, Emile 9 1226
- Appleton, Daniel A.
  - President's address: Introducing C. M. Depew 1 333

VOL. PAGE

- **Appomattox**
  - Celebration of the day by Hamilton Club of Chicago, Ill., April 10, 1899. Roosevelt: "The Strenuous Life" 9 995
  - Death of the Confederacy 5 472
  - Grant at 3 945
  - Scenes at the surrender at 5 493
- Arab proverb cited by Sir E. Arnold 1 8
- Arab slave traders in Africa, (Stanley) 6 1036
- Arabia
  - Described by Carlyle 4 186
- Arbitration
  - Board of, for England and America 1 13
  - By universities, of international disputes 8 524
  - Eggleston on 7 405
  - Evarts on International 2 448
  - Spirit of, (Lord Herschell) 2 614
- Arbroath toast, quoted by John Foord 2 501
- Arcadia
  - Curtis, G. W., on 4 369
- " Architecture of Fortune."
  - Bacon, Francis 5 818
- Architecture
  - Integrity in, (Ruskin expounded by Hillis) 5 585
  - Of Westminster Abbey, (Kingsley) 5 704
- **Are the Planets Habitable? (L)**
  - Searle, George Mary 6 967
- Argonautic expedition, The 1 309
- Ariosto, quoted by Porter 3 923
- **Aristotle**
  - Knowledge of the structure of man 4 5
  - Proved globular form of earth 8 494
  - Rhetoric, (Sears) 7 xviii
  - Webster on, (Choate) 7 226
- Armada, Spanish
  - And the Dutch, (Depew) 1 369
- **Army and Navy, The (A. D. S.)**
  - Sherman, William Tecumseh 3 1046
- Army in the Transvaal, The,
  - Wolseley, Lord 3 1280
- Army of Tennessee Banquet, Chicago
  - Porter, H.: Tribute to General Grant, Oct. 8, 1891 3 944
  - Reorganization, (Roosevelt) 9 1002
- Arnold, Benedict
  - Clark, Champ, on 7 230
- **Arnold, Sir Edwin**
  - Joins Bennett in sending Stanley to Africa 1 7
  - Joins Bennett in sending Stanley to Africa 3 1081
  - Ties of kinship and common speech (A. D. S.) 1 7
- **Arnold, Matthew**
  - As lecturer, (Major Pond) 6 914
  - Depew, C. M., on 1 341

Arnold, Matthew—*Continued* VOL. PAGE

  - Doctrine of the Majority criticised by J. H. Choate 1 185
  - Numbers; or, The Majority and the Remnant (L) 4 27
  - Realm of Literature, The (A. D. S.) 1 14
  - Service to literature, (W. E. H. Lecky) 2 708
  - Shairp on A.'s theory of culture. 9 1052
- **Art**
  - British Art, Gladstone on 2 531
  - Church patronage of, (Coquerel, A.) 5 597
  - Democratic influence on, (Bancroft) 7 74
  - Feudal spirit as affecting art 7 75
  - Fine arts, Origin of, (Swing) 9 1115
  - Freedom in, (Pinero) 3 896
  - Histrionic: Dickens on art of acting 1 403
  - In the Early Middle Ages, (Morris) 9 894
  - Kingsley on Mediæval Art 5 698
  - Kinship of Art and Science 1 16
  - Lecky, W. E. H., on British Art. 2 709
  - Leighton, Sir F., on British Art. 2 713
  - Matthews, Brander, discusses 9 862
  - Munkacsy's tribute to American art 1 62
  - Painting defined by H. W. Beecher 1 62
  - Palmerston, Lord, Illusions Created by Art (A. D. S.) 3 876
  - Poet and Painter (A. D. S.), (F. W. Farrar) 2 479
  - Qualities of true, (Mabie) 9 825
  - Raphael, (Pater) 9 940
  - Schliemann, Heinrich: Beginnings of Art 3 1034
  - Science and Art, (T. H. Huxley) 2 671
  - Spirit of art fatal to compliance with the conventional, (Arnold) 1 15
  - Universality of, (Raffaelli) 9 980
  - Work of art to be judged by the impression 6 871
- **Art, and the Beauty of the Earth (A)**
  - Morris, William 9 891
- **Art and Science (A. D. S.).**
  - Tyndall, John 3 1160
- Art for Art's Sake, (Van Dyke) 7 392
- Artaxerxes
  - Introduces new religion into Persia 7 355
- " Artemus Ward "
  - See Browne, Charles Farrar (L). 4 123
- Articles of Confederation
  - Daniel, John W., on 7 315
- Artist
  - Artemus Ward not an artist 4 128
  - Stephen, Leslie, on 3 1092
- **Artistic Side of Literature, The (A. D. S.)**
  - Lecky, W. E. H. 2 708
- Aselgeia
  - Goddess Aselgeia in French literature 4 42

VOL. PAGE

- Ashantee War
  - Stanley, H. M., on................ 3 1080
- Ashfield Dinner
  - Curtis, G. W.: Lowell's Americanism, Aug. 27, 1891.......... 1 312
  - Lowell, J. R.: The Return of the Native, Aug. 27, 1885.......... 2 753
- Asia
  - Northern Asia and Russia........ 3 1004
- Asiatic plague first introduced into Europe ........................ 7 26
- **Assimilated Dutchman, The (A. D. S.)**
  - Porter, Horace .................... 3 939
- Associated Chambers of Commerce of England, Banquet, March 15, 1899. Choate, J. H.: Peace between Nations (A. D. S)....... 1 195
- Association for the Advancement of Science and Art. Agassiz, Louis: Man and Monkeys, Feb. 26, 1867........................ 4 1
- Astor, John Jacob
  - In the millinery business......... 4 321
- Astronomy
  - Development of idea of history of, (Rice)........................ 9 987
  - Froude on history of............. 5 452
- Asylums
  - Of the Catholic Church........... 8 509
- Atbara, battle of...................... 2 694
- Athenians
  - On modernité .................... 2 700
- Athens, during the ministry of Eubulus ........................... 4 31
  - Influence of democracy on art... 7 74
- Atlanta
  - Garfield's projected speech for 1882 ............................ 7 130
- Atlanta Exposition
  - Washington, Booker T.: Address on Progress of American Negro, Sept. 18, 1895.............. 9 1136
- Atlantic Cable
  - Celebrated by Chamber of Com.. 2 735
  - The laying of the cable, (Fields). 5 439
  - Story of, (Field, C. W.).......... 8 473
- **"Atlantic, The" and its Contributors (A. D. S.)**
  - Howells, William Dean........... 2 653
- Atlantic Monthly, Banquets to Contributors
  - Beecher, H. W. Tribute to H. B. Stowe, June 14, 1882......... 1 51
  - Clemens, S. L.: A " Littery " Episode .......................... 1 214
  - Clemens, S. L. Unconscious Plagiarism, Dec. 3, 1879........ 1 221
  - Howe, Julia Ward: Tribute to Oliver Wendell Holmes, Dec. 3, 1879 .............................. 2 645
  - Howells, William Dean: The Atlantic and its Contributors, Dec. 17, 1877.................... 2 653
  - Norton, C. E., Castles in Spain.. 2 850

Atlantic Monthly—*Continued* VOL. PAGE

  - Warner, C. D.: The Rise of The Atlantic, Dec. 17, 1877.......... 3 1186
- Atlantic Ocean
  - Soundings for the cable........... 8 475
  - Survey of bottom of No. Atlantic 5 610
- Atlantic Telegraph Co............... 8 475
- Atmosphere
  - Offers difficulty to photographing the planets ..................... 6 968
- Attention, a prime requisite to success, (Fields) ................... 5 435
- **Aurelius Antoninus, Marcus**
  - Adler, Felix A (A)............... 7 23
  - And Confucius, (Emerson)....... 2 446
  - Bancroft, G., on.................... 7 83
  - On delight to oneself............ 5 812
- Austen, Jane
  - Heroines do not go to lectures.. 4 xxi
  - Smith, Goldwin, on............... 9 1071
- Austerlitz
  - Napoleon at ...................... 6 998
- **Austin, Alfred**
  - Chaucer (A) ...................... 7 45
- Austin, L. F.
  - On Mme. Sarah Grand........... 2 551
- Australia
  - Animals of ........................ 4 ii
  - Constitution of, copied from Constitution of U. S................. 1 124
- Austria
  - Lafayette imprisoned at Olmutz, (Prentiss) ...................... 9 975
  - Tonnage in trade with U. S., 1856-1879 ........................ 1 74
  - The Austrians against Napoleon in Italy, (Serviss)............... 6 988
- Authors
  - Friendships and jealousies of.... 1 400
  - What authors earn in America... 5 577
- **Authors' Club Dinner (New York)**
  - Jefferson, J.: My farm in Jersey, Feb. 28, 1893...................... 2 688
  - Stedman, Edmund Clarence: Tribute to Richard Henry Stoddard, March 26, 1897............ 3 1085
  - Wolseley, Lord: The army in the Transvaal, London, Nov. 6, 1899 ............................. 3 1280
- Ayesha
  - Wife of Mahomet................. 4 196
- Aztecs
  - As nation builders................ 1 48

B

- Bab
  - Döllinger on ..................... 7 361
- Baba, Tatui
  - On the bibulous dragon.......... 4 300
- Babbage, Charles
  - Ninth Bridgewater Treatise, (Dickens) ....................... 7 334
- Babcock, Samuel D.
  - President's speech: Introducing Joseph H. Choate............... 1 156

Babcock, Samuel D.—*Continued* VOL. PAGE
- President's address: Introducing Noah H. Schenck .... 3 1026
- President's address: Introducing Andrew D. White .... 3 1232

Babes in the Wood
- Savage, M. J., on Artemus Ward's lecture .... 6 958

**Babies, The** (A. D. S.)
- Clemens, S. L. .... 1 218

Babin, Provost
- Fired the first shot in battle of Manila .... 1 241

Bach, Jno. Sebastian
- Cited by A. C. Mackenzie .... 2 788

Bachelors
- Billings, Josh, on .... 6 1020
- Collyer, Robert, on .... 4 283

Bacon, Francis
- Dawson, George, on .... 7 328
- Gilman, Daniel C., on .... 8 521
- Ingersoll, R. G., on .... 5 637
- Learning and action .... 7 163
- More, Sir Thomas, Apothegm on 1 148
- Morley, John, on .... 5 817
- On aphorisms .... 5 811

Bacon, Roger
- On sailing westward to China .... 8 494

Bagley, Ensign Worth
- Howell, Clark, on .... 2 652

Bailey, Isaac H.
- Howland, Henry E., on .... 2 664
- President's address: Introducing J. R. Hawley .... 2 593
- President's address: Introducing Roscoe Conkling .... 1 269
- President's address: Introducing C. M. Depew .... 1 327
- President's address: Introducing Charles Sumner .... 3 1115

Baillie, Joanna
- Hazlitt, William, on .... 5 545

Bairam
- Sultan of Turkey visits mosque in Stamboul at season of B. .... 1 289

**Balfour, Arthur James**
- Pleasures of Reading, The (A) .. 7 49

**Ball, Sir Robert**
- Kinship of Art and Science (A. D. S.) .... 1 16

Ballantyne, Sargeant
- Depew, C. M., on .... 1 641

Baltimore
- Incident of the Massachusetts Sixth .... 1 50

Balzac, H. de
- Lang, A., on .... 2 700

**Bancroft, George**
- Bryant, W. C., on .... 1 106
- Eggleston, Edward, on .... 8 411
- Grant, U. S., on .... 2 561
- On Agassiz's lecture, Man and Monkeys .... 4 1
- On the battle of Cowpens, (Hale) 8 618
- People, The; in Art, Government, and Religion (A) .... 7 69

Bancroft, George—*Continued* VOL. PAGE
- Spoke at dedication of monument to Commodore Perry, Cleveland, O. .... 9 848
- Tribute to William Cullen Bryant (A. D. S.) .... 1 18

Bank Presidents, Ford on .... 2 508

Banking System, National
- Hendrix, J. C., on .... 2 607

Banquets, (Dickens on) .... 1 398

Baptists and Puritans, (Depew) .... 1 362

Bar of N. Y. Dinner to Benj. D. Silliman. Coudert, F. R.: Our Clients, May 24, 1889 .... 1 282

Barbauld, Anna Letitia
- Hazlitt on .... 5 545

Barendz, Willem
- Dyke, Henry van, on .... 1 418

Barlow, Gen. Francis C.
- At Gettysburg .... 5 476

Barlow, Joel
- McKelway, St. Clair, on .... 2 812

Barré, Isaac
- Defense of America in House of Commons, (Farrar) .... 5 405

Barrett, Lawrence
- Dined by Lotos Club .... 1 374

Barry, James
- Beneficiary of Edmund Burke... 4 88

Bartholdi Statue
- Evarts, W. M., on .... 2 469

Bartholdi statue pedestal .... 3 920

Bartlett, William Francis
- Choate, Joseph H., on .... 1 177
- Lodge, H. C., on .... 2 723

Bartlett, Willard
- President's address: Introducing W. Bourke Cockran .... 1 232
- President's address: Introducing John S. Wise .... 3 1266

Barttelot, Major
- Member of the Emin Pasha relief expedition .... 6 1049

Bastile
- Key of, at Mt. Vernon .... 5 403

Battle
- Importance of battles in historical description, (White) .... 9 1185

**Battle of the Cowpens** (A)
- Higginson, Thomas W. .... 8 618

Battle of Dorking
- Goschen, G. J., on .... 8 564

**Battle of Life, The** (L)
- Livermore, Mary Ashton .... 5 739

**Battle of Manila, The** (A. D. S.)
- Coghlan, J. B. .... 1 239

Bavaria
- How Bavarians of Munich received news of Gorgey's betrayal of Hungary to Russia .... 1 101

Bayard, George D.
- Stryker, W. S., on .... 3 1106

**Beaconsfield, Lord**
- King of the Belgians, The (A. D. S.) .... 1 30
- Letters, (Birrell on) .... 7 94

- **Beaconsfield, Lord—*Continued*** VOL. PAGE
  - Peace with Honor (A. D. S.).... 1 21
  - Reid, Whitelaw, on.............. 3 982
  - Vance, Z. B., on................. 6 1134
- Beaulieu
  - Napoleon's campaign against the Austrians in Italy .............. 6 987
- Beautiful, Sense of the, (Poe)....... 6 875
- Beauty
  - Channing, W. E., on............ 7 189
  - Laws of, (Ruskin, expounded by Hillis)......................... 5 587
- **Beck, James M.**
  - Democracy of the Mayflower, The (A. D. S.)................. 1 33
- Becker, Wilhelm Adolph
  - Goschen, George J., on........... 8 561
- Becket, Sir Thomas à
  - On dining on a pheasant......... 4 264
- Bedouin hospitality.................... 4 187
- **Beecher, Henry Ward**
  - And Park Benjamin.............. 6 950
  - Before a London mob............ 1 108
  - Early training of................. 1 49
  - First salary ...................... 4 100
  - Glory of New England, The (A. D. S.)........................... 1 46
  - Home Rule for Ireland (A.D.S.). 1 60
  - In England, (Pond, Major)....... 6 903
  - Merchants and Ministers (A. D. S.) ............................ 1 54
  - On Brooklyn, (quoted) .......... 3 871
  - Pond, Major ..................... 6 899
  - Reign of the Common People, The (L) ......................... 4 51
  - Religious Freedom (A. D. S.)... 1 41
  - Speaks in Exeter Hall, London, in 1863........................... 4 51
  - Tribute to Munkacsy (A. D. S.). 1 62
  - Tribute to Harriet Beecher Stowe (A. D. S.)...................... 1 51
- Beekman, J. William
  - President's address: Introducing Horace Porter................. 3 939
- **Beggars of the Sea, The** (A. D. S.)
  - Depew, C. M..................... 1 366
- **Behold the American** (A. D. S.)
  - Talmage, Thomas Dewitt......... 3 1122
- Belgium, Independence of (1832).... 1 30
- Belief, Novalis on.................... 4 196
- Bell, Clark
  - President's address: Introducing David Dudley Field............. 2 493
- Belladonna ........................... 4 290
- Bellamy, Edward
  - And William Morris ............. 8 565
- Bellerophon and St. George.......... 4 298
- Bellerophon, Napoleon surrenders to English on the B............... 6 1007
- "Belle's Stratagem, The," played by H. Irving..................... 1 249
- "Bells, The," played by H. Irving.. 1 249
- Belshazzar ............................ 3 866
- **Bench and the Bar, The** (A. D. S.) VOL. PAGE
  - Choate, Joseph Hodges........... 1 156
- **Bench and Bar of Pennsylvania** (A. D. S.)
  - Brewster, Benjamin H........... 1 82
- Benedict, Robert D.
  - President's address: Introducing Samuel A. Eliot................. 2 431
  - President's address: Introducing Joseph C. Hendrix.............. 2 603
- Benjamin, Park
  - On Beecher's preaching.......... 6 950
- Bennett, James Gordon
  - Stanley, H. M., on............... 3 1078
- Bentham
  - On Right and Wrong, (Carlyle). 4 212
- Bentinck, Lord George
  - Garfield compared with, (Blaine). 7 127
- Benton, Thomas H
  - Dana, C. A., on.................... 1 818
- Béranger, Pierre Jean de
  - Poe, E. A., on...................... 6 871
- Beresford, Lord Charles
  - On the "Open Door," (J. H. Choate) ......................... 1 196
- Beresina
  - Passing of the river by Napoleon's army ..................... 6 1003
- **Bergen, Tunis Garrett**
  - First Settlers of New Netherlands, The (A. D. S.)........... 1 64
- Bergh, Henry
  - Fields, James T., on.............. 5 439
- Bering Sea Seal Fisheries
  - Speech of Lord Herschell, President of the Joint High Commission, on the spirit of arbitration between nations................. 2 609
- Berkeley, Bishop
  - On the Western World........... 1 327
- Berlin, Congress of, 1878............. 1 22
- Berlioz, Hector
  - On Shakespeare .................. 4 247
- Bernard, Charles de
  - Lang, A., on....................... 2 701
- Bernard of Cenis...................... 4 388
- **Beveridge, Albert J.**
  - Republic that never Retreats, The (A. D. S.)....................... 1 70
- Bible
  - Utility to a journalist, (Dana)... 7 288
- **Big Blunders** (L)
  - Talmage, T. Dewitt............... 6 1071
- Bigelow, Dr. Jacob
  - First scientific lecturer in Boston 4 xxi
- Biglow Papers
  - Curtis, G. W., on................. 7 264
- **Billings, Josh (H. W. Shaw)**
  - Milk (L) ......................... 6 1011
  - Pond, Major, on.................. 6 907
- **Birrell, Augustine**
  - Edmund Burke (L)............... 4 71

- **Birrell, Augustine**—*Continued* VOL. PAGE
  - Transmission of Dr. Johnson's Personality (A) 7 87
- Birth, no safeguard against depravity, (Gough) 5 503
- **Birthday Address, A** (A. D. S.)
  - Bryant, W. C. 1 103
- Bixby, Mrs., of Boston
  - Lincoln's letter to 6 1180
- Black, William
  - Lang on 5 730
- **Blackburn, J. C. S.**
  - John C. Breckinridge (A) 7 97
- Blackie, John Stuart
  - Retort on Sydney Smith 6 951
- Blackmore, Sir Richard
  - Hazlitt on 5 561
- Black Stone, The
  - Sacred to the Arabs 4 188
- **Blaine, James Gillespie**
  - James A. Garfield (A) 7 113
  - Our Merchant Marine (A. D. S.) 1 73
- Blancheland, Gov., of St. Domingo 6 850
- Blandina
  - Martyrdom of 7 31
- Blankets
  - Indian blankets worn by fashionables 5 574
- **Blend of Cavalier and Puritan, A** (A. D. S.)
  - Caldwell, Henry C. 1 112
- Bliss, Cornelius N.
  - President's address: Introducing C. M. Depew 1 361
- " Bloody Mary "
  - Kingsley on 5 702
- **Blouet, Paul (Max O'Rell)**
  - Monsieur and Madame (A. D. S.) 1 79
- Blowitz, M. de
  - Arnold, M., on 4 46
- **Blue and the Gray, The** (A. D. S.)
  - Lodge, H. C. 2 723
- Blue, Victor
  - In the Spanish-American War 2 652
- Boarding-schools
  - Talmage on 6 1083
- Boccalini, Trajano
  - " Advertisements from Parnassus," cited by Poe 6 881
- Boers
  - Wolseley, Lord, on 3 1282
- **Bok, Edward William**
  - The Keys to Success (L) 4 95
- Bolingbroke, Henry
  - On Patriotism 7 172
- Bologna and Glasgow (Macaulay) 9 840
- " Bon Homme Richard " and "' Serapis " 1 136
- **Bonds of National Sympathy** (A. D. S.)
  - Houghton, Lord 2 639
- Bonner
  - On Dr. Johnson 7 88
- **Books** See also *Reading* VOL. PAGE
  - And Friends (Harrison, F.) 5 528
  - Bury, Richard, de, on 8 812
  - Channing, W. E., on 7 194
  - Emerson, R. W., on 8 422
  - Hillard on 2 618
  - Hillis, Newell Dwight, on 8 649
  - Milton on, (Harrison, F.) 5 527
  - Necessary for a journalist, (Dana) 7 288
  - Neglect of the great, (Harrison, F.) 5 523
  - Reviewing, (Lang) 5 733
- **Books, Literature, and the People** (A)
  - Dyke, Henry van 7 391
- **Booth, Edwin**
  - Collyer, Robert, on 1 266
  - Dined by Lotos Club 1 374
  - In England 1 252
  - In Memory of (A. D. S.) Jefferson, J. 2 691
- Booth, Mary Devlin
  - Jefferson, J., on 2 692
- Booth, Junius Brutus
  - Jefferson, J., on 2 689
- Borden, William
  - President's address: Introducing C. W. Eliot 2 427
  - President's address: Introducing Horace Porter 3 897
- Borrow, George
  - Birrell, A., on 7 89
- Borrowing and lending, (C. Lamb) 2 688
- Bossuet, Jacques Bénigne
  - Reed, T. B., on 4 10
- **Boston**
  - Culture, (Hale, E. E.) 2 571
  - Depew on 1 351
  - (A. D. S.) Hale, E. E 2 577
  - Porter, Horace, on 3 906
- **Boston**
  - Banquet to Hon. Anson Burlingame and Chih Ta-Jin and Sun Ta-Jin.
    - Emerson, R. W.: The Wisdom of China, Aug. 21, 1868. 2 445
  - Banquet to Admiral Sampson. Sampson, W. T.: Victory in Superior Numbers, Feb. 6, 1899 3 1023
  - Bar Association
    - Olney, Richard: John Marshall, Feb. 4, 1901 9 932
  - Burns Club Banquet. Emerson, R. W.: The Memory of Burns, Jan. 25, 1859 2 439
  - Merchants' Association Banquet. Grady, Henry W.: The Race Problem, Dec. 12, 1889 2 534
    - Holmes, O. W.: Dorothy Q. May 23, 1884 2 627
- Bostonian at Paris 3 937
- Boswell, James
  - Birrell. Augustine, on 7 89
- Boswell's Johnson 7 88

VOL. PAGE

- **Bourdaloue, Louis**
  - Sears on ........ 7 25
- Boyd, Mr., and the Irish Cousin (Anecdote) ........ 2 717
- Boys
  - Dreams of, (Burdette) ........ 4 155
  - Inquisitive boys, (Burdette) ........ 4 149
- Bradford, Mistress ........ 3 1143
- Bradford, Mrs.
  - Hoar, G. F., on ........ 8 660
- Brain
  - Gradation in brain from fishes to man ........ 4 17
- Brassy, Thomas
  - Connection with Atlantic cable enterprise, (Field) ........ 8 478
- **Breckinridge, John C. (A)**
  - Blackburn, Joseph C. S. ........ 7 97
- Breed's Hill ........ 3 940
- **Brewster, Benjamin Harris**
  - Bench and Bar of Pennsylvania (A. D. S.) ........ 1 82
- Brewster, William
  - Humorously characterized by I. H. Bromley ........ 1 88
  - Webster, D., on ........ 3 1215
- "Bridge of Sighs," (Hood) ........ 6 884
- Bright, John
  - Arnold, Matthew, on ........ 4 29
  - Froude, J. A., on ........ 2 510
  - Speech on French commercial treaty, cited by Justin McCarthy ........ 2 797
- **Bright Land to Westward, The (A. D. S.)**
  - Wolcott, Edward Oliver ........ 3 1273
- "Britannia," The grounding of the, (Fields) ........ 5 426
- British Anti-Slavery Society presents W. L. Garrison a watch ........ 6 898
- British Constitution
  - Emerson, R. W., on ........ 4 385
  - Lowell, J. R., on ........ 8 794
- British Empire
  - Expansion of, (Chamberlain) ........ 7 179
  - Future of, (Chamberlain) ........ 1 141
  - Lord Randolph Churchill on ........ 1 206
- **British Evacuation of New York (A. D. S.)**
  - Choate, Joseph H. ........ 1 179
- British Institutions
  - Imaginary transplantation to tropical climates ........ 8 577
- British Soldiers
  - Conquerors of India conquered at Bunker Hill ........ 1 135
- Brobdingnag, King of
  - On Gulliver ........ 6 1105
- Brocklesby, Dr.
  - Gives Edmund Burke £1,000 ........ 4 87
- **Bromley, Isaac Hill**
  - Connecticut's Part in the Business (A. D. S.) ........ 1 86
- Brook Farm
  - Warner, C. D., on ........ 9 1131

VOL. PAGE

- Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, Washington's Birthday celebration: Address by Geo. William Curtis on James Russell Lowell, Feb. 22, 1892 ........ 7 255
- Brooklyn, the round-house of N. Y. ........ 3 871
- Brooks, John
  - Holmes, O. W., on ........ 8 685
- **Brooks, Phillips**
  - Character of Abraham Lincoln (A) ........ 7 137
  - Choate, J. H., on ........ 1 188
  - Mabie on ........ 2 779
- Brotherhood of nations, (Abbott) ........ 7 1
- Brougham, John
  - And John Gilbert ........ 2 522
- **Brown, Charles Brockden**
  - Mabie, H. W., on ........ 9 819
- Brown, Ford Madox
  - Leighton, Sir F., on ........ 2 714
- Brown, John
  - Fields, James T., on ........ 5 442
  - Wayland, H. L., on ........ 3 1208
- **Browne, Charles Farrar (Artemus Ward)**
  - Mormons, The (L) ........ 4 123
  - McKelway, St. Clair, on ........ 2 812
- Browning, Robert
  - Ring and the Book, The, (Curtis, G. W., on) ........ 1 312
- Bruce, James
  - Dawson, George, on ........ 7 328
- Brumby at Manila ........ 2 652
- Brummel, Beau
  - Dawson, George, on ........ 7 328
- **Bryan, William Jennings**
  - America's Mission (A. D. S.) ........ 1 94
- **Bryant, William Cullen**
  - Birthday Address, A (A. D. S.) ........ 1 103
  - Cited by J. Russell Lowell ........ 2 762
  - Eliot, Samuel A., on ........ 2 433
  - Farrar, F. W., on ........ 5 415
  - "June," cited in part by Poe ........ 6 879
  - Louis Kossuth (A. D. S.) ........ 1 100
  - Poetry (A) ........ 7 145
  - President's address: Introducing Lord Houghton ........ 2 635
  - Press, The (A. D. S.) ........ 1 107
  - Sir Walter Scott (A) ........ 7 155
  - Tribute to, (A. D. S.) Geo. Bancroft ........ 1 18
- "Bryant Festival," celebration by Century Association, of N. Y., of Bryant's 70th birthday ........ 1 103
- **Bryce, James**
  - Morley, John, on ........ 2 839
  - On Marshall and the Constitution 9 1033
- Buccleuch, Duke of
  - Chairman's speech: Introducing Lord Beaconsfield at banquet given by the Conservative party after his return from Congress of Berlin ........ 1 21

VOL. PAGE

- Buchanan, James
  - Lincoln on ........ 2 720
- Buchanan, Robert
  - City of Dreams, The, (Lecky, W. E. H., on) ........ 2 709
- Buckle, Henry Thomas
  - Froude, James A., on ........ 5 443
  - On the orgin of all movements, (Eggleston) ........ 8 404
  - Philosophical synthesis in the study of history, (White) ........ 9 1178
  - Theory of Philosophy of History, (Froude) ........ 5 445
- Buckminster, Joseph
  - Phi Beta Kappa orator, 1809 ........ 1 310
- Buddha
  - Döllinger, J. J. I., on ........ 7 348
- Buddhism
  - Wu Ting-fang on ........ 6 1225
- Buell, Maj. Gen.
  - On Garfield's campaign in the Big Sandy Valley ........ 7 118
- Bulkley, Peter
  - Quoted by Farrar ........ 5 421
- Bumble-bees
  - Billings, Josh, on ........ 4 1016
- Bunker Hill Monument
  - Building of, (Evarts on) ........ 2 471
  - Webster on ........ 5 419
- **Burdette, Robert Jones**
  - The Rise and Fall of the Mustache (L) ........ 4 145
- **Burke, Edmund (L)**
  - Birrell, Augustine ........ 4 71
  - Johnson, Dr., on, (Fields) ........ 5 430
  - On American colonist ........ 3 930
  - On the angel of Lord Bathurst unfolding the rising glories of England ........ 2 620
  - On the liberties of England and America ........ 1 185
  - Sears on ........ 7 xxvi
- Burlingame, Anson
  - Dinner to ........ 3 1110
- Burnet, Bishop
  - Morley, John, on ........ 5 816
- Burns, Robert
  - Centenary Celebration at Glasgow, July 21, 1896. Rosebery on Robert Burns ........ 9 1007
  - Dawson, George, on ........ 7 329
  - Emerson on ........ 2 440
  - Odin, Luther Johnson, Burns, (Carlyle on) ........ 4 182
  - quoted ........ 2 827
- Burns, Robert (A)
  - Rosebery, Lord ........ 9 1007
  - Scott and, (Phelps) ........ 1 316
- **Burr, Aaron (A)**
  - Clark, Champ ........ 7 230
  - Collyer, Robert, on ........ 4 262
  - Marshall in trial of, (Semmes) .. 9 1031
- Burroughs, John
  - Jefferson, J., on ........ 2 689
- Bury, Richard de
  - On Books ........ 8 812

VOL. PAGE

- Business
  - Conducting a business, (Conwell) 4 316
  - Eliot, C. W., on ........ 8 413
  - Failures ........ 3 1027
  - Industrial consolidation, (Hadley) 8 595
  - Success, (Bok) ........ 4 102
  - Livermore, Mrs., on ........ 5 746
- **Butler, Benjamin Franklin**
  - Harvard withholds degree LL.D. 1 173
  - In the relief of Washington ........ 1 178
  - Jocular allusion by J. H. Choate. 1 179
  - Our Debt to England (A. D. S.) 1 110
- Butler, Joseph, Bishop, (quoted by M. Arnold) ........ 4 28
  - On the Best Book ........ 5 467
  - Hudibras, (Balfour) ........ 7 56
- Byng, John
  - Dawson, George, on ........ 7 328
- Byron, George Gordon Noel, Lord
  - Birrell, Augustine, on ........ 7 95
  - Burns and, (Emerson) ........ 2 441
  - Collyer, Robt., on ........ 4 262
  - Dawson, George, on ........ 7 329
  - Hazlitt on ........ 5 552
  - On the Highland tradition, (quoted) ........ 2 504
  - With Tom Moore saw Kean play Sir Giles Overreach ........ 6 433

## C

- Caabah at Mecca ........ 4 188
- Cable, George W.
  - Curtis, George William, on ........ 1 314
  - On the negro problem, (Lodge) .. 8 784
- Cæsar, Julius, (Reed) ........ 4 13
- Cain
  - Burdette, Robert J., on ........ 4 146
- "Ca ira" ........ 3 1109
- **Caldwell, Henry C.**
  - Blend of Cavalier and Puritan, A (A. D. S.) ........ 1 112
- Calhoun, John C.
  - President's address: Introducing Marion J. Verdery ........ 3 1168
  - President's address: Introducing John R. Fellows ........ 2 482
- **Calhoun, John Caldwell**
  - Sears on ........ 7 xxx
  - Webster and ........ 3 1193
  - Webster on ........ 8 662
  - Winthrop, Robert C., on ........ 8 666
  - Winthrop, Robert C., on ........ 9 1219
- Caligula
  - Adler, F., on ........ 7 23
- Calvin, John
  - Döllinger on ........ 7 360
  - Town-meeting and representative government traceable to ........ 8 645
- Cambridge and Oxford
  - Lowell visiting ........ 2 738
- Cambyses
  - Took Pelusium by throwing cats at the Egyptians ........ 6 990
- Campbell, Thomas
  - Hazlitt on ........ 5 547

**Canada (A. D. S.)** VOL. PAGE
  Laurier, Wilfred .................. 2 702
Canals
  First used in China .............. 2 445
  Of Ancients and Moderns ........ 6 843
Cannibalism in African forest, (Stanley) ............................. 6 1038
Cannon
  Carriageless cannon lost the battle of Pyramids for Mamelukes. 6 991
Canny Scotchman, (Ian Maclaren).. 6 1148
Cant
  Dr. Johnson on .................... 7 16
  Mahomet's freedom from, (Carlyle) ............................. 4 209
Cantharides—The Spanish Fly, (Drake) .......................... 6 947
Capital and Labor, Humanitarian relations of, (Froude) ........... 5 459
Carbonate of Lime
  Forms and localities of ........... 5 606
Carlists in Virginia, (Daniel) ........ 7 301

**Carlton Club of Cambridge University**
  Churchill, Lord Randolph: Political Life and Thought in England, June 6, 1885 .......... 1 201
Carlyle, Jane Welch
  Letters, (Birrell on) ............. 7 94

**Carlyle, Thomas**
  His influence in 1855 ............. 1 2
  London lectures .................. 4 21
  Mahomet (L) ...................... 4 181
  Napoleon defending the convention, (cited by Serviss) ......... 6 985
  On America, (Lowell) ............ 8 800
  On Ruskin ....................... 5 571

**Carnarvon, Earl of**
  Freemasonry; Ancient and Modern (A) .......................... 7 159
Carnatic destroyed by Hyder Ali, (Burke)
  Morley, John, on ................. 4 85

**Carnegie, Andrew**
  Scotch-American, The (A. D. S.) 1 119
Carnegie Institute, Pittsburg, Pa.
  Hadley, A. T.: Modern Changes in Educational Ideals, Nov. 2, 1899 ............................ 8 594
Carpet-baggers
  Nasby, P. V., on ................. 5 765

**Carr, Lewis E.**
  Lawyer and the Hod-Carrier, The (A. D. S.) .................. 1 127
Carroll, Lewis
  Walrus and the Carpenter, (Irving) ............................ 8 729

**Carson, Hampton L.**
  Our Navy (A. D. S.) ............. 1 133
Carter, James C.
  President's address: Introducing Joseph H. Choate ............... 1 164
  President's address: Introducing U. S. Grant ..................... 2 557

Carter, James C.—*Continued* VOL. PAGE
  President's address: Introducing Horace Porter .................. 3 904
Casanova
  Birrell, Augustine, (A) ........... 7 59
Casati
  On Henry M. Stanley ............ 6 913
Cashmere shawls ..................... 6 841
Cassatt, Mary ........................ 9 981
Cassius, Avidius
  Insurrection headed by ........... 7 27
Castlereagh, Lord
  Kingsley on ....................... 5 701

**Castles in Spain (A. D. S.)**
  Norton, Charles Eliot ............ 2 850
Cats
  And diabolism .................... 4 290
Caucus
  Scholar in the, (Hale) ........... 8 607

**Causes of Unpopularity (A. D. S.)**
  Wayland, Herman Lincoln ....... 3 1201
Cavalier
  Grady on the Virginia Cavalier.. 8 580
Cavalier and Puritan ................ 1 112
Cave men, pictures of ............... 1 17
Cavendish, Lord Frederick ........... 1 199
Cayley
  On four dimensions of space, (Goschen) ...................... 8 572
" Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County "
  Preface to ......................... 6 956
Cellini, Benvenuto
  Birrell, Augustine, on ............ 7 89
Celt
  Produced no great poet, (Austin) 7 47
Centennial celebrations .............. 1 183
  Lowell, J. R., on ................. 2 742

**Central Ideas of the Republic (A. D. S.)**
  Lincoln, A. ........................ 2 720
Central Park
  Dedication of statue of Walter Scott, Nov. 2, 1872. Address by W. C. Bryant ................ 7 155
Century Association
  Banquet commemorating 70th birthday of W. C. Bryant, Nov. 5, 1864 .......................... 1 18
  Bryant, W. C. (A. D. S.), A Birthday Address, Nov. 5, 1864 1 103
  Houghton, Lord: Your Speech and Ours, Oct. 17, 1875 ........ 2 635
  Stanley, Arthur Penrhyn: America Visited, Nov. 2, 1878 ........ 3 1073
Cervantes, Saavedra Miguel de
  Quincy, Josiah, on ................ 3 965
Cervera, Admiral
  Sampson, W. T., on .............. 3 1024
Cesnola-Fenardent suit ............... 1 179
Chadwick, John White
  Curtis, G. W., on ................. 1 314
  On George William Curtis ....... 4 357
Chalk formation, Extent of, on the globe, (Huxley) ................. 5 604

VOL. PAGE

Chalk period, Duration of the, (Huxley) 5 616
Chamber of Commerce
  Choate, J. H., on 1 181

**Chamber of Commerce, The** (A. D. S.)
  Low, Seth 2 731
Chamber of Commerce of London Banquet
  Lowell, J. R.: Commerce, Jan. 29, 1883 2 748

**Chamber of Commerce of the State of N. Y. Banquets**
  Beecher, H. W.: Merchants and Ministers, May 8, 1883 1 54
  Blaine, J. G.: Our Merchant Marine, May 13, 1879 1 73
  Choate, Jos. H.: The Bench and the Bar, May 13, 1879 1 156
  Choate, J. H.: British Evacuation of New York, Nov. 26, 1883 1 179
  Cox, S. S.: Smith and so forth, Nov. 20, 1888 1 286
  Curtis, G. W.: The English-Speaking Race, Nov. 15, 1887 1 303
  Curtis, G. W.: Commerce and Literature, Nov. 18, 1890 1 307
  Dana, C. A.: Diplomacy and the Press, April 16, 1892 1 318
  Draper, William Henry: Our Medical Advisers, May 10, 1881 1 415
  Eliot, C. W.: Uses of Education for Business, Nov. 18, 1890 8 413
  Evarts, Wm. M.: The French Alliance, Nov. 5, 1881 2 457
  Evarts, W. M.: Liberty Enlightening the World, June 24, 1885. 2 469
  Field, C. W.: Story of the Atlantic Cable, Nov. 15, 1866 8 473
  Grant, U. S.: The Adopted Citizen, May 8, 1883 2 561
  Griggs, J. W.: Social Discontent, Nov. 17, 1896 2 564
  Halstead, M.: Our New Country, Nov. 20, 1894 2 584
  Herschell, Lord: Great Britain and the United States, Nov. 15, 1898 2 609
  Howland, Henry E.: Russia, April 28, 1893 2 657
  Low, Seth: Chamber of Commerce, May 11, 1880 2 731
  Newman, J. P.: Commerce, May 8, 1883 2 845
  Porter, H.: Friendliness of the French, June 24, 1885 3 919
  Reid, W.: The Press—Right or Wrong, May 4, 1876 3 979
  Schenck, N. H.: Truth and Trade, May 14, 1878 3 1026
  Schurz, Carl: The Old World and the New, Nov. 5, 1881 3 1036
  Schurz, C.: The True Americanism, Jan. 2, 1896 9 1018

**Chamber of Commerce of the State of N. Y. Banquets.**—*Continued*
  Storrs, Richard Salter: The Victory at Yorktown, Nov. 5, 1881 3 1094
  White, Andrew D.: Commerce and Diplomacy, May 13, 1879 3 1232
**Chamberlain, Joseph**
  Patriotism (A) 7 161
  Future of the British Empire, The (A. D. S.) 1 141
Chamberlain, Joshua L.
  At Appomattox 5 493
Chamfort, Sebastien
  Morley, John, on 5 826
**Channing, William Ellery**
  Farrar, F. W., on 5 404
  Self-Culture (A) 7 181
  Style of, (Dana) 7 284
**Chapin, Edwin Hubbell**
  Modern chivalry (L) 4 215
**Chapman, John Jay**
  Unity of Human Nature, The (A) 7 206
Character
  One prominent substance of the World, (Starr King) 5 686
**Character of Abraham Lincoln** (A)
  Brooks, Phillips 7 137
**Characteristics of a University** (A)
  Gilman, Daniel Coit 8 515
**Characteristics of Newspaper Men** (A. D. S.)
  Grant, U. S. 2 559
**Characteristics of Washington** (A)
  McKinley, William 9 845
Charitable Irish Society of the City of Boston Banquet
  Collins, Patrick A.: Ireland's Dream of Nationality, March 17, 1899 1 257
Charity
  In New York 1 281
  In the medical profession, (Holmes) 8 683
Charlemagne
  Conversion of the Saxons 4 199
Charles I
  Curtis, G. W., on 1 292
  Last days, (Lord) 5 794
  Played by Irving 1 249
  "Private soldier's duty," written for, (Eggleston) 8 406
  The Puritans' view of, (Lord) 5 789
Charles II
  On virtue 3 928
  Presents City and Province of New Amsterdam to Duke of York 1 183
**Chase, Salmon Portland**
  Fuller, M. W., on 2 516
  Personal characteristics of, (Semmes) 9 1049
Chase, William M.
  Raffaelli on 9 983

VOL. PAGE

Chatham, Lord
  On the American Colonies, (quoted by J. H. Choate)....... 1 185
**Chattanooga**
  Garfield's projected speech for 1882 ........................... 7 130

**Chaucer** (A)
  Austin, Alfred .................. 7 45
Chemistry
  Lavoisier founder of modern chemical philosophy, (Rice).... 9 988
Chester, England
  Kingsley on ..................... 5 694

**Chicago**
  Episode of the great fire......... 4 268
  Fire of 1871..................... 3 1198
  Fire-Relief Committee funds..... 5 755
  In 1860, (Collyer, Robt.)......... 4 265
  Newspapers
    Thompson, Slason, on.......... 3 1140
  Rebuilt, (Fields)................. 5 425
  University
    Oration of Newell Dwight Hillis on The Pulpit in Modern Life ......................... 8 644

**Chih Ta-jin**
  Banquet to....................... 3 1110
Childhood
  Collyer, Robert, on.............. 4 277
  Emerson on...................... 8 427
  In race and literature, (Mabie).. 9 817
  Ruskin on ....................... 6 940
Childs, George W.
  Bok, Edward W., on............. 4 100
Chilian Incident
  English comment on, (Dolliver). 7 369
Chin Lan Pin on the Irish........... 3 911
China
  Chinese Religions, (Wu Ting-fang) .......................... 6 1225
  Eastern civilization to make the nations of Europe tremble...... 1 61
  Emerson on..................... 2 445
  Sumner on our relations with.... 3 1111
  Tae-ping rebellion, (Döllinger).. 7 354

**China and the United States** (A. D. S.)
  Wu Ting-fang ................... 3 1284

**China Emerging From Her Isolation** (A)
  Whipple, Edwin Percy.......... 3 1225
Chinese glass ...................... 6 837
  Theatre, (Artemus Ward)........ 4 132
Chivalry
  Age of C. not passed............. 4 216
  A motive for fiction, (Goldwin Smith) ......................... 9 1074

**Choate, Joseph Hodges**
  America's Golden Age (A.D.S.). 1 167
  Bench and the Bar, The (A.D.S.) 1 156
  British Evacuation of New York (A. D. S.)..................... 1 179
  Curtis, G. W., on............... 1 314
  Ford, Simeon, on................ 2 506
  Harvard University (A. D. S.)... 1 173

VOL. PAGE

**Choate, Joseph Hodges**—*Continued*
  On Fenardent-Cesnola suit....... 1 179
  Peace Between Nations.......... 1 195
  Pilgrim Mothers, The (A. D. S.) 1 164
  Sons and Guests of Old Harvard (A. D. S.)..................... 1 187
  Sorcerer's Response, The (A. D. S.)......................... 1 159
  Test Examination, A (A. D. S.).. 1 147
  Tribute to Lord Houghton (A. D. S.)......................... 1 152
  Tribute to General Miles (A. D. S.) ......................... 1 193
Choate, Rufus
  As orator, (Sears)............... 7 xxxii
  On the Death of Daniel Webster (A) ........................ 7 216
  On the forming of a State....... 1 140

**Choice of Books, The** (L)
  Harrison, Frederic .............. 5 523
Choir Singers
  Billings, Josh, on................. 6 1015
Cholera pictured as a demon in female form ..................... 4 290
Christ in the temple, (Wilson)...... 6 1214
Christabel, (Coleridge), quoted by Hazlitt ......................... 5 562

**Christianity**
  And Islam ....................... 4 195
  As a means of self-culture, (Channing) .................... 7 199
  Christian faith and scientific truth, (Rice) ................... 9 993
  Confucianism compared with the Christian Religion.............. 6 1230
  Gibbons, Cardinal, on ............ 8 506
  Gladstone on .................... 8 547
  Great schisms of, (Döllinger).... 7 358
  Opposed to privileged classes, (Howe) ........................ 5 595
  Persecution of Christians in time of M. Aurelius.................. 7 31
  Planted in Roman State, (Bancroft) ......................... 7 84
  Ruskin on modern C............. 6 935
  Tacitus' view of, (Froude)....... 5 455
Christian Ministry
  Profession of, (Gladstone)........ 8 546
Church
  Attendance, (Hillis) ............. 8 653
  Influence on Art in Renaissance, (Bancroft) ...................... 7 75
  Three kinds characterized by Beecher ......................... 4 60
  Works of art, (Morris)........... 9 898

**Church, The** (A. D. S.)
  Potter, Henry Codman............ 3 955

**Church and the Stage, The** (A. D. S.)
  Collyer, Robert .................. 1 267
Church and State
  Jefferson fights for separation of Church and State in Virginia Legislature ..................... 2 425

**Churchill, Lord Randolph** VOL. PAGE
- Political Life and Thought in England (A. D. S.) 1 201

Cibber, Colley
- On King Lear, (Froude) 5 463

Cicero, Marcus Tullius
- As orator, (Sears) 7 xx
- On Demosthenes 4 7

Cities
- Order preserved in, (Starr King) 5 684

Citizen
- Hoar, G. F., on 8 661

**Citizen Soldier, The** (A. D. S.)
- Porter, Horace 3 924

**Citizens of the World** (A. D. S.)
- Depew, C. M. 1 370

City life and country life 4 107

Civic Questions
- Livermore, Mrs., on 5 747

Civil and Religious Liberty
- Roosa, D. B. St. John, on 3 994

Civil Freedom
- Burke, Edmund, on 4 91

Civil Service Bill, Jencks' 5 768

**Civil War**
- Appomattox, Grant's strategy at. 5 490
- Breckinridge, John C., in 7 108
- Commemoration of, (O. W. Holmes, Jr.) 8 691
- Confederate Council of War, The last 5 489
- Custer at Appomattox 5 490
- Effect on college curricula 1 357
- Examination of recruits, (Livermore) 5 744
- Farrar on 5 407
- Farrar on 5 412
- Friendship of Lord Houghton for America during 1 154
- Gains and advantages of, (Farrar) 5 414
- Garfield's campaign in the Big Sandy Valley 7 118
- Garfield's position on Rosecrans' staff in Army of the Cumberland 7 119
- Grady on present attitude of South 8 587
- Grant at Appomattox 5 492
- Grant in the, (Farrar) 8 467
- Indiana in the, (Wallace) 9 1121
- Lamar, L. Q. C., on 8 772
- Lee at Appomattox 5 491
- Lee's retreat 5 487
- Lincoln's second inaugural address 8 775
- Livermore, Mrs., as hospital nurse 6 905
- Livermore, Mrs., in field hospitals after battle of Murfreesboro 5 749
- Lodge, H. C., on 2 723
- Rapidan, Illicit trading on, (Gordon) 5 482

**Civil War**—*Continued* VOL. PAGE
- Review at Washington at close of war described by Talmage 3 1127
- Roosevelt on 9 997
- Sala, George A., on 3 1015
- Sheridan, Phil., at Appomattox 5 491
- Sherman and the Southern planter (Anecdote) 3 1052
- Spottsylvania Court House 5 484
- Ward, Artemus, comments on 6 958
- Wheeler, Joseph, on 3 1222

Civilization
- Emergence of man from savage state, (Beecher) 4 53
- Law follows civilization, (Finch) 2 497
- Progress of 3 866
- Starr King on 5 682
- Wiley, H. W., on 3 1244

Claflin, H. B.
- On success in business 4 103

Clarendon, Edward Hyde, Earl of
- Morley, John, on 5 816

**Claretie Jules Arsene**
- Shakespeare and Molière (L) 4 229

**Clark, Champ**
- Aaron Burr (A) 7 230

Clark, Charles E.
- Dined by Union League, Philadelphia 1 133

Clarke, George Rogers, expedition to Indiana 3 961

Clarke, Mary Cowden
- Jerrold, Douglas, on 8 742

Class Distinction
- Howe, Julia Ward, on 5 595
- Ruskin, John, on 6 920

Classics
- As training for journalists, (Dana) 7 281
- Exclusive classic training, (Adams, C. F.) 7 13
- Superstition of, (Eggleston) 8 401

Classics in Education, The (A.D.S.)
- Evarts, William Maxwell 2 465

**Clay, Henry**
- Address to Lafayette (A) 7 247
- As parliamentary leader, (Blaine) 7 124
- Blackburn, J. C. S., on 7 100
- Reed, T. B., on 4 13

**Clear Grit** (L)
- Collyer, Robert 4 261

**Clemens, Samuel Langhorne (Mark Twain)**
- Babies, The (A. D. S.) 1 218
- Introducing Bill Nye and James Whitcomb Riley in Tremont Temple, Boston 6 910
- "Littery" Episode, A (A. D. S.) 1 214
- McKelway, St. Clair, on 2 811
- Mistaken Identity (A. D. S.) 1 223
- New England Weather (A.D.S.) 1 210
- Pond, Major, on 6 907
- Sandwich Islands, The (L) 4 253
- Unconscious Plagiarism (A.D.S.) 1 221
- Woman, God Bless Her (A.D.S.) 1 225

**Clergy** VOL. PAGE
- Addressed as women, (Emerson) 8 426
- Dutch Domine, The, (Mackay)... 2 785
- Early New England clergy characterized ........ 1 42
- Puritan clergy of early New England ........ 5 567

**Cleveland, Grover**
- Influence of Universities (A).... 7 249
- True Democracy (A. D. S.)...... 1 229
- Venezuela message, (Schurz)..... 9 1022

Clinton, George
- At Fraunces' Tavern............ 1 182

"Clinton's Ditch" [Erie Canal]
- Its effect in cheapening transportation ........ 1 76

Clothes
- The boy's first tail-coat, (Burdette) ........ 4 157
- Toilet of civilized women......... 1 227

Clowns in Shakespeare's plays, (Ingersoll) ........ 5 654

Club and Salon contrasted, (Howe). 5 596

Clubs
- Jerrold, Douglas, on ........ 8 740
- Porter, Horace, on........ 3 915

Coal oil in Titusville, Pa............ 4 311

**Cockran, William Bourke**
- Our Constitutional System (A. D. S.) ........ 1 232

Co-education
- Jordan, David Starr, on.......... 8 750

**Coghlan, Joseph Bullock**
- Battle of Manila, The (A.D.S.).. 1 239

Cohesion, (Starr King) ........ 5 671

Colbert, Jean Baptiste
- Advised Louis XIV how to form a navy ........ 1 134

**Coleridge, Lord John Duke**
- Henry Irving's Versatility (A. D. S.) ........ 1 246
- Lowell on........ 2 751
- Visits America ........ 1 180

**Coleridge, Samuel Taylor**
- As a lecturer........ 4 20
- Hazlitt on ........ 5 561

Collar buttons, Inventor of.......... 4 324

**College Fetich, A (A)**
- Adams, Charles Francis, Jr...... 7 10

**Collins, Patrick A.**
- Ireland's Dream of Nationality (A. D. S.)........ 1 257

**Collins, Wilkie**
- American Hospitality (A. D. S.). 1 261
- Dined by Lotos Club............ 1 374

**Collyer, Robert**
- Church and the Stage, The (A. D. S.) ........ 1 267
- Clear Grit (L)........ 4 261
- Saxon Grit (A. D. S.)........ 1 263
- Tribute to Edwin Booth (A. D. S.) ........ 1 266

**Colonies, The (A. D. S.)** VOL. PAGE
- Prince of Wales........ 3 1175
- Relation of English colonies to mother country........ 1 142
- Schools and colleges of, (Gilman) 8 516
- Thirteen, characterized by H. L. Carson ........ 1 134

Colorado
- Wolcott, E. O., on........ 3 1273

Columbia University
- And Yale, (Depew)........ 1 360
- Commencement address by Henry van Dyke: Salt, June 5, 1898 7 380
- Women admitted to........ 1 176

Columbier, Mme., of Valence
- Earliest authentic portrait of Napoleon painted at command of, (Serviss) ........ 6 984

Columbus, Christopher ........ 4 328
- Stanley, Alexander, Marco Polo compared, (Depew) ........ 6 1030

**Columbus the Navigator (A)**
- Fiske, John ........ 8 490

Comedy and Tragedy, (Claretie)..... 4 237

Comic Lectures
- Billings, Josh, on........ 6 1012

Commencement Addresses
- Mabie on ........ 7 10
- Reed, T. B., on........ 4 9

Commerce
- Blaine: Our Merchant Marine... 1 73
- British, (Choate, J. H.).......... 1 196
- Development of English, (Gladstone) ........ 8 538
- Low, Seth, on American merchant marine ........ 2 732

**Commerce (A. D. S.)**
- Lowell, James Russell............ 2 748

**Commerce (A. D. S.)**
- Newman, John P........ 2 845

**Commerce and Diplomacy (A. D. S.)**
- White, Andrew Dickson ........ 3 1232

**Commerce and Literature (A. D. S.)**
- Curtis, George William ........ 1 307

Common Sense
- Bacon's "De Argumentis" a well-spring of, (Morley)........ 5 817
- Lincoln the genius of common sense ........ 6 1185

Communism
- Socialism and, (Lowell)........ 8 806

Comte, Auguste
- Döllinger on ........ 7 361
- Froude on ........ 5 457
- Harrison, F., on........ 5 535

Conceit
- Fields, James T., on........ 5 428
- Whipple, E. P., on ........ 6 1203

Concord people ........ 3 1199

Confederacy, The
- Pryor, R. A., on........ 3 962

Confederate soldiers' return, (Grady) 8 582

VOL. PAGE

- Confederate Veteran Camp Banquet. Wheeler, Gen. Joseph: "The American Soldier," Jan. 19, 1898 3 1220
- Confederation of Branches of English Race
  - Carnegie on ........ 1 124
- Confession of Augsburg, (Emerson) 2 441
- Confucius
  - Döllinger on ........ 7 348
  - Emerson on ........ 2 446
  - Wu Ting-fang on........ 6 1225
- Congo River described by Stanley.. 6 1050
- Congress, Thirty-eighth, the "War Congress," (Blaine) ........ 7 120
- Conkling, Roscoe
  - At the Republican Convention of 1880, (Clark) ........ 7 241
  - State of New York, The (A.D.S.) 1 269
- Connecticut Academy of Arts and Sciences. Centennial address by Wm. North Rice: Scientific Thought in the Nineteenth Century, Oct. 11, 1899........ 9 984
- Connecticut
  - Blue Laws of........ 1 168
  - Early C., (Field, D. D.)........ 2 493
  - Governors, (Roosa) ........ 3 993
  - On the founding of, (Porter, H.) 3 952
- Connecticut's Part in the Business (A. D. S.)
  - Bromley, I. H........ 1 86
- "Conscience Whig," Lincoln a...... 6 1181
- Conservation of Energy, (Rice)...... 9 988
- **Conservative, The** (L)
  - Emerson, Ralph Waldo........ 4 377
- Conservative Party banquet to Lords Beaconsfield and Salisbury after their return from Congress of Berlin. Beaconsfield, Lord: "Peace with Honor," July 13, 1878 ........ 1 21
- Constantinople, Fall of, (Fiske)...... 8 492
- **Constitution and the Union, The** (A. D. S.)
  - Webster, Daniel ........ 3 1210
- **Constitution of the United States**
  - And the people, (Phelps)........ 9 958
  - As construed by Southern States, (Fitzhugh Lee) ........ 2 711
  - Breckinridge, John C., on........ 7 105
  - Carnegie on ........ 1 124
  - Centenary celebrated in Philadelphia. Speech by Fitzhugh Lee ........ 2 710
  - Cox, S. S., on........ 1 289
  - Framers of, (Lowell)........ 8 798
  - Gladstone on ........ 1 123
  - Method of electing President and Vice-President modified, (Clark) 7 239
  - Webster on ........ 1 125
  - Webster on ........ 9 1156
- Constitution of Virginia in 1776..... 3 960
- Constitutional Convention, Philadelphia ........ 8 503
- Constitutional Convention, Southern convictions on, (Ewing)........ 2 475
  - Daniel on ........ 7 318
- Constitutional Government
  - Connnecticut Constitution of January, 1639 ........ 1 91
- **Constitutional System, Our** (A. D. S.)
  - Cockran, W. Bourke ........ 1 232
- Constitutions
  - Body of Liberties of Mass. Bay Colony ........ 2 514
  - Federal C. in the Conn. Convention framed by O. Ellsworth, (Fuller) ........ 2 516
  - Mayflower Constitution........ 2 514
  - Mayflower Constitution ........ 1 170
- Continental Army
  - Consolidation of ........ 1 136
- Controversy in Scotland, (Ian Maclaren) ........ 6 1151
- Convention of Constantinople........ 1 27
- Conversation
  - As a fine art in France, (Morley) 5 823
  - In Scotland, (Ian Maclaren)..... 6 1150
  - Of Leo XIII........ 4 346
- **Conway, Moncure Daniel**
  - Demonology and English Folk-Lore (L) ........ 4 287
  - On London Literary Magazines.. 5 573
- Conway plot, (Clark)........ 7 243
- **Conwell, Russell Herrman**
  - Acres of Diamonds (L)........ 4 307
  - Dana, C. A., on........ 1 322
- Cook, Joseph
  - Lectures in Tremont Temple..... 1 87
  - Monday lectures, (Roche, J. J.). 3 988
- Cooke, Martin W.
  - President's address: Introducing R. A. Pryor........ 3 959
- Cooper, Edward
  - Dined by Lotos Club........ 1 330
- Cooper, James Fennimore
  - Farrar on ........ 5 415
  - Lowell on ........ 2 762
- Cooper, Peter
  - Projector of Atlantic telegraph.. 8 474
- Cooper, Thomas
  - Jefferson, J., on........ 2 689
- Copernican astronomy, (Rice)....... 9 986
- Copyright, International ........ 1 9
  - Dickens on ........ 1 393
  - Gilbert, W. S., on........ 2 525
  - Lang on ........ 5 731
  - Lowell on ........ 2 761
- Coquerel, Athanase Josué
  - Protestantism of art ........ 5 597
- **Corn** (A. D. S.)
  - Oglesby, Richard ........ 2 853
- Cornell University
  - Baccalaureate address by E. E. Hale: What Will He Do with It? June 12, 1881........ 8 601
- Cornwallis, Charles, Marquis
  - Capture of, (Talmage)........ 6 1084

VOL. PAGE

- Cossack cavalry, after Moscow...... 6 1003
- Costs of campaigning................ 3 1021
- Costume
  - Rosebery, Lord, on national C... 3 1010
- Cotton, John, as lecturer............. 4 16
- **Coudert, Frederic Rene**
  - City of New York, The (A.D.S.) 1 277
  - Our Clients (A. D. S.)........... 1 282
- **Course of American History, The (A)**
  - Wilson, Woodrow ............... 9 1199
- Courting
  - Billings, Josh, on................. 6 1023
  - Tom's courting, (Burdette)....... 4 170
  - Wilson on ........................ 6 1218
- Cowden, Elliot C.
  - President's address: Introducing William Cullen Bryant.......... 1 107
  - President's address: Introducing W. M. Evarts.................. 2 448
- Cowper, William
  - Quoted by Sir Edwin Arnold.... 1 11
- **Cox, Samuel Sullivan**
  - Smith and So Forth (A. D. S.).. 1 286
- Crabbe, George
  - Beneficiary of E. Burke......... 4 88
- **Crawford, Francis Marion**
  - Pope Leo XIII (L)............. 4 339
- Creation of woman................... 1 165
- Creation of woman................... 3 914
- Crime
  - Criminal statistics on England, (Lubbock) ...................... 8 809
  - Great crimes justified by bigotry or partisanry, (Lord)........... 5 797
- Crimean War
  - How it might have been averted. 1 28
- " Criminal Aggression "
  - Bryan, W. J., on.................. 1 97
- **Critic, The** (A. D. S.)
  - Stephen, Leslie .................. 3 1091
- Criticism
  - Literary, (Dyke, Henry van)..... 7 395
  - Lodge, H. C., on................. 7 783
- Crocodiles, Antiquity of............... 5 623
- Cromer Cliffs, England
  - Lessons of, (Huxley)............ 5 619
- Cromer, Lord
  - On Lord Kitchener............... 3 1020
- Crompton, Samuel
  - Dawson, George, on............... 7 327
- **Cromwell, Oliver**
  - And his successor................ 5 801
  - A sincere man, (Carlyle) ........ 4 184
  - As statesman ..................... 5 801
  - As visionary ..................... 5 804
  - Founder of religion, (Döllinger) 7 357
  - Hampden and, (Depew).......... 1 361
  - Lecture on
    - Lord, John...................... 5 787
  - Louis XIV contrasted with, (Lord) .......................... 5 803
  - Napoleon and L'Ouverture and.. 6 854
  - Patriotic in intentions............ 5 800
  - " The most righteous ruler England ever had "................ 3 1208

Cromwell, Oliver—*Continued* VOL. PAGE

- Usurpation of, (Lord)............ 5 798
- " Crown of Wild Olive," (Ruskin)
  - " Work," a lecture from.......... 6 919
- Cruelty
  - Due to lack of imagination, (Goschen) ....................... 8 573
- Cuba ................................. 1 71
  - And the United States, (McKinley) ........................... 2 820
  - Rule of Spain in, (Abbott)....... 7 8
- Culture
  - Domestication of idea of, (Emerson) ............................ 8 433
  - Holmes, O. W., Jr., on .......... 8 701
  - Literary theory of, (Shairp)...... 9 1052
- Curiosity
  - Literature which satisfies C., (Balfour) ......................... 7 57
- Curran, John Philpot
  - Dolliver, John P., on............ 7 365
- Currency
  - See also *Finance*
  - Expansion and repudiation, (Depew) ........................... 1 337
  - Hendrix on ...................... 2 607
  - Porter on ........................ 3 903
  - Wilson, Woodrow, on............ 3 1251
- Curtin, Andrew G.
  - President's address: Introducing Fitzhugh Lee .................. 2 710
- **Curtis, George William**
  - Anecdote of, (Higginson)........ 5 565
  - Commerce and Literature (A. D. S.) .......................... 1 307
  - English-Speaking Race, The (A. D. S.) .......................... 1 303
  - " Ennobled " by Harvard's honorary degree ..................... 1 1
  - Greeting the Autocrat (A. D. S.) 1 299
  - James Russell Lowell (A)........ 7 255
  - Liberty under the Law (A. D. S.) 1 290
  - Lowell's Americanism (A. D. S.) 1 312
  - Mabie on ......................... 2 779
  - Noblesse Oblige (A. D. S.)...... 1 295
  - On James Russell Lowell, (Mabie) ............................ 7 vi
  - Sears on .......................... 7 xxxiv
  - Sir Philip Sidney (L)............. 4 357
- Curtis, George William, Litterateur (A.)
  - Warner, Charles Dudley.......... 9 1130
- Cushing, William
  - Fuller, M. W., on................. 2 516
- Cushman, Charlotte
  - Fields, James T., on.............. 5 432
- Cutler, Manasseh
  - Public lands for universities..... 9 516
- Cuyahoga Co. Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument, Cleveland. Dedicated by Wm. McKinley, July 4, 1894 ........................... 9 847
- Cypriote Antiquities
  - Fenardent-Cesnola suit, (J. H. Choate) .......................... 1 179
- Cyprus, occupation of, after Berlin Treaty ......................... 1 27

D

d'Ailly, Pierre VOL. PAGE
Image of the World, The........ 8 494
Damascus blades .................... 6 841

**Dana, Charles Anderson**
Dined by Lotos Club............. 1 374
Diplomacy and the Press (A. D. S.) ............................ 1 318
Journalism (A) .................... 7 278
New England in Journalism (A. D. S.) ............................ 1 321
" Raise Cain and sell papers ".... 3 1140
Dana, Richard Henry
Bryant, W. C., on................. 1 105

**Dana, Richard Henry, Jr.**
Russia and the United States (A. D. S.) ............................ 1 323
Dandies
Billings, Josh, on................. 6 1020
Danes destroyed hearing of their horses ............................ 3 934

**Daniel, John Warwick**
Washington (A) ................. 7 293
Dante, Alighieri
Cited by F. W. Farrar............ 2 480
Ideal good and ideal evil association .......................... 5 594
Darlington, Joseph G.
President's address: Introducing H. L. Carson................... 1 133
Dartmouth College Case
Webster pleads, (Choate)......... 7 220
Darwin, Charles
Natural Selection, (Weiss)........ 9 1173
" Remote Genesis " .............. 1 4
Theory of Natural Selection, (Rice) ............................ 9 990
Darwinian evolution ................ 4 16
d' Auvergne, Latour
"The First Grenadier of France" 8 623
Davenport, William B.
President's address: Introducing Theodore Roosevelt ............ 3 1002
David, a Man of Faults
Carlyle on ........................ 4 185
Davidson, Thomas
Lang, A., on...................... 5 736
Davis, Jefferson
Gladstone on ..................... 3 982
Lincoln to Grant, on the capture of Davis ........................ 6 1180
Davis, Winifred
Howell, Clark, on ................ 2 652

**Dawson, George**
Ill-Used Men (A)................. 7 322
Dayman
Discoveries in the deep-sea mud. 5 612
Dease
On Diagnoses, (Holmes)......... 8 687

**Death of John C. Calhoun (A)**
Winthrop, Robert C.............. 9 1219

**Death of President Taylor (A)** VOL. PAGE
Winthrop, Robert C.............. 9 1222
De Bonald
On Revolutions .................. 5 820
Declaration of Independence
Emerson on ...................... 2 441
Everett on ........................ 8 447
Origins of ........................ 3 961

**Decoration Day (A)**
Higginson, Thomas W........... 8 621
Deep-sea mud, Composition of, Huxley) ......................... 5 609
Defensive Treaty .................. 3 922
Degas, an impressionist.............. 9 981
Deity
Tacitus on ........................ 6 1121
DeKalb, John
Storrs, R. S., on.................. 3 1096
Demagogues
Griggs, John W., on.............. 2 567

**Democracy**
Among the Jews, (Vance)........ 6 1124
Chapman, John Jay, on........... 7 214
Cleveland on ..................... 1 229
Curtis on Lowell's address at Birmingham ........................ 7 275
Ethical conception, (Parker)..... 8 799
First established in Connecticut, 1638 ............................ 1 91
Growth of republican idea after Napoleon ....................... 4 340
Influence on art, (Bancroft)...... 7 74
Insures largest freedom to state, community, and individual...... 1 36
Lowell on ........................ 2 755
Not the " divine right of majorities " ........................ 1 35
Of Shakespeare, (Stubbs)........ 9 1106
Shakespeare a democrat, (Claretie) ............................ 4 249
Spread of the arts under D....... 6 845
Unlimited by traditional policy.. 1 87

**Democracy (A)**
Lowell, James Russell............ 8 789

**Democracy of the Mayflower, The (A.D.S.)**
Beck, James M.................... 1 83
Democratic Convention in Cincinnati, 1856......................... 7 101
Convention of Baltimore, 1860... 7 102
Democrats and Federalists (Anecdote) ............................ 2 494

**Demonology and English Folk-Lore (L)**
Conway, Moncure D.............. 4 287
Demons defined ..................... 4 288
Demosthenes
Reed on .......................... 4 vii
Sears on .......................... 7 xvi
Denominational modes of action, (Weiss) ......................... 9 1168

**Depew, Chauncey Mitchell**
As after-dinner speaker, (Choate) 1 172
Beggars of the Sea, The (A.D.S.) 1 366

**Depew, Chauncey M.**—*Continued* VOL. PAGE
  Citizens of the World (A. D. S.) 1 370
  Empire State, The (A. D. S.).... 1 333
  Evarts on .................... 2 465
  Ford, Simeon, on.............. 2 506
  His speech at St. Nicholas Society satirized by I. H. Bromley 1 88
  In Europe with Horace Porter.. 3 908
  Introducing Henry M. Stanley... 6 1029
  Ireland (A. D. S.)............ 1 343
  Mutations of Time, The (A.D.S.) 1 373
  New Netherlands, The (A.D.S.). 1 349
  On Success .................... 4 96
  Our English Visitors (A. D. S.) 1 338
  Senatorial Forecast, A (A. D. S.) 1 380
  Unsolved Problems (A. D. S.)... 1 361
  Welcome to Mayor Cooper (A. D. S.) .................... 1 330
  Woman (A. D. S.).............. 1 327
  Yale University (A. D. S.)...... 1 356
Derby, George Horatio
  Letters of John Phoenix.......... 6 953
  McKelway, St. Clair, on.......... 2 812

**Derby, Lord, (Edward H. S. Stanley)**
  Diplomatist, The (A. D. S.)..... 1 387
  Morley on .................... 2 839
De Reszke, Jean and Edouard
  Dined by Lotos Club............. 1 374
Designing, (Morris) ................ 9 904
Despotism
  Webster on .................... 9 1155
Despots
  How despots are made .......... 1 43
Destiny
  Pharaoh, Belshazzar, Abderrahman, Napoleon, George III, deceived by the vision of Destiny .................... 1 95
Devereaux, Penelope ................ 4 368
Devil's Ditch near the Danube...... 4 291
Devil, The
  Gypsy name for God is "devel" 4 287
"Devil's Own Regiment"
  Organized by Mr. Erskine from Inns of Court when French threatened invasion ............ 1 83
Dewar, James
  His portrait in Peter House College .................... 1 17
Dewey, George
  Coghlan, J. B., on................ 1 239
  In the battle of Manila .......... 1 36
Diagnosis
  Holmes on .................... 8 687

**Dickens, Charles**
  Actor's Art, The (A. D. S.)...... 1 401
  Banquet by Young Men of Boston
    Hilliard, George S.: The Influence of Men of Genius, Feb. 1, 1842.................. 2 616
  Banquet in London
    Lytton, E. B.: Farewell to Charles Dickens, Nov. 2, 1867 .................... 2 774

**Dickens, Charles**—*Continued* VOL. PAGE
  Dinner in N. Y., April 18, 1868. English Frendliness for America (A. D. S.)................ 1 405
  Fields on .................... 5 435
  Friends Across the Sea (A.D.S.) 1 389
  Hilliard, Geo. S., on.............. 2 616
  Literary ideals .................. 1 391
  Lowell on .................... 2 745
  Lytton on .................... 2 774
  Macready and Bulwer Lytton (A. D. S.).................... 1 398
  Quincy, Josiah, on................ 3 964
  Tribute to Washington Irving (A. D. S.).................... 1 394
  Volunteer Student, The (A)...... 1 332
Didactic poetry, (Poe)............... 6 873
Diedrichs, Admiral von
  And Admiral Dewey at Manila.. 1 240
Dilettantism
  No D. in Mahomet, (Carlyle).... 4 210
"Dink Botts" .................... 1 321
Diplomacy
  Does the telegraph diminish the importance of D. missions, (Lord Derby) .................. 1 388
  Training for, (White)............. 3 1234
**Diplomacy and the Press** (A. D. S)
  Dana, Charles A.................. 1 318
**Diplomatist, The** (A. D. S.)
  Derby, Lord .................... 1 387
Disraeli, Benjamin
  See Beaconsfield, Lord............ 1 21
  Lothair, (Froude) ................ 2 512
Disruption of the Union, (Dix, J. A., on) .................... 1 413
**Dix, John Adams**
  The Flag—The Old Flag (A. D. S.) .................... 1 410
Dodo, Pictures of the................ 1 17
**Dollinger, John Joseph Ignatius**
  Founders of Religions (A)....... 7 343
  Influence of Universities on Materialism .................... 8 527
Doges
  Napoleon ended the rule of ...... 6 989
Dogs
  And diabolism .................. 4 290
  In Massachusetts ................ 1 87
  In the Sandwich Islands, (Mark Twain) .................... 4 257
**Dolliver, Jonathan P.**
  Robert Emmett (A).............. 7 363
Dorothy Q. (A. D. S.)
  Holmes, O. W.................... 2 627
Douglas, Stephen A.
  As parliamentary leader, (Blaine) 7 124
  Watterson, H.................... 6 1166
Douglass, Frederick
  Episode on a Sound Steamer.... 4 263
Dowd, William
  Howland, Henry E., on.......... 2 664
Downing, Major Jack................ 6 953
Doyle, Arthur Conan
  Dined by Lotos Club............. 1 374

Dragon VOL. PAGE
  Symbolical use of, (Conway)..... 4 295
Drake, Francis .................... 4 368
Drama
  Dramatic incident clothed in poetry, (Ingersoll) ........... 5 643
  Elements of a Greek play, (Ingersoll) ........................ 5 648
  Hall, W. F., on.................. 2 581
  Irving on ......................... 2 677
  (A. D. S.) Irving, Sir Henry.... 2 678
  (A. D. S.) Pinero, Arthur Wing. 3 892
  Types and characters, (Ingersoll) 5 650
Dramatic History
  Froude on ......................... 5 467
Dramatic performances as a means of culture ....................... 7 203
Dramatists
  Coleridge on ..................... 1 247
**Draper, William Henry**
  Our Medical Advisers (A. D. S.) 1 415
Drapier's Letters, (Swift)
  Thackeray on .................... 6 1104
Dred Scott decision ................. 9 1037
Dresden
  Napoleon at, described by Hoffmann ........................... 6 1004
Dress
  Of the last century................ 3 1125
  Ruskin on ......................... 6 924
Dreyfus, Alfred
  Zola: Appeal for Dreyfus........ 9 1226
Drinks of the forefathers........... 3 1126
Drogheda
  Cromwell at ....................... 5 797
Drollery
  Irish and Scotch, (Ian Maclaren) 6 1144
**Drummond, Henry**
  "First" (A) ...................... 7 371
Drunkenness
  Gough on ......................... 5 504
Dude and Dutchman................. 3 1167
Duff, Mrs.
  Gilbert, John, on.................. 2 523
Duluth
  Glories of, (Knott, J. P.)........ 8 759
Dumas, Alexander
  Goschen, George J., on........... 8 563
Dunlop, Alison
  Lang, A., on....................... 5 736
Durant, Henry
  Founder of colleges in California 8 516
Dutch
  Characteristics, (Depew) ........ 1 364
  Characteristics, (Depew) ......... 1 367
  Costumes .......................... 1 66
  Dyke, Henry van, on............. 1 418
  Of New Amsterdam, (Coudert).. 1 279
  Porter, Horace, on................ 3 941
  Romans and ....................... 3 972
  Roosa on ......................... 3 993
  The first manufacturers of woolens and linens.................... 1 65
**Dutch as Enemies, The (A. D. S.)**
  Raymond, Andrew V. V.......... 3 970
**Dutch Domine, The (A. D. S.)** VOL. PAGE
  Mackay, Donald Sage............ 2 782
**Dutch Heroes of the New World (A. D. S.)**
  Stryker, William Scudder........ 3 1104
**Dutch Traits (A. D. S.)**
  Van de Water, George Roe...... 3 1162
Duty, Infinite Nature of
  Prefigured in the idea of Day of Judgment ...................... 4 212
**Dyke, Henry van**
  Books, Literature and the People (A) ......................... 7 391
  Depew on ......................... 1 366
  Salt (A) ........................... 7 380
  Typical Dutchman, The (A. D. S.) 1 418

E

Early Connecticut (A. D. S.)
  Field, David Dudley ............. 2 493
Earth
  Teaching of geology as to its history, (Searle) ................ 6 978
East India Company................ 2 846
Eastlake, Sir Charles
  President's address: Introducing Lord Palmerston ............... 3 876
Ecclesiastical despots................. 1 44
Eclipses
  Froude on ......................... 5 454
  How regarded by natives of India 4 289
Edgeworth, Maria
  On Irish bulls .................... 3 835
Edinburgh Philosophical Institution
  Birrell, Augustine: Edmund Burke (L) ....................... 4 71
  Morley, John: Aphorisms (L), Nov. 11, 1887.................... 5 809
Edinburgh Review
  Motto proposed by Sydney Smith 2 500
Editors
  Dana, C. A., on................... 7 291
  Hawley, J. R., on................. 2 594
  McClure, A. K., on.............. 2 805
Editorial Retrospect, An (A. D. S.)
  McClure, A. K.................... 2 799
**Education**
  See also *Schools*, *Universities*
  A remedy for social discontent.. 2 567
  Advance in ........................ 1 358
  Among the Scotch, (Ian Maclaren) .............................. 6 1153
  As preparation for journalism... 7 279
  Classics in E., (Evarts)........... 2 465
  Effects of universal E., (Depew). 1 376
  Eliot, C. W., on.................. 8 414
  Examination system, (Balfour).. 7 67
  Facilities of the time, (Hillis)... 8 647
  First canon, (Harrison, F.)....... 5 536
  Gilman on four periods of E. in America ......................... 8 516
  Greatest glory of a State......... 1 121

**Education**—*Continued* VOL. PAGE
  Influence of educated men on political sentiment, (Cleveland)... 7 253
  In America, (Lowell)............ 2 757
  In American history, (Hale)..... 2 575
  In Egypt ........................ 4 53
  In New York, (G. W. Curtis).... 1 297
  In the Sandwich Islands, (Mark Twain) ........................ 4 255
  In the South Since 1865, (Grady). 2 541
  Milton on, (quoted by G. W. Curtis) ........................ 1 295
  Modern ideals of, (Hadley)....... 8 596
  Of children, (Froude)........... 5 449
  Place of history in, (Eggleston). 8 407
  Prized by the forefathers........ 3 1151
  Shall girls have the same E. as boys, (Jordan).................. 8 746
  Since the Middle Ages, (Beecher) 4 55
  Stages of, (Newman).............. 9 914
  State endowments for............. 8 603
  Universities the guides of public E., (Gilman) .................. 8 524
  Volunteer Student, The, (Dickens) ........................... 7 332
**Edwards, Jonathan**
  Farrar, F. W., on................ 5 404
  Grandfather of Aaron Burr, (Clark) ........................ 7 244
**Eggleston, Edward**
  Eggleston, G. C., on.............. 2 424
  New History, The (A)........... 8 401
**Eggleston, George Cary**
  Southern Literature (A. D. S.).. 2 423
Egypt
  Education in, (Beecher) ......... 4 53
  Embalmers in, (Holmes).......... 8 694
  Mechanical power of Egyptians.. 6 843
  Napoleon's Egyptian campaign.. 6 989
  Rule of England in, (Abbott).... 7 8
Egyptian Hall, London
  Browne, Charles Farrar: The Mormons, Nov. 13, 1866 (L).. 4 123
Egyptian
  Painting .......................... 6 840
  Soldiers, (Kitchener) ............ 2 695
  Soldiers, (Salisbury) ............. 3 1020
Eighteenth century
  Hugo, Victor, on................. 8 716
  Spirit of patriotism during, (Chamberlain) .................. 7 172
" Ein Feste Burg "................... 3 1109
Elbe, Napoleon at .................. 6 1005
Elective System of College Studies
  Choate, J. H., on................ 1 192
  Eliot, C. W., on.................. 2 428
Electoral Commission law of 1877... 1 290
Electricity, Birth of science of...... 7 42
" Elia-tic philosophy of the frivolous " .......................... 5 526
**Eliot, Charles William**
  As president of Harvard, (J. H. Choate) ........................ 1 188
  " A true Harvard athlete "...... 1 173
  Graduation from Harvard......... 1 2

**Eliot, Charles William**—*Continued* VOL. PAGE
  Harvard and Yale (A. D. S.).... 2 427
  His administration of Harvard University ...................... 1 175
  Lowell on ........................ 2 741
  Uses of Education for Business (A) ............................ 8 413
Eliot, George
  Compared with Edmund Burke.. 4 93
Eliot, John
  Farrar, F. W., on................. 5 404
**Eliot, Samuel A.**
  Source of Song and Story, The (A. D. S.)........................ 2 431
Elizabeth, Queen
  And Mary, Queen of Scotts, (Kingsley) ...................... 5 702
  Dissuaded by Sidney from marriage with Duke of Anjou...... 4 369
  How put to bed.................. 1 65
  Ingersoll on ...................... 5 632
  War in Ireland.................... 1 258
Ellsworth, Oliver
  Author of bill for organizing the judiciary of the U. S........... 2 515
  Personal characteristics of, (Semmes) ....................... 9 1047
Elmwood
  Home of Lowell, (Curtis)........ 7 257
Eloquence of Webster, (Choate).... 7 224
Emancipation of women.............. 2 827
Embryology of animals.............. 4 2
**Emerson, Ralph Waldo**
  American Scholar, The (A)....... 9 419
    Holmes on ...................... 9 322
    Mabie on........................ 7 7
  Bust at Harvard College......... 1 177
  Coleridge, Lord, on............... 1 256
  Conservative, The (L)............ 4 377
  Eliot, Samuel A., on.............. 2 433
  England, Mother of Nations (A. D. S.)............................ 2 437
  " If the red slayer thinks he slays " .......................... 3 1187
  Lectures in London............... 4 21
  Lowell on his second Phi Beta Kappa address, (Mabie)......... 7 8
  Lowell on ......................... 8 804
  Mabie on ......................... 2 779
  Memory of Burns, The (A. D. S.) 2 439
  Motley on ........................ 2 842
  Radical Club and, (Howe)........ 5 600
  Ruskin and Emerson on St. George .......................... 4 299
  Twain, Mark, on.................. 1 215
  War (A. D. S.)..................... 2 442
  Wisdom of China, The (A. D. S.) 2 445
Emigration
  Of German, French and American 3 937
  Universality of .................... 3 1116
Emin Pasha
  Stanley on ....................... 6 1045
**Emmet, Robert (A)**
  Dolliver, Jonathan P.............. 7 863

- **Empire State, The (A. D. S.)** VOL. PAGE
  - Depew, Chauncey M. ............ 1 333
- Emmanuel, Victor
  - Crawford, F. M., on ............ 4 342
- England See also *Great Britain*
  - American visitors to E., (Dickens) ............ 1 407
  - And America, (Farrar) ............ 8 470
  - And America, (Farrar) ............ 5 406
  - And America, (Depew) ............ 1 340
  - And America, Growing fellow feeling between, (Farrar) ............ 5 405
  - And China, (Whipple) ............ 3 1227
  - And Englishmen ............ 3 974
  - And her Colonies, (Wilfrid Laurier) ............ 2 703
  - Aristocracy preserved by fusion of classes ............ 1 120
  - Attitude of men toward women in England ............ 1 79
  - Attitude toward the first French Republic ............ 9 1191
  - Benefited by Irish Home Rule, (McCarthy) ............ 2 797
  - Chamberlain, Joseph: The Future of the British Empire ............ 1 141
  - Chaucer type of E. character and Intellect ............ 7 46
  - Colonies her "immortal glory". 1 70
  - Common law derived from E. ... 1 110
  - Community of language with America ............ 1 10
  - Defeat in the American Revolution, (Farrar) ............ 5 406
  - Emerson states cause of her greatness ............ 1 78
  - Expressions of the sentiment of patriotism, (Chamberlain) ..... 7 171
  - Failure of the experiment of Cromwell, (Lord) ............ 5 806
  - German view of E. as pioneer of civilization ............ 7 174
  - Hated by Germans and French .. 3 1017
  - Historians of, (White) ............ 9 1180
  - In the 16th century, (Ingersoll) .. 5 634
  - Kings and commoners buried in the Abbey, (Kingsley) ............ 5 699
  - Long Parliament ............ 5 791
  - Petition of Rights, (Lord) ............ 5 790
  - Political rivalry between E. and Germany over Emin Pasha ..... 6 1045
  - Pontifical power of sovereign .... 4 352
  - Preyed on American commerce during Civil War ............ 2 448
  - Reforms of Cromwell, (Lord) .... 5 802
  - Reforms that might have prevented the Revolution ............ 5 790
  - Relations with Ireland, (M. Arnold) ............ 4 38
  - Rule in Egypt, (Abbott) ............ 7 8
  - Rule of Stuarts intolerable to Puritans ............ 5 788
  - Visit to, (Porter) ............ 3 912
- **England, Mother of Nations (A. D. S.)**
  - Emerson, R. W. ............ 2 437
- English VOL. PAG
  - Belief in devouring demons ....... 4 288
  - Criticism of American authors ... 3 1188
  - Families—Persistence of families of the common people of England ............ 4 278
  - Folk-Lore, (Conway) ............ 4 287
  - In St. Domingo ............ 6 850
  - Lectures, (Depew) ............ 1 340
- **English Friendliness for America (A. D S.)**
  - Dickens, Charles ............ 1 405
- English Literature
  - American appreciation of English authors ............ 2 617
  - Austin on Chaucer ............ 7 47
  - Characteristics, (Brander Matthews) ............ 9 863
  - Collins, Wilkie, on ............ 1 262
  - Humorous characters of ......... 6 1208
  - Lubbock, Sir John, on ............ 8 814
- Englishman at the Pope's reception. 4 347
- English music ............ 2 789
- English neutrality, (Phillips) ......... 6 860
- English-speaking race, (Depew) ..... 1 345
- English-speaking race, (Curtis) ...... 1 308
- English speech—Bond of union between America and England ... 2 776
  - Universality of ............ 1 11
- Engraving on gems ............ 6 839
- Entail
  - Jefferson fights for abolition of E. in Virginia legislature ......... 2 425
- Epictetus
  - And M. Aurelius, (Adler) ........ 7 26
- Epicurus
  - Hay, John, alludes to ............ 2 600
- E pluribus unum, (where derived) .. 1 110
- Equality
  - Depew on ............ 1 363
- **Era of Universities, The (A. D. S.)**
  - Gilman, Daniel Coit ............ 2 528
- Erasmus, (van Dyke) ............ 1 418
- Erie Canal ............ 1 274
- Esterhazy, Major
  - Zola on ............ 9 1226
- Ethics
  - Kantian distinctions of right and wrong, (Froude) ............ 5 458
- **Ethics of the Press (A. D. S.)**
  - Thompson, Slason ............ 3 1139
- Ethnic development of people ....... 7 4
- Eubulus of Athens ............ 4 32
- Europe
  - Course of European history contrasted with American, (Wilson) 9 1205
- Evacuation of New York by British. 1 179
- "Evans's Gentlemanly Engine" .... 4 271
- **Evarts, William Maxwell**
  - Classics in Education, The (A. D. S.) ............ 2 465
  - Depew on ............ 1 336
  - Dined by Lotos Club ............ 1 374
  - French Alliance, The (A. D. S.). 2 457
  - International Arbitration (A.D.S) 2 448
  - Judgment of women ............ 4 95

VOL. PAGE

- **Evarts, William Maxwell**—*Continued*
  - Liberty Enlightening the World (A. D. S.) 2 469
  - On Harvard and Yale 2 427
  - Republic and Its Outlook, The (A. D. S.) 2 452
  - Tribute to Herbert Spencer (A. D. S.) 2 462
- **Everett, Edward**
  - Adams and Jefferson (A) 8 439
  - As lecturer, 1821-22 4 21
  - As orator, (Sears) 7 82
  - On Washington's trip into Western•Pennsylvania, (Daniel) 7 305
  - Vegetable and Mineral Gold (A). 8 456
- Evilina, (Burney)
  - Gibbon, Edward, on 4 93
- **Evolution**
  - See also *Natural Selection*
  - Argument against, (Agassiz) 4 23
  - History of theory of, (Rice) 9 989
  - Twichell on 3 1159
- **Ewing, Thomas C.**
  - Ohio and the Northwest (A.D.S.) 2 474
- Exchange editor, (Dana) 7 291
- **Expansion**
  - Chamberlain on English E. 7 178
  - Harrison on 2 591
  - Hoar on 8 668
  - McKinley on 2 817
  - Miles on 2 832
  - Roosevelt on 3 1002
  - Roosevelt on 9 998

F

- **Facial angle of man and monkey** 4 8
- Facts vs. poetry in history, (Froude) 5 465
- Fads in reading, (Harrison, F.) 5 537
- Faith, (Gough on) 5 519
- Fall Festival Celebration, Chicago
  - Long, Jno. D.: The Navy, Oct. 9, 1899 2 727
- Falstaff
  - Whipple, E. P., on 6 1209
- Fame,
  - Hazlitt on 5 541
- Family relations among Chinese 6 1229
- Faneuil Hall, founded by Huguenot exile 8 660
- Faraday, Michael
  - Collyer, Robert, on 4 266
  - ·Tyndall, John, on 3 1160
- **Farewell Address** (A. D. S.)
  - Phelps, Edward John 3 887
- **Farewell to Charles Dickens** (A. D. S.)
  - Lytton, Edward Bulwer 2 774
- **Farrar, Frederic William**
  - Attacks on the Stage, (quoted by by H. Irving) 2 681
- **Farrar, Frederic William**—*Continued*
  - Farewell Thoughts on America (L) 5 395
  - Poet and Painter (A. D. S.) 2 479
  - Ulysses Simpson Grant (A) 8 469
- Fashion effaces individuality, (Howe) 5 592
- Fashoda
  - Othello played in Paris while newspapers incited anti-English feeling over Fashoda 4 250
- Fathers of the Church
  - Eloquence of the 2d century, (Sears) 7 22
- Fauriel, Claude Charles
  - Arnold, Matthew, on 1 14
- **Faust, Goethe's**
  - Froude on 5 451
  - Orgin of legend 4 295
  - Vision of the spirit of his own race, (Froude) 5 451
- Faustina, wife of Marcus Aurelius 7 26
- Federal
  - Presidents, (Wilson) 9 1211
  - Street Theatre, Boston 3 1257
  - Theory, Triumph of—not added to powers of general government since war 2 476
  - Unity, (Breckinridge) 7 105
- **Federal Judges** (A. D. S.)
  - Miller, Samuel Freemen 2 834
- Federalist
  - Death of Federalist party, (Clark) 7 234
- **Fellows, John**
  - North and South (A. D. S.) 2 482
- Fellowship Club, Chicago
  - Oglesby, Richard: The Royal Corn, Sept. 9, 1894 2 853
- Fenardent-Cesnola suit 1 179
- Fence at Yale, The (Depew) 1 359
- Fénelon, François de Selignac de la Mothe
  - On Mankind 5 827
  - Succeeded by Dubois as Archbishop of Chambray, (White) 9 1191
- Fenris 4 304
- Fertilization of Plants
  - Goschen, George J., on 8 576
- Fiction
  - See also *Novels*
  - Lang, A., on Problem Novels 2 698
  - Realism vs. Romanticism, (Garland) 2 518
  - Smith, Goldwin, on 9 1068
- **Field, Cyrus West**
  - Fields, James T., on 5 437
  - Low, Seth, on 2 735
  - Story of the Atlantic Cable (A) 8 473
- Field, David Dudley
  - Early Connecticut (A. D. S.) 2 493
  - Telegraph, The (A. D. S.) 2 490
- Field, Eugene
  - McKelway, St. Clair, on 2 813

VOL. PAGE

**Field of Historical Study, The (A**
White, Andrew D.................. 9 1177

Fielding, Henry
Religion of, (Thackeray) ........ 6 1102
Thackeray on .................... 6 1094

**Fields, James Thomas**
Masters of the Situation (L)..... 5 423

Figians
Lang, A., on..................... 2 700

Finance
See also *Currency*
Coinage, (Hendrix) .............. 2 607
Leo XIII the largest holder of Italian Gov't securities.......... 4 350

**Finch, Francis M.**
Office of the Law, The (A. D. S.) 2 496

**First (A)**
Drummond, Henry ................. 7 371

**First Settlers of New Netherlands, The (A. D. S.)**
Bergen, Tunis G.................. 1 64

**First Thanksgiving Day, The (A. D. S.)**
Winslow, John.................... 3 1253

Fishes, Geological age of........... 4 4

Fisk, James
Fields, James T., on............. 5 442

**Fiske, John**
Columbus the Navigator (A)....... 8 490

Fitzgerald, Edward
Hay, John, on.................... 2 599
Lee, Fitzhugh ................... 2 710

Flag
Significance of American Flag.... 1 136

**Flag, The—The Old Flag (A. D. S.)**
Dix, John Adams.................. 1 410

**Flag of the Union For Ever, The (A. D. S.)**

Fletcher of Saltoun.................. 9 1012

Flinders, Matthew
As ill-used, (Dawson)............ 7 326

Flint discovered in Western Europe. 5 617

Flirts
Billings, Josh, on................ 6 1019

Florence
In 15th century.................. 1 311
Raphael in, (Pater).............. 9 947

Florida Purchase .................... 1 39

Flower, Roswell P.
Howland, H. E., on............... 2 664

Flowing Tide, The
Morley's pun on the picture...... 2 838

Foley, John Henry
Leighton, Sir F., on............. 2 713

**Ford, John**
Land o' Cakes, The (A. D. S.).... 2 500

Force in Nature, (Starr King)....... 5 672

**Force of Ideas, The (A. D. S.)**
Wayland, Heman Lincoln........... 3 1197

**Ford, Simeon**
Me and Sir Henry (A. D. S.)...... 2 505
Run on the Banker, A (A. D. S.) 2 507

VOL. PAGE

Foreign and Domestic Exhibition, Banquet to visitors to
Butler, B. F. (A. D. S.): Our Debt to England, Sept. 8, 1883. 1 110

Foreign Nation
A sort of contemporaneous posterity ......................... 2 617

Forest, An African, (Stanley)....... 6 1032

Forlorn Hope
Eggleston, Edward, on............ 8 407

Fort Sumter, Battle of.............. 3 903

Fortune
Chas. V instructions to son, (Morley) ...................... 5 819

Forty Immortals
Hay, John, on.................... 8 614

Fossil remains, Teaching of......... 4 2

Fossils
Three thousand species found in chalk, (Huxley) ............... 5 614

Foucault, Jean Bernard Leon
Undulatory theory of light, (Rice) 9 989

**Founders of Religions (A)**
Döllinger, John J. I............. 7 343

Fourier, François Charles Marie
Compared with Puritan............ 1 47

Fourth of July
Fellows, John R., on............. 2 484
Holmes, O. W., Jr................ 8 692
Oration by Webster at Fryeburg, Me., July 4, 1802.............. 9 1152

Fox, Charles James
As parliamentary leader, (Blaine) 7 124
On Irish government.............. 3 984
Sears on ........................ 7 27
Storrs on ....................... 3 1100

Fox-monkeys ......................... 4 9

**France**
America and France compared as to morals, (Evarts).............. 2 461
Attitude of men towards women in F............................. 1 79
Color sense of the French........ 6 841
Contribution to human liberty.... 1 46
England and, (Starr King)........ 5 677
French in Mexico during Civil War, (Evarts) ................. 2 448
Gift of Bartholdi Statue to America, (Evarts) .................. 2 469
Historians of, (White) .......... 9 1180
Ideas of rights and constitutional freedom, (Starr King)........... 5 680
Orators of French Restoration, (Sears) ....................... 7 25
Relief furnished F. in 1871 by N. Y. Chamb. of Com.......... 2 735
Sentiment of patriotism in....... 7 167
Social structure before the Revolution, (Hugo) .................. 8 711
Spirit of liberty in............. 3 1101
Visit to, (Porter)............... 3 912
Zola's appeal for Dreyfuss....... 9 1226

Franco, Harry
On Lowell, (Curtis).............. 7 260

**Franking Privilege** VOL. PAGE
  Nasby, Petroleum V., on......... 5 770
**Franklin, Benjamin**
  Farrar on Franklin's speech " On Opening the Assembly with Prayer " ......................... 6 406
  French, The, and, (Porter)...... 3 919
  Opening the Assembly with Prayer (A) ...................... 8 503
  Porter, Horace, on ............... 3 901
  Reid on ............................ 3 980
  Watterson, H., on ............... 6 1159
Franklin Lectures
  Channing, W. E.: Self-Culture, Boston, September, 1838....... 7 182
" Franklin was twins," (Mark Twain) ........................... 6 946
Fraunce's Tavern
  Entertains Washington, Hamilton and Clinton ................ 1 182
Frederick the Great
  Farrar on ......................... 8 470
Free Ballot
  Grady, Henry W., on............. 2 543
Freedom of Opinion
  Channing on ..................... 7 196
Freedom
  Spirit of, in Europe.............. 3 1098
Free Institutions
  Influence of, (Channing)......... 7 198
**Free Libraries** (A)
  Lubbock, Sir John................ 8 808
Freeman, Edward
  Theory of history................. 8 404
**Free Masonry: Ancient and Modern** (A)
  Carnarvon, Earl of................ 7 159
  Moore on ........................ 9 880
Free silver, (Hendrix).............. 2 607
Free Trade
  Cox, S. S., on..................... 1 288
  Established in St. Domingo in 1800 ............................ 6 856
Fremont, John C.
  Lincoln on ....................... 2 721
  Wallace, Hugh C., on............ 3 1180
French
  As colonizers...................... 1 48
  Canadians' loyalty to British Empire, (W. Laurier).............. 2 703
  Characterized by M. Arnold..... 4 40
  English and: In numbers and geographical distribution, (Matthews) ........................... 9 864
  Fiction, (Smith, Goldwin)........ 9 1073
  Heine, H., on Frenchmen........ 4 242
**French Alliance, The** (A. D. S.)
  Evarts, W. M.................... 2 457
**French Literature**
  Aphorisms of, (Morley).......... 5 823
  Matthews, Brander, on........... 9 862
  Poets of the 19th century, (Claretie) ........................... 4 242
French Politics
  Lord Randolph Churchill on..... 1 206
**French Revolution** VOL. PAGE
  Balfour on ........................ 7 64
  Eggleston on ..................... 8 405
  Gift of the St. Domingo mulattos to the National Convention. 6 848
  Hugo on .......................... 8 717
  Lowell on ......................... 8 794
  Orators of, (Sears)................ 7 25
  Sentiment of patriotism during.. 7 167
  Serviss on ......................... 6 983
Friction Matches
  Time saved by invention of, (Hale) ........................... 8 605
Friedland
  Napoleon defeats Russians....... 6 1000
**Friend and Foe** (A. D. S.)
  Sala, George Augustus........... 3 1014
**Friendliness of the French** (A. D. S.)
  Porter, Horace..................... 3 919
Friendly Sons of St. Patrick (N. Y.)
  Beecher, H. W. (A. D. S.): Home Rule for Ireland, March 17, 1886.......................... 1 60
  Roche, J. J.: The Press, March 17, 1894 .......................... 3 988
Friendly Sons of St. Patrick of Philadelphia
  Lee, Fitzhugh: The Flag of the Union Forever, Sept. 17, 1887.. 2 710
**Froude, James Anthony**
  Cited by F. W. Farrar........... 2 480
  Dined by Lotos Club............. 1 374
  Men of Letters (A. D. S.)........ 2 510
  The Science of History (L)..... 5 443
Fry, Elizabeth
  Gough, John B., on.............. 5 498
**Fuller, Melville Weston**
  Supreme Court, The (A. D. S.).. 2 513
Fun, English, (Ian Maclaren)...... 6 1145
**Function of the Newspaper, The** (A. D. S.)
  Irving, Sir Henry.................. 2 681
Funeral oratory, (Reed)............. 4 9
**Future of New York, The** (A. D. S.)
  Lawrence, F. R.................... 2 705
**Future of the British Empire, The** (A. D. S.)
  Chamberlain, Joseph .............. 1 141
**Future of the Philippines, The** (A. D. S.)
  McKinley, William ............... 2 818

G

Gadsden, Christopher
  Hoar, George F., on.............. 8 665
Galatea of Raphael, (Pater).......... 9 949
Gambetta, Leon
  Chamberlain on G.'s patriotism.... 7 169
Garden, Hugh R.
  President's address: Introducing Hugh C. Wallace................ 3 1178

VOL. PAGE

- Gardens
  - Hole, Dean, on ........ 8 674
- Gardiner, Samuel Rawson
  - Eggleston, Edward, on ........ 8 410
- **Garfield, James Abram**
  - Administration of, (Blaine) ........ 7 130
  - As parliamentary orator ........ 7 123
  - Assassination of ........ 7 134
  - (A) Blaine, James G. ........ 7 113
  - Career in Congress ........ 7 120
  - Coleridge, Lord, on ........ 1 246
  - Farrar on ........ 5 411
  - Farrar on ........ 8 466
  - Military career ........ 7 118
  - Presidential candidacy ........ 7 127
  - Religious character ........ 7 132
  - To his neighbors ........ 4 328
- Garibaldi, Giuseppe
  - Crawford, F. M., on ........ 4 340
- **Garland, Hamlin**
  - Realism versus Romanticism (A. D. S.) ........ 2 518
- **Garrick, David**
  - Dr. Johnson contradicted by Burke at Christmas dinner at Garrick's ........ 4 77
  - Friend of Burke and Dr. Johnson 1 248
  - Gifts to Burke ........ 4 87
  - Johnson on, (cited by Lytton) ... 2 773
- Garrison, William Lloyd
  - Pond, Major, on ........ 6 898
- Gay, John
  - Swift's advice to, (Thackeray) ... 6 1102
- Gems Imitated
  - Vase of the Genoa Cathedral .... 6 838
- Geneva Arbitration and Gladstone .. 3 982
  - Tribunal of Arbitration ........ 2 449
- Genius
  - Edison, Thomas A., on ........ 4 98
  - Hazlitt on ........ 5 542
  - Lytton on ........ 2 770
- **Genius and Achievement of Morse** (A)
  - Anderson, Martin Brewer ........ 7 40
- Gentleman
  - Curtis on Philip Sidney, the Gentleman ........ 4 372
  - Profession of, (Lowell) ........ 8 777
- Geographical distribution of animals 4 2
  - Ideas of the 15th century ........ 8 496
  - Position, Influence of, (Froude). 5 448
  - Zones that influence founding new religions, (Döllinger) ...... 7 349
- Geography
  - Studied with imagination, (Goschen) ........ 8 575
- Geology
  - Development of science of, (Rice) 9 987
- George, Henry
  - Lowell on ........ 8 806
- Georgia
  - Influence of Grady on ........ 8 591
  - Natural resources of, (Hill) ..... 8 635
- **Germany**
  - Anti-Semitic movement, (Manning) ........ 9 855

VOL. PAGE

- **Germany**—*Continued*
  - Contribution to human liberty ... 1 46
  - Evarts on the Germans ........ 2 460
  - Historians of, (White) ........ 9 1181
  - Influence of G. on English literature ........ 2 708
  - Spirit of liberty in ........ 3 1101
  - Tonnage in trade with U. S. 1856-1879 ........ 1 74
  - Unification of, (Lord Houghton) 2 641
  - University training for diplomatic service ........ 3 1238
- German Literature
  - Poor in aphorisms ........ 5 820
- German Politics
  - Lord Randolph Churchill on .... 1 205
- Gettysburg
  - Battle of ........ 1 3
  - Gordon, J. B., on ........ 5 472
  - Twichell, J. H., on ........ 2 1155
- **Gettysburg Address** (A)
  - Lincoln, Abraham ........ 8 774
  - Lincoln quoted ........ 6 1181
- Ghosts, a Poem
  - Lang, Andrew ........ 5 726
- Gibbon, Edward
  - Froude on ........ 5 466
  - On entering parliament ........ 7 177
- **Gibbons, James, Cardinal**
  - Supremacy of the Catholic Religion (A) ........ 8 505
- Gilbert, John
  - Playing "Old Men" Parts (A. D. S.) ........ 2 522
  - Winter, William, on ........ 3 1257
- Gilbert, William Schwenck
  - Dined by Lotos Club ........ 1 374
  - Pinafore (A. D. S.) ........ 2 524
- **Gilman, Daniel Coit**
  - Characteristics of a University (A) ........ 8 515
  - Era of Universities, The (A. D. S.) ........ 2 528
- **Gladstone, William Ewart**
  - Age of Research, The (A.D.S.) .. 2 530
  - "Born in Arcadia" ........ 1 15
  - Calls the Convention of Constantinople "an insane convention" ........ 1 29
  - Choate, J. H., on ........ 1 188
  - Churchill, Lord Randolph, on .... 1 205
  - Depew on ........ 1 348
  - Depew on ........ 1 372
  - Froude on ........ 2 511
  - Irving, Henry, on ........ 2 683
  - Lincoln, Leo XIII, compared ... 4 344
  - Modern Training for Life (A) ... 2 534
  - Morley on ........ 2 839
  - On the pilgrims, (Depew) ........ 1 362
  - Storrs on ........ 3 1100
- **Gladstone, England's Greatest Leader** (A. D. S.)
  - Reid, Whitelaw ........ 3 981
- Glasgow University
  - Gladstone on ........ 8 535

VOL. PAGE

Glass
  Malleable 6 837
  Vitrification of materials of 6 832
Globigerina, (Huxley) 5 607

**Glories of Duluth, The** (A)
  Knott, James Proctor 8 753

**Glory of New England, The** (A. D. S.)
  Beecher, Henry Ward 1 46
Gloucester, The, in the battle of Santiago 2 729
God
  African forest natives no idea of, (Stanley) 6 1039
  Historic idea of 6 1120
  Providence of God in the affairs of nations, (Farrar) 6 398
Goethe, Johan Wolfgang
  And Burns, (Emerson) 2 441
  And Sophocles, (Adams, C. F.) 7 13
  Aphorisms, (Morley) 5 821
  On Islam 4 194
  On poetry 1 190
  Taylor, Bayard, on 3 1136
  View of popularity, (Froude) 5 444
  Wilhelm Meister meets society of men who renounce one thing of their desire 4 211
Goethe Club Reception
  Taylor, Bayard: "Tribute to Goethe," March 20, 1878 3 1136
Golconda diamond mines 4 310
Gold
  Digging on the Sacramento 8 459
  Discovery in California in 1847 4 311
Goldsmith, Oliver
  Dickens on 1 396
  Whipple, E. P., on 6 1209
Good and Evil
  According to Stoic philosophy 7 84
Gordon, A. M. R.
  See Rose, A. McGregor
Gordon, Chinese
  Allusion by Lord Randolph Churchill 1 205
  And Emin Pasha 6 1047
Gordon, Duchess of
  On Burns 9 1010

**Gordon, John Brown**
  Last Days of the Confederacy (L) 5 471
Gordon Highlanders refused to wear khaki 2 503

**Goschen, George Joachim**
  Uses of Imagination (A) 8 557

**Gospel of Relaxation, The** (A. D. S.)
  Spencer, Herbert 3 1067

**Gough, John Bartholomew**
  As lyceum lecturer, (Maj. Pond) 6 896
  Social Responsibilities (L) 5 495

**Government**
  An Empirical Science 1 205
  Best G. rests on the people, not on the few, (Bancroft) 7 77

**Government**—*Continued* VOL. PAGE
  Calvin's influence on representative G. 8 645
  Changes in forms of 1 234
  Cleveland on functions of 1 230
  First democratic commonwealtth founded in Conn., 1638 1 91
  Founded upon popular representation 1 412
  Germanic conception of, (Abbott) 7 3
  In America, (Beecher) 4 66
  Knowledge of American G. necessary for a journalist, (Dana) 7 286
  Latin conception of, (Abbott) 7 3
  Popular, (Curtis) 1 316
  Popular government, (Fellows, J. R., on) 2 485
  Succession in power, (Phelps) 9 959
Gowns worn by judges 1 130
Gracian, Balthasar
  Art of Prudence, or a Companion for a Man of Sense, (Morley) 5 822
Graduates
  Address to, (John J. Chapman) 7 212

**Grady, Henry Woodfin**
  Depew on 1 365
  (A) Graves, John Temple 8 590
  New South, The (A) 8 579
  Race Problem, The (A. D. S.) 2 534
  Smith, Ballard, on 3 1058
  Watterson, Henry, on 3 1192
Grand Encampment of Knights Templars of U. S., Banquet at Pittsburg
  Melish, Wm. B.: The Ladies, 1898 2 825

**Grand, Sarah** (Mrs. McFall)
  Mere Man (A. D. S.) 2 551
Grant, Sir Francis
  President's address: Introducing J. A. Froude 2 510

**Grant, Ulysses Simpson**
  Adopted Citizen, The (A. D. S.) 2 561
  And the New England woman 3 916
  As soldier, (Porter) 3 945
  At Appomattox, (Howell, Clark) 2 652
  At Appomattox 5 492
  At Matthew Arnold's lecture 6 914
  At Vicksburg, (Hale) 8 602
  Characteristics of Newspaper Men (A. D. S.) 2 559
  Dined by Lotos Club 1 374
  (A) Farrar, F. W. 8 469
  Farrar, F. W., on 5 411
  Gordon, J. B., on 5 481
  In the Republican Convention of 1880, (Clark) 7 242
  Last military salute 3 949
  On military review, (Farrar) 5 406
  On tour of world 3 907
  Politicians of Grant's administrations 5 767
  Porter on 3 944
  Request for burial 8 465
  Remarkable Climate, A (A. D. S.) 2 557

VOL. PAGE
Grant Banquet of Army of the Tennessee, Nov. 13, 1879
  Clemens, S. L.: The Babies (A. D. S.) .......... 1 218
Grattan, Henry
  Depew on .......... 1 372

**Graves, John Temple**
  Henry W. Grady (A) .......... 8 590
Gravitation
  Starr King on .......... 5 671
Gray, David
  Houghton, Lord, on .......... 2 637
Great Britain
  Possibilities of war with U. S., (Schurz) .......... 9 1021
  Tonnage in trade with U. S., 1856-79 .......... 1 74

**Great Britain and the United States** (A. D. S.)
  Herschell, Lord .......... 2 609
" Great Eastern "
  Laying Atlantic cable .......... 8 480
Great men, (Cromwell on) .......... 4 331
Greece
  Arnold on the best age of, (Shairp) .......... 9 1056
  Dionysian mysteries .......... 9 882
  Education in, (Beecher) .......... 4 53
  England's relation to Greece at Berlin Congress, 1878 .......... 1 23
  Oratory in Early .......... 7 13
  Patriotism of .......... 7 165
  Source of our learning, (Eggleston) .......... 8 401
  Superiority to Persians, (Starr King) .......... 5 678
Greek
  Art, Earliest .......... 3 1035
  Colonization, effect upon the Greeks .......... 1 14
  Drama, (Lang) .......... 2 700
  Letter of John Adams to Jefferson on .......... 7 17
  Literature, (Matthews) .......... 9 861
  Study of, in college, (C. F. Adams) .......... 7 12
  Yearly festivals .......... 1 14
Greeley, Horace
  Dana, C. A., on .......... 1 318
  Dana, C. A., on .......... 7 282
  " Never wanted to live in a country where one half was pinned to the other with bayonets " .......... 3 983
  On the Governorship of N. Y. .......... 1 334
Green, John Richard
  Eggleston, Edward, on .......... 8 409
  On Edward Freeman .......... 8 404
Greene, George S.
  Howland, H. E., on .......... 2 664

**Greeting the Autocrat** (A. D. S.)
  Curtis, George William .......... 1 299
Grenfell, Sir Francis
  Kitchener on .......... 2 696

**Griggs, John William** VOL. PAGE
  Social Discontent (A. D. S.) .......... 2 564
Grosvenor Gallery style of verse, (Lang) .......... 5 725
Grotius, Hugo
  On the story of Mahomet and the Pigeon .......... 4 183
Guilbert, Yvette
  Depew on .......... 1 374
Gulf Stream, The
  Maury on .......... 6 1115
Gunpowder first used in China .......... 2 445
Guns .......... 3 900
Gutenberg, Johan .......... 5 534
Guthrie, Thomas
  On Anglo-Saxons .......... 4 264
Gypsy
  Name for God is " devel " .......... 4 287

H

**Hadley, Arthur Twining**
  Modern Changes in Educational Ideals (A) .......... 8 594

**Hale, Edward Everett**
  Boston (A. D. S.) .......... 2 577
  Lectures and Lecturers (Introd). 4 xv
  Mission of Culture, The (A.D.S.) 2 570
  What Will He Do with It? (A) .. 8 601
Hale, Matthew
  President's address: Introducing John S. Wise .......... 3 1271
Hale, Sir Matthew .......... 5 802
Hall, Stanley
  Education in America, (Lowell). 2 757
Hall, William F.
  Yarn of the Manager Bold (A. D. S.) .......... 2 581
Halleck, Fitz-Green
  Bryant, W. C., on .......... 1 105
Halleck, Henry Wager
  Demanded dismissal of members of Lincoln's Cabinet .......... 6 1175
Hallucinations
  Religious, (Döllinger) .......... 7 350

**Halstead, Murat**
  Dined by Lotos Club .......... 1 374
  Our New Country (A. D. S.) .......... 2 584

**Hamilton, Alexander**
  And Jay, (Semmes) .......... 9 1042
  At Fraunce's Tavern in 1783 .......... 1 182
  Author of Constitution of U. S. .. 1 123
  Clark, Champ, on .......... 7 234
  Duel with Aaron Burr, (Clark) .. 7 232
  Funeral oration, (Morris) .......... 9 887
  Watterson on .......... 6 1159
Hamilton, William Girard
  Connection with Edmund Burke. 4 79
Hamlet
  As an opera, Hugo on .......... 4 231
  Quoted by James M. Beck .......... 1 34
Hammersmith
  Morris, William, at home in .......... 9 906

VOL. PAGE

- Hancock, John
  - Cited by Lowell .......... 2 744
- Hand different from foot .......... 4 7
- Handwriting, (Lang) .......... 5 717
- **Hans Breitmann's Return** (A. D. S.)
  - Leeland, Charles Godfrey .......... 2 717
- Hanseatic League .......... 2 848
- Hargreaves, James
  - As an ill-used man, (Dawson) .......... 7 326
- Harris, Joel Chandler
  - McKelway, St. Clair, on .......... 2 813
- **Harrison, Benjamin**
  - Bok on .......... 4 101
  - On the Race Problem, (Grady) .. 2 539
  - Union of States, The (A. D. S.) .. 2 589
- **Harrison, Frederic**
  - Balfour, A. J., on " Books and Reading " of F. H .......... 7 51
  - Choice of Books, The (L) .......... 5 523
  - Great buildings and great books. 5 588
- Harrison, William Henry
  - Administration of, (Whipple) .......... 6 1197
- Harte, Bret
  - McKelway, St. Clair, on .......... 2 812
- **Harvard Alumni** (A. D. S.)
  - Lowell, James Russell .......... 2 737
- **Harvard Alumni Banquet**
  - Adams, C. F.: " The Lessons of Life," June 26, 1895 .......... 1 1
  - Choate, J. H.: A Test Examination, June 30, 1875 .......... 1 147
  - Choate, J. H.: Harvard University, June 27, 1883 .......... 1 173
  - Choate, J. H.: Sons and Guests of Old Harvard, June 24, 1885 .. 1 187
  - Curtis, G. W.: Noblesse Oblige, June 29, 1881 .......... 1 295
  - Emerson, R. W.: War, June 21, 1865 .......... 2 442
  - Gilman, D. C.: The Era of Universities, June 29, 1881 .......... 2 528
  - Holmes, O. W.: Welcome to the Alumni, July 19, 1860 .......... 2 625
  - Holmes, O. W., Jr.: Sons of Harvard Who Fell in Battle, June 25, 1884 .......... 2 630
  - Lowell, J. R.: Harvard Alumni, June 30, 1875 .......... 2 737
  - Lowell, J. R.: National Growth of a Century .......... 2 741
  - Washington, Booker T.: The American Standard, June 24, 1896 .......... 9 1140
- Harvard University
  - And Yale, (Depew) .......... 1 359
  - And Yale, (A. D. S.)
    - Eliot, Charles William .......... 2 427
  - (A. D. S.) Choate, Joseph H .......... 1 173
  - Commemoration of 250th anniversary. Gilman, D. C.: The Characteristics of a University, July 1, 1886 .......... 8 515
  - Commencement address by Henry van Dyke: Salt, June 19, 1898 7 380

Harvard University—*Continued* VOL. PAGE

  - Divinity School address by John C. Weiss: The Task of Religion, June 27, 1869 .......... 9 1162
  - Examinations satirized by J. H. Choate .......... 1 150
  - Gilman, D. C., on .......... 8 515
  - In 1856 .......... 1 4
  - Influence on the country, (Emerson) .......... 2 444
  - Law School Assn. 250th anniversary. Holmes, O. W., Jr.: The Use of Law Schools, Nov. 5, 1886 .......... 8 700
  - Lodge, H. C.: Uses and Responsibilities of Leisure; address, March 23, 1886 .......... 8 777
  - Medical School address by O. W. Holmes: Practical Ethics of the Physician, Marrch 10, 1858 .......... 8 677
  - Natural Science first taught .......... 5 567
  - Phi Beta Kappa address: A College Fetich; C. F. Adams, June 28, 1883 .......... 7 10
  - Phi Beta Kappa address: The American Scholar; R. W. Emerson, Aug. 31, 1837 .......... 8 419
- Harvard, John
  - Founder of Harvard College .......... 1 176
  - Higginson on .......... 5 566
  - Statue of, at Cambridge .......... 1 177
- Hastings, Daniel H.
  - President's address: Introducing A. K. McClure .......... 2 799
- **Hawley, Joseph Roswell**
  - Press, The (A. D. S.) .......... 2 593
- **Hawthorne, Nathaniel**
  - Coleridge, Lord, on .......... 1 256
  - Compared with Poe, (Mabie) .......... 9 820
  - Eliot, Samuel A., on .......... 2 433
  - Farrar on .......... 5 415
  - Lowell on .......... 2 748
  - Mabie on .......... 2 779
  - Style of, (Dana) .......... 7 284
- **Hay, John**
  - Omar Khayyam (A. D. S.) .......... 2 598
  - Sir Walter Scott (A) .......... 8 614
- Haydon, Benjamin Robert
  - Dawson, George, on .......... 7 329
- **Hayes, Rutherford B.**
  - National Sentiments (A. D. S.) .. 2 601
  - To the reporter .......... 4 114
- **Hazlitt, William**
  - The Living Poets (L) .......... 5 541
- Heathen
  - State of, (P. V. Nasby) .......... 5 762
- Heaven and Hell, Mahometan
  - Carlyle on .......... 4 211
- Hegira, (Carlyle) .......... 4 198
- Heine, Heinrich
  - His first interview with Goethe .. 2 750
  - On Frenchmen .......... 4 242

Heliogabalus VOL. PAGE
  Introduced new religion into Rome ........ 7 355
Hell Gate
  Improvement of navigation at.... 2 733
Helvetius, Claude Adrien
  On Mankind ........ 5 827
Hendricks, Thomas Andrew
  At Harvard commencement...... 1 189

**Hendrix, Joseph C.**
  Wampum of the Indians, The (A. D. S.)........ 2 603
Herodotus
  Eggleston, Edward, on........ 8 402
Henry V, Macready's........ 2 770
Henry VIII
  Founder of religion, (Döllinger). 7 356
Henry, Patrick
  Farrar on ........ 5 404
  On Marshall as envoy to France. 9 1032
  Pryor, R. A., on........ 3 959
  Quoted by H. C. Lodge........ 2 725
  Sears on ........ 7 xxix
Heraclitus
  On war ........ 2 443
Hereditary Rank
  Higginson on ........ 5 570
Heredity
  Principle applied to case of Aaron Burr, (Clark)........ 7 244
Heroes, Hero Worship, and the Heroic in History
  Lectures by Thomas Carlyle, London, 1840: "Mahomet"... 4 181

**Herschell, Lord Farrer**
  Choate, J. H., on........ 1 199
  Great Britain and the United States (A. D. S.)........ 2 609
Hervey, Hubert
  Howland, Henry E., on........ 2 669
Hervey, James
  Dr. Johnson on........ 7 93
Hessian Mercenaries
  In the Revolutionary war........ 1 185
Hibernian Society, Philadelphia
  Smith, Charles Emory: "Ireland's Struggles," March 17, 1887 ........ 3 1059

**Higginson, Thomas W.**
  Battle of the Cowpens (A)........ 8 618
  Decoration Day (A)........ 8 621
  Literature in a Republic (L)..... 5 565
  On Protestantism ........ 5 598
  On Victor Hugo as orator........ 8 710

**Higher Education of Women (A)**
  Jordan, David Starr........ 8 745
Hilarity of the New Englander...... 3 935

**Hill, Benjamin**
  Ingalls on ........ 8 721
  On the New South, (quoted by H. W. Grady)........ 8 579
  Work of Universities in the South (A) ........ 8 624

**Hillard, George Stillman** VOL. PAGE
  Influence of Men of Genius, The (A. D. S.)........ 2 616

**Hillis, Newell Dwight**
  John Ruskin (L)........ 5 579
  Pulpit in Modern Life, The (A).. 8 644
Hindu
  Produced no novel, (Swing)..... 9 1117
"Hingham toys" ........ 4 323
Historian
  Gladstone on the........ 8 552
Historic characters have risen by gradual steps ........ 3 944
Historical Imagination
  Gladstone on ........ 8 553
  Goschen ........ 8 560

**History**
  American education in, (Hale).. 2 575
  Buckle's theory of the philosophy of, (Froude) ........ 5 445
  Course of American history, (Wilson) ........ 9 1199
  Field of Historical Study, (White) 9 1177
  Freeman's conception of........ 8 404
  Goethe on, (Froude)........ 5 456
  Human interest of, (Froude)..... 5 459
  Kingsley on mediæval History... 5 698
  Napoleon's idea of, (Froude).... 5 456
  On the study of, (Balfour)........ 7 62
  Poetry and, (Froude)........ 5 465
  Science of, (Froude)........ 5 443
  Study necessary for a journalist, (Dana) ........ 7 287
  Study of, (Newman) ........ 9 917
  Unity of, (Kingsley)........ 5 706
  Value of, (Emerson)........ 8 426
  Value of the study of........ 1 205

**History of Oratory, The**
  Sears, Lorenzo ........ 7 xiii
Hoar, Ebenezer Rockwood
  Choate, J. H., on........ 1 190

**Hoar, George Frisbie**
  On Senator Beck........ 6 946
  South Carolina and Massachusetts (A) ........ 8 659
Hobson, Richmond Pierson
  Bok, Edward W., on........ 4 96
  Howell, Clark, on........ 2 652
Hoch! der Kaiser
  A. M. R. Gordon........ 1 244
Hoffmann, Ernst Theodor Amadeus
  Describes Napoleon at Dresden.. 6 1004

**Hole, Samuel Reynolds**
  My Garden (A)........ 8 673
  With Brains, Sir (A. D. S.)..... 2 622
Holinshed, Raphael
  On the relationship of Macbeth and Duncan ........ 8 726
Holland
  Contribution to human liberty.. 1 46
  Puritan in, (Depew)........ 1 353
  Talmage on ........ 3 1130
  Van de Water, George R., on.... 3 1166
  Visiting with Depew, (Porter)... 3 912

VOL. PAGE

**Hollander as an American, The (A. D. S.)**
  Roosevelt, Theodore ............. 3 998

**Holland Society Banquets**
  Bergen, Tunis G.: The First Settlers of New Netherlands, Jan. 29, 1895 ........................ 1 64
  Depew, C. M.: The Beggars of the Sea, Jan. 10, 1890........... 1 366
  Dyke, Henry van: The Typical Dutchman, Jan. 10, 1890........ 1 418
  Lawrence, F. R.: The Future of New York, Oct. 3, 1893......... 2 705
  Mackay, D. S.: The Dutch Domine, Jan. 15, 1896................ 2 782
  Porter, H.: The Assimilated Dutchman, Oct. 8, 1893......... 3 939
  Raymond, A. V. V.: The Dutch as Enemies, Jan. 12, 1898....... 3 970
  Roosa, D. B. St. John: The Salt of the Earth, Jan. 15, 1896...... 3 992
  Roosevelt, Theodore: The Hollander as an American, Jan. 15, 1896 ............................ 3 998
  Stryker, William S.: Dutch Heroes of the New World, Jan. 10, 1890 .......................... 3 1104
  Talmage, T. Dewitt: "What I Know About the Dutch," Jan. 14, 1892 ......................... 3 1128
  Van de Water, George R.: "Dutch Traits," Jan. 15, 1893.. 3 1162

**Holmes, Oliver Wendell**
  Banquet to him by medical profession of New York........... 1 299
  Bryant on ......................... 1 106
  Choate, J. H., on................ 1 190
  Coleridge, Lord, on............... 1 256
  Dined by Lotos Club............ 1 374
  Dorothy Q. (A. D. S.)............ 2 627
  Eliot, Samuel A., on.............. 2 433
  Farrar on ......................... 5 415
  Howe, Julia Ward, on............ 2 645
  Howells on ....................... 2 655
  Letter to J. R. Lowell........... 2 740
  Mabie on ......................... 2 779
  On country audiences, (Mabie).. 7 viii
  Plagiarized by Mark Twain...... 1 222
  Practical Ethics of the Physician (A) ............................. 8 677
  President's address: Introducing Matthew Arnold ................ 4 27
  Quoted by Joseph Chamberlain.. 1 141
  Twain, Mark, on.................. 1 215
  Welcome to the Alumni (A.D.S.) 2 625

**Holmes, Oliver Wendell, Jr.**
  Joy of Life, The (A. D. S.)........2 631
  Memorial Day (A)................ 8 691
  Sons of Harvard Who Fell in Battle (A. D. S.)............... 2 630
  Use of Law Schools, The (A).... 8 700
Home
  Collyer on home life ............ 4 272
  Talmage on ....................... 6 1079
  Wilson, Homer T., on............ 6 1221

VOL. PAGE
Home Market Club Banquet, Boston
  McKinley, Wm.: The Future of the Philippines, Feb. 16, 1899.. 2 818
Homer
  Balfour on ......................... 7 56
  Cited by Farrar.................. 2 480
  First artist in European poetry.. 2 686
  Froude on ........................ 5 464

**Home Rule for Ireland (A. D. S.)**
  Beecher, Henry Ward ........... 1 60
  Collins, P. A., on................ 1 259
  Depew on ........................ 1 344
  Depew on ........................ 1 372
  Gladstone on ..................... 3 982
  McCarthy, J., on................. 2 796
"Home, Sweet Home" on the Rapidan ............................ 5 484
Homoiousion and Homoousion...... 4 200
Honor
  Bacon, Francis, on................ 5 640
Hood, Thomas
  "Bridge of Sighs" cited by Poe. 6 884
  "Fair Ines" cited by Poe....... 6 883
  "Haunted House, The," Poe on 6 884
Hooker, Thomas
  Author of Connecticut Constitution of January, 1638............ 1 91
Hopkins, Esek, of Rhode Island
  Commanded first navy of U. S.. 1 134
Hopkins, Mark
  Blaine, James G., on.............. 7 117
Hopkinson, Francis
  McKelway, St. Clair, on........... 2 812
Horace [Quintus Horatius Flaccus]
  As patriot and cosmopolite....... 7 175
  Quoted by Hans Breitmann..... 2 719
Hornet, The
  Billings, Josh, on.................. 4 1016
Horticulture
  Hole, Dean, on.................... 8 674
Hospitals
  Utility of, (Chapman)............ 7 210

**Houghton, Lord (Richard Monckton Milnes)**
  Bonds of National Sympathy (A. D. S.) ........................... 2 639
  His attitude to America during the Civil War.................... 1 154
  Tribute by J. H. Choate.......... 1 152
  Your Speech and Ours (A. D. S.) 2 635
Housekeeping, Going to, (Burdette) 4 179
House of Representatives
  As test of a man's ability, (Blaine) .......................... 7 121
Houyhnhnms
  Gulliver's farewell to, (Swift)..... 6 1106
Howard, John
  His work in hospitals............. 5 498
  Wayland, H. L., on............... 3 1208
Howe, Julia Ward
  Pond, Major, on.................. 6 904
  The Salon in America (L)....... 5 591
  Tribute to Oliver Wendell Holmes (A. D. S.) ............ 2 645

**Howell, Clark** VOL. PAGE
  Our Reunited Country (A. D. S.) 2 647

**Howells, William Dean**
  "Atlantic, The, and Its Contributors" (A. D. S.) 2 653
  Curtis on 1 313
  Eggleston, G. C., on 2 424
  On aristocracy in America 5 569
Howitt, Mary
  Member of the Whittington Club, (Jerrold) 8 742

**Howland, Henry Elias**
  Our Ancestors and Ourselves (A. D. S.) 2 661
  President's address: Introducing James M. Beck 1 33
  President's address: Introducing H. W. Mabie 2 778
  Russia (A. D. S.) 2 657

**How to Avoid the Subject** (A. D. S.)
  Porter, Horace 3 904

**How to Fail in Literature** (L)
  Lang, Andrew 5 713
"Huckleberry Finn"
  Lang, A., on 6 955
Hudson, Hendrick
  Arrival at Manhattan 1 182
  Looked for the road to India 2 586

**Hugo, Victor Marie**
  Balzac on 4 232
  On Shakespeare 4 245
  Quoted by M. Arnold 4 43
  "Toilers of the Sea" compared with Shakespeare's "Tempest" 4 244
  Voltaire (A) 8 710
Humanism
  The theme of New England writers 2 779
Humanity
  And the individual, (Bancroft) 7 80
  As subject for poetry, (Bryant) 7 149
  Gladstone on 8 551
  In fiction, (Goldwin Smith) 9 1073
Human Nature
  Unity of, (Bancroft) 7 70
Hume, David
  On Edmund Burke 4 76
Humor
  See also *Wit*
  Billings, Josh, on 6 1012
  In sermons 4 xi
  Lowell on 8 789
  Scotch humor, (Ian Maclaren) 6 1143
  Swift's method, (Thackeray) 6 1105
  Thackeray on 6 1092
  Whipple on 6 1193

**Humors of the Bench** (A. D. S.)
  Lowell, John 2 766
Humphreys, Joshua
  Builder of first American battleships 1 138

Hungary VOL. PAGE
  Failure of struggle for national independence 1 102
  Kossuth in America 1 100
Hungarian Dinner to M. Munkacsy
  Beecher, H. W.: Tribute to Munkacsy 1 62
Hunger principle in the universe 4 288
Hunt, Holman
  Cited by F. W. Farrar 2 480
Hunt, Leigh
  Quoted by Lowell 2 739
Hunter, John
  Holmes, O. W., on 8 678
Hunting and shooting, (Ruskin) 6 923
Hurlbut, Henry A.
  President's address: Introducing John Adams Dix 1 410
Hutchinson, Ann, banished 1 88
Huxley, Leonard
  On Huxley's style 5 603

**Huxley, Thomas Henry**
  On a Piece of Chalk (L) 5 603
  Science and Art (A. D. S.) 2 670
Huyghens, Christian
  On theory of light, (Rice) 9 988
Hypatia
  Depew on 1 374

## I

Iago and Mephistopheles
  Whipple, E. P., on 6 1195
Iapetus
  View of Saturn from, (Searle) 6 975
Ice demons, (Conway) 4 290
Iceland
  Navigators from I. discover continent of America in 11th century 8 491

**Ideal Woman, The** (A. D. S.)
  Wiley, Harvey Washington 3 1240
Ideality
  University should defend, (Gilman) 8 526
Ideality in Fiction
  Smith, Goldwin, on 9 1069
Ideas are substantial things, (Starr King) 5 675
Iliad, The
  Froude on 5 464
  Poe, E. A., on 6 870

**Ill-Used Men** (A)
  Dawson, George 7 322

**Illusions Created by Art** (A. D. S.)
  Palmerston, Lord 3 876

Imagination
  Defined by George J. Goschen 8 559
  Of Shakespeare, (Ingersoll) 5 665
Imagination and Fancy
  Poe on Coleridge's dictum 6 882
Imitation, a source of failure, (Lang) 5 727

VOL. PAGE
Immigrants in the U. S.
  Beecher on ........................ 4 62
  Proportion of educated men to, (Hale) ........................ 8 603
Immigration
  Chinese, (Wu Ting-fang)......... 3 1286
  Restricted I., (Griggs)........... 2 568
  Talmage on ........................ 3 1133
Immortality
  Wu Ting-fang on................. 6 1227
Impartiality
  A quality for a writer of fiction, (Smith) ........................ 9 1070
Imperial Federation
  Chamberlain, Joseph, on.......... 1 144
Imperial Institute Banquet to Colonial Premiers
  Laurier, Wilfred: Canada, June 18, 1897 ........................ 2 702
Imperialism
  Advocated by Senator A. J. Beveridge ........................ 1 72
  American ........................ 1 36
  Bryan, W. J., on.................. 1 94
  McKinley on ...................... 2 823
  Wu Ting-fang on.................. 3 1285
Impersonality
  A quality for a writer of fiction, (Smith) ........................ 9 1071
Impressionism
  Lecky, W. E. H., on............. 2 709
  Raffaelli on ........................ 9 981
Incorporated Society of Authors Banquet
  Lowell, J. R.: International Copyright, July 25, 1888.............. 2 761
Independence of America
  Founded the supremacy of the English race ..................... 1 180
Indian wampum ...................... 2 603
Indiana
  Part taken in the Civil War..... 9 1121
Individual Action
  Importance to history, (White).. 9 1188
Individualism
  Emerson, R. W., on.............. 8 436
Individuals and the race, (Bancroft). 7 79
Industry
  Nature of facilities of the South.. 1 631
Infanticide
  Gibbons, Cardinal, on............ 8 508
**Influence of Men of Genius, The** (A. D. S.)
  Hillard, George Stillman......... 2 616
**Influence of Universities** (A)
  Cleveland, Grover ............... 7 249
**Ingalls, John James**
  Eulogy on Benjamin Hill (A)... 8 721
**Ingersoll, Robert G.**
  As orator, (Major Pond)......... 6 899
  Music of Wagner, The (A. D. S.) 2 672
  Shakespeare (L) .................. 5 627
Inman, John H.
  Verdery, M. J., on................ 3 1172
**In Search of the Man of Sin** (L) VOL. PAGE
  Locke, David Ross............... 5 759
Intellect
  Self-culture as intellectual, (Channing) ........................ 7 186
Intemperance
  Gough, J. B., on.................. 5 504
**Intercourse with China** (A. D. S.)
  Sumner, Charles ................. 3 1110
**International Arbitration** (A. D. S.)
  Evarts, William Maxwell......... 2 448
**International Brotherhood** (A)
  Abbott, Lyman .................. 7 1
**International Copyrigbt** (A. D. S.)
  Lowell, J. R........................ 2 761
International Law
  Principles established at the Geneva Tribunal ............... 2 451
International Relations
  England and America, (J. H. Choate) ........................ 1 181
  England and America, (J. H. Choate) ........................ 1 197
  Phelps, E. J., on................. 3 890
Inventors
  Conwell, R. H., on ............... 4 327
"Investigation"
  In historical study, (White)...... 9 1182
Ion, Macready's ..................... 2 771
Ireland
  And the integrity of the empire, (Lord Houghton) .............. 2 641
  (A. D. S.) Depew, C. M.......... 1 343
  England's relation to, (M. Arnold) ........................ 4 38
  Insurrection of 1803, (Dolliver).. 7 363
  Land question, (Dolliver)........ 7 366
  New England's debt of gratitude to ........................ 1 232
  Tom Moore's work for........... 2 858
  Visit to, (Porter)................. 3 910
**Ireland's Struggle** (A. D. S.)
  McCarthy, Justin ................ 2 795
Ireland's Struggles (A. D. S.)
  Smith, Charles Emory............ 3 1059
Irish-American Banquet to Justin McCarthy
  Reid, W.: Gladstone, England's Greatest Leader, Oct. 2, 1886.. 3 981
Irish bulls are Greek................. 6 835
Irishisms
  Savage, M. J., on.................. 6 949
Irishman
  Depew on ........................ 1 371
"Ironsides" (Cromwell's)
  Lord, John, on.................... 5 793
Irony
  Of the Scotch, (Ian Maclaren)... 6 1147
  Savage, M. J., on................. 6 948
  Whipple, E. P., on................ 6 1200
Iroquois Indians
  Had a keeper of wampum........ 2 606
Irving, Edward
  Founder of new church, (Döllinger) ........................ 7 361

- **Irving, Sir Henry** VOL. PAGE
  - Character of Macbeth, The (A).. 8 724
  - Choate, J. H., on 1 180
  - Claretie, Jules, on 4 230
  - Dined by Lotos Club 1 374
  - Drama, The (A. D. S.) 2 678
  - Ford, Simeon, on 2 505
  - Function of the Newspaper, The (A. D. S.) 2 681
  - Looking Forward (A. D. S.) 2 676
  - Lowell, J. R., on 2 751
- **Irving's, Henry, Versatility (A. D. S.)**
  - Coleridge, Lord 1 246
- Irving, Sir Henry, Banquet
  - Lowell, J. R.: After-Dinner Speaking, July 4, 1883 2 750
- **Irving, Washington**
  - As a merchant 1 309
  - Curtis, G. W., on 1 299
  - Curtis, G. W., on 1 310
  - Dickens, Charles, on 1 394
  - Kingsley on 5 697
  - Landing at New York (A) 8 736
  - Lowell, J. R., on 2 762
  - On New York City 2 706
- **Irving as Author and Man (A)**
  - Mitchell, Donald Grant 9 872
- **Irving, Washington (A)**
  - Longfellow, Henry W 8 786
- Isaeus
  - Sears on 7 xvi
- Isaiah on the Jewish State 4 83
- Islam
  - See Carlyle's Mahomet 4 181
- Islamism
  - Never supplanted, (Döllinger)... 7 858
- Isocrates
  - Sears on 7 xv
- "Italianated Englishmen" 4 365
- Italian Literature
  - Leo XIII as poet, (Crawford).... 4 349
- Italy
  - Historians of, (White) 9 1181
  - In 1846 4 341
  - Napoleon's Italian campaign 6 987
  - Of the 15th century 4 363
  - Pope the largest holder of Italian Government securities 4 350
  - Unification of, (Lord Houghton). 2 640
- Itinerancy a protestant propaganda. 4 xviii
- Ivory-Raiders
  - Found by Stanley in Ugarrowwa 6 1054

## J

- Jackson, Andrew
  - Administration marks change in government and politics, (Wilson 9 1212
  - Cleveland, G., on 1 230
  - On the Bible, (Farrar) 5 413
- Jaffa
  - Napoleon at 6 993
- James I VOL. PAGE
  - Bacon on, (Ingersoll) 5 637
  - Macaulay on, (Ingersoll) 5 637
- Jameson and the Dutch 3 972
- Japan (Xipangu)
  - Columbus, in search of J., discovered America 1 8
  - Labors of 1 309
  - Opening of 2 846
- Jay, John
  - Choate, J. H., on 1 184
  - Personal characteristics of, (Semmes) 9 1041
  - Refuses Hamilton's request to convene Federal Legislature to appoint Federal electors in 1800, (Clark) 7 238
- **Jebb, Richard C.**
  - Literature and Art (A. D. S.).... 2 686
  - On Thucydides 8 402
- **Jefferson, Joseph**
  - Fields on 5 432
  - Ford, Simeon, on 2 506
  - Honorary degree conferred by Harvard 1 1
  - In Memory of Edwin Booth (A. D. S.) 2 691
  - My Farm in Jersey (A. D. S.).... 2 688
- **Jefferson, Thomas**
  - Burr's part in the election of, (Clark) 7 234
  - Cleveland on principles of 1 229
  - Everett on 8 439
  - Farrar on 5 404
  - In the Virginia Legislature 2 425
  - On Marshall's opinion in case of Marbury vs. Marbury 9 1030
  - Pryor, R. A., on 3 959
- Jeffrey, Francis
  - First Lord Rector of Glasgow.... 7 161
- Jellaladeen
  - Parable of, (Lowell) 8 797
- Jena
  - Napoleon at 6 999
- **Jerrold, Douglass William**
  - Retort on the "beautiful mother" 6 96
  - Whittington Club (A) 8 739
- Jerusalem, (Vance) 6 1127
- Jesus Christ
  - War of, (Hugo) 8 715
- Jevons, W. Stanley
  - Principles of Science; concluding paragraph 8 521
- Jews
  - As citizens, (Vance) 6 1138
  - Color sense of 6 841
  - Emancipation of, (Lowell) 8 795
  - Manning, Cardinal, on 9 854
  - Patriotism of 7 165
  - Physical constitution of, (Vance) 6 1131
  - Social life of, (Vance) 6 1132
  - Three areas of dispersion, (Pressell) 6 1130
  - Vance, Z. B., on 6 1116

VOL. PAGE

- Jingoism and Chauvinism
  - Chamberlain, Joseph, on 7 176
- Joan of Arc
  - Her career aroused a national sentiment, (Chamberlain) 7 166
  - Wilson, Homer T., on 6 1216
- Job, Book of
  - Written in Arabia, (Carlyle) 4 188
- John of Barneveld
  - Depew on 1 368
- Johns Hopkins University
  - Debt to Harvard 2 528
- Johnson, Samuel
  - And the thief 7 92
  - As a poet, (Birrell) 7 95
  - Cited by Lowell 2 762
  - First meeting with Sir Joshua Reynolds 5 815
  - Johnson Club, (London) 7 87
  - Odin, Luther, Johnson, Burns, (Carlyle on) 4 181
  - On literary history, (Balfour) 7 54
  - On patriotism, (quoted by M. Arnold) 4 28
  - On Swift, (Thackeray) 6 1093
  - On the Scotch 3 1073
  - Patriotism defined 7 163
  - Transmission of Dr. Johnson's Personality, (Birrell) 7 87
- Johnston, Albert Sidney. 3 1194
- Johnston, Gen. Joe, and the soldier caught pickin' 'simmons 6 946
- Johnston, Joseph E.
  - Grady, H. W., on 8 586
- Jones, John Paul
  - In the fight of the "Serapis" and "Bon Homme Richard" 1 136
- **Jordan, David Starr**
  - Higher Education of Women (A) 8 745
- Josephine
  - Divorced from Napoleon 6 1001
  - Marriage with Napoleon 6 986
- Joule, James Prescott
  - Mechanical equivalent of heat, (Rice) 9 989
- **Journalism**
  - See also *Newspapers*
  - Dana, Charles Anderson (A) 7 278
  - Fifty years ago, (McClure) 2 799
  - Schools of, (Dana) 7 281
- Jowett, Benjamin
  - Lang on 5 723
- **Joy of Life, The (A. D. S.)**
  - Holmes, O. W., Jr 2 631
- Judas
  - Ruskin on 6 929
- Judiciary, National
  - Marshall's relation to, (Olney) 9 936
  - Phelps, E. J., on 9 955
- "Judicious Christians"
  - Removal from Massachusetts to Connecticut 1 90
- Judson, Adoniram
  - Farrar on 5 404
- Juniata Co., Pa 2 799

VOL. PAGE

- Junker, Dr.
  - On Emin Pasha 6 1051
- Jupiter
  - Probable molten condition, (Searle) 6 973
  - Satellites of, (Searle) 6 974
- Jury
  - Brougham on 9 958
- Justice, On doing, (Ruskin) 6 933
- Justice, Principles of
  - The basis of government, (Cockran) 1 235
- Justin, Martyr
  - Martyrdom of 7 31

K

- Kadijah
  - Wife of Mahomet 4 192
- Kamehameha, King of Sandwich Islands 4 255
- Kanakas
  - Mark Twain on 4 254
- Kant, Immanuel
  - Two things which overwhelmed him with awe, (Froude) 5 458
- Kean, Edmund
  - As Sir Giles Overreach, (Fields). 5 433
- Kearsarge
  - Officers and crew honored in 1865 by N. Y. Chamber of Commerce 2 735
- Kemble, Charles
  - Lowell on 2 747
- Kemble, Fanny
  - Lowell on 2 747
  - On the people of Massachusetts 2 495
- Kemble, John Philip
  - Friend of Sir Walter Scott 1 248
  - In De Montfort, (Hazlitt) 5 546
  - On Shakespeare, Racine and Molière and Corneille 4 233
- Kennan George
  - As lecturer, (Pond, Maj.) 6 915
  - Wayland, H. L., on 3 1209
- Kennet, Bishop
  - On Swift, (quoted by Thackeray) 6 1100
- Kentucky
  - Interest in a new novel by Scott. 8 615
  - Political complexion in 1848 7 99
  - Position at opening of Civil War. 7 103
- **Key, Francis Scott (A)**
  - Watterson, Henry 9 1143
- **Keys to Success, The (L)**
  - Bok, Edward William 4 95
- **King of the Belgians, The (A. D. S.)**
  - Beaconsfield, Lord 1 30
- King John, Macready's 2 770
- King, The natural, (Carlyle) 6 855
- **King, Thomas Starr**
  - Substance and Show (L) 5 669
- King's preachers in reign of Edward VI 4 17

**Kingsley, Charles** VOL. PAGE
Dined by Lotos Club............ 1 374
Westminster Abbey (L).......... 5 691

**Kinship of Art and Science (A. D. S.)**
Ball, Sir Robert.................. 1 16
Kipling, Rudyard
Choate, J. H., on................ 1 200

**Kitchener, Horatio Hubert, Lord**
Relief of Khartoum, The (A.D.S.) 2 694

**Kitchener in Africa (A. D. S.)**
Salisbury, Lord .................. 3 1018
Klinger, Friedrich Maximilian von
"Thoughts on Different Subjects of the World and Literature," (Morley) ........................ 5 821

**Knott, James Proctor**
Glories of Duluth, The (A)....... 8 753
Knowledge
And poetry, (Bryant)............ 7 152
How acquired, (Morley).......... 5 811
Little is a dangerous thing, (Balfour) ............................ 7 59
Need of balanced K.,(Gladstone). 8 552
Useful, (Balfour) ................. 7 58

**Knowledge Viewed in Relation to Learning (A)**
Newman, John Henry............ 9 911
Knox, John
Ian Maclaren on.................. 6 1153
Sears on ......................... 7 24
Koran, The, or Reading
Carlyle on ........................ 4 202
Koreish, chief tribe of Arabs in Mahomet's time, (Carlyle)........... 4 189
Kosciusko, Thaddeus
Storrs, R. S., on.................. 3 1095

**Kossuth, Louis (A. D. S.)**
Bryant, W. C...................... 1 100
Kossuth, Louis
Kissed H. W. Beecher........... 1 62

L

Labor and Capital
Ewing, T. C., on.................. 2 477
Relations of employer and employee ............................. 2 568
La Bruyère as a Character-Writer
Morley, John, on.................. 5 827

**Ladies, The (A. D. S.)**
Melish, William B................ 2 825
Lafayette, Marie Jean Paul Roche Yves Gilbert Motier Marquis de
And William M. Evarts.......... 2 462
Clay, Henry, on................... 7 247
Farrar on ........................ 5 403
Prentiss, S. S. (A)............... 9 971
Storrs, R. S., on.................. 3 1096
"Laidley Worm".................... 4 303
Lake school of poetry, (Hazlitt)..... 5 557
"Lalla Rookh"
Hazlitt's criticism ................ 5 551

**Lamar, Lucius Q. C.** VOL. PAGE
Charles Sumner (A)............... 8 767
Lamartine
Prediction concerning newspapers .............................. 3 990
Lamb, Charles
Harrison, F....................... 5 526
Mrs. Leicester's School, (Hazlitt) 5 545
On Coleridge's motto............ 2 744
On Puns, (Balfour)............... 7 55
Quoted by Joseph Jefferson...... 2 688
Witticism on babies............... 6 962
"Lambton Worm" ................. 4 303

**Lamps of Fiction, The (A)**
Smith, Goldwin .................. 9 1068
Lancashire famine in 1862............ 2 735

**Land o' Cakes, The (A. D. S.)**
Foord, John ....................... 2 500
Landed Estates
Loss in Great Britain, 1869-1879.. 1 75

**Landing at New York (A)**
Irving, Washington .............. 8 736
Landing of the Pilgrims
Jocular discussion of its date..... 1 160
Pictured by D. Webster.......... 3 1210
Porter on ......................... 3 904
Seward, William H.: A Pious Pilgrimage; Banquet at Plymouth, Mass., Dec. 21, 1855............ 3 1042
Talmage on ...................... 3 1123
Landscape Painting
Rosebery, Lord, on............... 3 1011
Landseer, Edwin
Horseshoeing at the Blacksmith's 3 878
Lane, George W.
President's address: Introducing U. S. Grant...................... 2 561
President's address: Introducing J. P. Newman.................. 2 845

**Lang, Andrew**
How to Fail in Literature (L)... 5 713
Problem Novels (A. D. S.)....... 2 698
Langdell
On legal principles............... 8 706
Language
Emerson on the making of, (Higginson) ........................... 5 574
Englishmen know but one....... 6 1145
Influence of democracy on....... 5 575
Sources of the purest English.... 1 110
Unifying influence of............. 2 776
Languet, Hubert
Tutor of Sir Philip Sidney........ 4 362
Laocoon and cognate legends........ 4 297
La Rochefoucauld, François Alexandre Frederic
Moral Reflections, (Morley)...... 5 824
Las Casas
Fiske, John, on................... 8 500

**Last Days of the Confederacy (L)**
Gordon, John Brown............. 5 471
Latham, John
Verdery, M. J., on................ 3 1173

VOL. PAGE

- **Latimer, Hugh**
  - Compared with Burns, (Emerson) 2 440
  - Sears on ........ 7 xxiv
- Latin
  - Study of, in college, (C. F. Adams) ........ 7 12
- Laud, Archbishop
  - Suppresses Puritan lectures...... 4 16
- Laughter
  - Carlyle on Mahomet's laugh...... 4 192
- **Laurier, Wilfrid, Sir**
  - Canada (A. D. S.)........ 2 702
- Lavater, Johan Kaspar
  - On a physiognomist........ 8 735
- Lavoisier, Antoine Laurent
  - Founder of modern chemical philosophy, (Rice) ........ 9 988
- Law
  - American L. administered, (Lowell) ........ 2 752
  - Bench and Bar of Philadelphia: B. H. Brewster........ 1 82
  - Canon and Feudal Law, by John Adams ........ 8 447
  - Common law derived from England ........ 1 110
  - Criminal laws of the Jews........ 6 1125
  - Germany substituted Teutonic law for the civil law and Latin doctrine, (Finch) ........ 2 498
  - Inheritance Tax, (Finch)........ 2 498
  - Jewish organic law ratified by the nation assembled at Ebal and Gerizim ........ 6 1124
  - New problems of international law ........ 2 498
  - Office of the law, (Finch)........ 2 496
  - Of the early Mass. Bay Colony.. 2 514
  - Profession of the, (Gladstone)... 8 544
  - Sanctity of, (Starr King)........ 5 684
  - Study of, (Adams)........ 7 14
  - Use of Law Schools, (Holmes, O. W., Jr.)........ 8 700
  - Webster as a lawyer, (Choate)... 7 218
- **Lawrence, Frank R.**
  - Future of New York, The (A. D. S.) ........ 2 705
  - President's address: Introducing Sir Edwin Arnold........ 1 7
  - President's address: Introducing C. M. Depew........ 1 373
  - President's address: Introducing C. M. Depew........ 1 380
- Lawton, Henry W.
  - Howland, H. E., on........ 2 668
- **Lawyer and the Hod Carrier, The** (A. D. S.)
  - Carr, Lewis E........ 1 127
- **Lawyer in Politics, The** (A. D. S.)
  - Palmer, George M........ 3 872
- Lawyers
  - As " peacemakers " ........ 1 158
  - Baldwin, Judge, on........ 3 874
  - Holmes, O. W., Jr., on........ 8 702

VOL. PAGE

- Lawyers—*Continued*
  - McKelway, St. Clair, on........ 2 810
  - Of Philadelphia Bar........ 1 82
  - Shakespeare as a lawyer........ 5 664
- Lear, King, and Abel Drugger
  - Played by Garrick........ 1 252
- Lear, Macready's ........ 2 770
- Learning
  - Defined by Francis Bacon....... 7 163
- **Lecky, William E. H.**
  - Artistic Side of Literature, The (A. D. S.)........ 2 708
  - Eggleston, Edward, on........ 8 410
- Lecouvreur, Adrienne
  - Lowell, J. R., on........ 2 747
- Lecture Committees, Advice to
  - Billings, Josh ........ 6 1024
- Lectures
  - Porter on ........ 3 906
  - Reed on ........ 4 7
- **Lectures and Lecturers** (Introd.)
  - Hale, E. E........ 4 xv
- Lee, Charles
  - Quarrels with Washington over battle of Monmouth, (Clark)... 7 243
- **Lee, Fitzhugh**
  - Flag of the Union Forever, The (A. D. S.)........ 2 710
- Lee, Robert E.
  - After the war........ 3 945
  - And the Burgess of Gettysburg.. 1 34
  - At Appomattox ........ 5 491
  - Farrar on ........ 5 410
  - Hill, Benjamin H., on........ 3 1221
  - In the battle of Spottsylvania Court House ........ 5 485
  - Page, T. N., on........ 3 863
  - Wheeler, Joseph, on........ 3 1222
- Leech, John
  - Watterson on Leech's " Jones ". 3 1189
- Legal mind defined, (Birrell)........ 4 76
- **Legal Profession, The** (A. D. S.)
  - Wise, John S........ 3 1271
- Legend of Sleepy Hollow
  - Irving on, (Mitchell)........ 9 874
- Legislators, Our National
  - Nasby, Petroleum V........ 5 764
- Leicester, Earl of
  - And Sir Philip Sidney........ 4 366
- Leighton, Sir Frederic
  - President's address: Introducing F. W. Farrar........ 2 479
  - President's address: Introducing T. H. Huxley........ 2 670
  - President's address: Introducing R. C. Jebb........ 2 686
  - President's address: Introducing A. Lang ........ 2 698
  - President's address: Introducing W. E. H. Lecky........ 2 708
  - President's address: Introducing J. R. Lowell........ 2 758
  - President's address: Introducing John Morley ........ 2 838

**Leighton, Sir Frederic**—*Continued* VOL. PAGE
- President's address: Introducing Lord Rosebery 3 1008
- President's address: Introducing Leslie Stephen 3 1091
- President's address: Introducing Sir Arthur Sullivan 3 1108
- President's address: Introducing John Tyndall 3 1160
- Variety in British Art (A. D. S.) 2 713

Leisure
- Uses and responsibilities of, (Lodge) 8 778

**Leland, Charles Godfrey**
- Hans Breitmann's Return (A. D. S.) 2 717

Le Misanthrope, (Molière)
- Compared with Othello 4 237

Leo XIII, Lincoln, Gladstone, compared 4 344

Leopold I of Belgium
- Eulogized by Lord Beaconsfield 1 31
- Most eminent statesman of the 19th century 1 31

Leopold I, King of the Belgians, (A. D. S.) 1 30

Leopold II
- Presided at Royal Literary Fund banquet, May 8, 1872 1 30
- Proposition, through Stanley, to Emin Pasha 6 1058

Le Sage
- As inventor of telegraph 7 40

Lessing Gotthold Ephraim
- Nathan the Wise, (Froude on) 5 463

Lessoffsky, Rear-Admiral, Banquet by City of Boston for
- Dana, R. H.: Russia and the United States, June 7, 1864 1 323
- Howland, H. E., on 2 660

**Lessons of Life, The** (A. D. S.)
- Adams, Charles Francis 1 1

Lewis and Clarke expedition 3 1179

Lexington and Concord, (H. Porter) 3 936

Leyden, Siege of, 1574
- Banquet in commemoration of 2 705

"Liars will figure," (C. D. Wright) 6 946

Liberty
- Apostrophized by Lawrence Sterne 1 140
- Curtis, G. W., on 1 306
- In obedience to law, (Hillis) 5 586
- Price of L. is eternal vigilance 5 593
- Struggle of Hungary for 1 100
- Sumner on 3 1120

**Liberty Enlightening the World** (A. D. S.)
- Evarts, W. M 2 469

Libraries
- In America, (Farrar) 5 415
- Increase of 4 v
- Lubbock, Sir John, on 8 808
- Vatican archives opened by Leo XIII 4 350

Licensed immoral resorts, (Gough) 5 501

Lichtenberg, Georg Christoph VOL. PAGE
- Collection of sayings, (Morley) 5 820
- On belief in God 5 468

Lick Telescope
- Magnifying power of 6 972

Liederkranz Society Banquet
- Ingersoll, R. G.: The Music of Wagner, April 2, 1891 2 672

Life
- Emerson on 8 429
- Holmes on 2 634

Light
- Huyghens' theory of, (Rice) 9 988

Lightning-rods on Solomon's Temple 6 844

Li Hung-Chang
- Wu Ting-fang tells anecdote illustrating Chinese deference to age 6 1228

Lilith 4 293

Lilith 4 302

**Lincoln, Abraham**
- Abra Kohn sent him flag 9 850
- And Douglas as candidates, (Watterson) 6 1167
- Central Ideas of the Republic (A. D. S.) 2 720
- Depew on 1 379
- Described by A. K. McClure 6 1163
- Described by himself in 1859 6 1164
- Discipline of bodily powers, (Brooks) 7 138
- Farrar on 5 411
- Farrar on 8 466
- First inaugural described by Watterson 6 1170
- Freshness or newness of character 7 140
- Garfield's speech at death of, (Farrar) 5 413
- Gettysburg Address (A) 8 774
- Gettysburg address 6 1181
- Gettysburg address characterized by J. H. Choate 1 170
- Gladstone, Leo XIII, compared 4 344
- Grady, H. W., on 8 581
- Greatness combined with goodness, (Brooks) 7 139
- How he pointed a moral with an anecdote 3 933
- "I just browse around," (Anecdote) 4 265
- Lowell on 8 804
- Lying in state in Philadephia, April 23, 1865 7 137
- On slaves 6 949
- Oral and mental powers, (Brooks) 7 139
- Porter, H. (A. D. S.) 3 931
- Second inaugural address 8 775
- To his step-brother, Johnston 6 1183
- Type-man of America, (Brooks) 7 141
- Watterson, Henry (L) 6 1159
- Watterson, Henry, on 3 1195
- Wayland, H. L., on 3 1206
- Why he would not go abroad, (Evarts) 2 468

Lincoln–*Continued* VOL. PAGE
Wilson, W., on.................. 9 1214
Linnæus Nomenclature of Plants
Anticipated by Chinese........... 2 445
Literary Magazines of London
Conway, M. D., on.............. 5 573
Literary Taste
Harrison, Frederic, on........... 5 539

**Literary Theory of Culture, The** (A)
Shairp, John Campbell........... 9 1052

**Literature**
See also *Poetry*
Arnold on French literature...... 4 41
Arnold, M.: "The Realm of Literature" ........................ 1 14
As a field for a man of leisure, (Lodge) ........................ 8 781
As a profession, (Higginson).... 5 576
Curtis, G. W.: Commerce and Literature ...................... 1 307
Defined by H. W. Mabie........ 9 817
Dyke, Henry van, on............. 7 394
English Literature, 1815-1865, (Gladstone) ..................... 2 532
Fiction, (Swing) ................. 9 1114
Froude on......................... 2 510
Garland: Realism vs. Romanticism ............................ 2 518
How to fail in, (Lang),.......... 5 713
Lang on Problem Novels......... 2 698
Lecky, W. E. H.: On the Artistic Side of L....................... 2 708
Lowell, James Russell (A. D. S.) 2 758
Lowell's love for, (Curtis)....... 7 267
New England literature, (Mabie) 2 778
Of the earlier age, (Mabie)....... 9 818
Of the present time, (Gladstone) 2 532
Poet and Painter, (Farrar)....... 2 479
Poets of the early 19th century, (Hazlitt) ........................ 5 541
Read, Opie: Modern Fiction..... 3 976
Revolution in works of imagination in 19th century, (Bancroft) 7 71
Scottish, (Foord) ................ 2 503
University devotion to, (Gilman) 8 526

**Literature, American**
Bryant's poetry characterized by George Bancroft ................ 1 19
Curtis, G. W., on................. 1 300
Farrar on ......................... 5 415
Higginson on .................... 5 568
Houghton, Lord, on.............. 2 637
Southern literature, (G. C. Eggleston) .......................... 2 423

**Literature and Art** (A. D. S.)
Jebb, Richard C................. 2 686

**Literature and Politics** (A. D. S.)
Morley, John .................... 2 838

**Literature in a Republic** (L)
Higginson, T. W................. 5 565
Lithography
First in China.................... 2 445

**"Littery" Episode, A (A. D. S.)** VOL. PAGE
Clemens, S. L..................... 1 214
"Little Corporal"
Napoleon named, at Lodi........ 6 988

**Livermore, Mary Ashton**
As preacher ...................... 5 739
Pond, Major, on.................. 6 905
The Battle of Life (L)........... 5 739

**Living Poets, The** (L)
Hazlitt, William ................. 5 541
Livingstone, David
"Eclipsed Columbus" .......... 1 4
Stanley, H. M., on............... 3 1079
Loans to Foreign Military Governments
Ruskin on ........................ 6 931
Local History
Wilson on ........................ 9 1201

**Locke, David Ross**
("Petroleum V. Nasby.")
In Search of the Man of Sin (L). 5 759
Pond, Major, on.................. 6 906

**Lodge, Henry Cabot**
Blue and the Gray, The (A.D.S.) 2 723
Uses and Responsibilities of Leisure (A) ........................ 8 777
Lodi
Napoleon at ...................... 6 987
Logan, Walter S.
President's address: Introducing Lewis E. Carr................... 1 127
President's address: Introducing Francis M. Finch............... 2 496
Lomond
As inventor of telegraph.......... 7 40
London
Characterized by J. R. Lowell.... 2 765
Pictured in Macaulay's history... 8 409
London Times
Comment on American affairs... 7 368
Roche, J. J., on.................. 3 989

**Long, John Davis**
Navy, The (A. D. S.)............. 2 727
Long Branch
Billings, Josh, on................ 6 1013

**Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth**
Bryant, W. C., on................. 1 105
Cited by J. R. Lowell............ 2 764
Coleridge, Lord, on............... 1 256
Farrar on ........................ 5 415
Kingsley on ..................... 5 695
Mabie on ........................ 2 779
Mark Twain on................... 1 215
Motley on ....................... 2 843
"Waif," quoted by Poe.......... 6 877
Washington Irving (A)........... 8 786

**Looking Forward** (A. D. S.)
Irving, Sir Henry................ 2 676

**Lord, John**
Oliver Cromwell (L)................5 787
Lord Mayor's Banquet
Kitchener, H. H.: The Relief of Khartoum, Nov. 4, 1898......... 2 694

VOL. PAGE

Lord Mayor's Banquet to E. J. Phelps
  Phelps, E. J.: Farewell Address, Jan. 24, 1889 .......... 3 887
Lord Mayor's Banquet to Lord Kitchener
  Salisbury, Lord: Kitchener in Africa, Nov. 4, 1898 .......... 3 1018

**Lost Arts, The** (L)
  Phillips, Wendell .......... 6 831

**Lotos Club Banquets**
  Arnold, Sir Edwin: Ties of Kinship and Common Speech, Oct. 31, 1891 .......... 1 7
  Collins, W.: American Hospitality .......... 1 261
  Depew, C. M.: Welcome to Mayor Cooper, Jan. 11, 1879 .......... 1 330
  Depew, C. M.: Our English Visitors, Jan. 10, 1885 .......... 1 338
  Depew, C. M.: The Mutations of Time, Feb. 22, 1896 .......... 1 373
  Depew, C. M.: A Senatorial Forecast, March 11, 1899 .......... 1 380
  Ford, Simeon: Me and Sir Henry, Oct. 29, 1899 .......... 2 505
  Gilbert, John: Playing "Old Men" Parts, Nov. 30, 1878 .......... 2 522
  Gilbert, W. S.: Pinafore, Nov. 8, 1879 .......... 2 524
  Hole, Samuel R.: With Brains, Sir! Oct. 27, 1894 .......... 2 622
  Leland, C. G.: Hans Breitmann's Return, Jan. 31, 1880 .......... 2 717
  McKelway, St. Clair: Tribute to Mark Twain, Nov. 11, 1900 .......... 2 811
  Sala, George A.: Friend and Foe, Jan. 10, 1885 .......... 3 1014
  Stanley, Henry Morton: Through the Dark Continent, Nov. 27, 1886 .......... 3 1077
  Winter, William: "Tribute to John Gilbert," Nov. 30, 1878 .......... 3 1257
  Winter, William: "Tribute to Lester Wallack," Dec. 17, 1887. 3 1260
Lotos Club, Guests of .......... 1 374
Louis XIV
  How he formed a navy .......... 1 134
Louis XVI
  Effect of execution on Europe, (Serviss) .......... 6 983
Louis XVIII and Napoleon .......... 6 1005
Louisa of Prussia
  Meeting with Napoleon at Tilsit. 6 1001
Louisiana Purchase .......... 1 39

**L'Ouverture, Toussaint** (L)
  Phillips, Wendell .......... 6 846
Love and Marriage, (Swift)
  Thackeray on .......... 6 1105
Love
  Bacon on, (Ingersoll) .......... 5 640
  Chemists' idea of .......... 3 1241
  Defined by H. W. Wiley .......... 3 1244

**Low, Seth** VOL. PAGE
  Chamber of Commerce, The (A. D. S.) .......... 2 731
  Introducing Sir Henry Irving .......... 8 724
Lowell Institute .......... 4 25

**Lowell, James Russell**
  After-Dinner Speaking (A. D. S.) 2 750
  As poet and diplomat, (J. H. Choate) .......... 1 190
  Bryant, W. C., on .......... 1 105
  Coleridge, Lord, on .......... 1 256
  Commerce (A. D. S.) .......... 2 748
  Compensation for Lyceum lecture 4 xxiii
  Curtis, George William (A) .......... 7 255
  Democracy (A) .......... 8 789
  Eliot, S. A., on .......... 2 433
  Farrar on .......... 5 415
  Harvard Alumni (A. D. S.) .......... 2 737
  Howells on .......... 2 655
  International Copyright (A.D.S.) 2 761
  Literature (A. D. S.) .......... 2 758
  Mabie on .......... 2 779
  McKelway, St. Clair, on .......... 2 812
  Motley, J. L., on .......... 2 842
  National Growth of a Century (A. D. S.) .......... 2 741
  Norton, C. E., on .......... 2 850
  On Edmund Quincy .......... 8 777
  On Emerson's Phi Beta Kappa address .......... 7 viii
  On lyceum lecturing, (Mabie) .......... 7 ix
  On the poet .......... 9 1104
  Quatrain for the window in honor of Raleigh in Westminster Abbey .......... 5 406
  Return of the Native, The (A. D. S.) .......... 2 753
  Social position in England, (Farrar) .......... 5 396
  Stage, The (A. D. S.) .......... 2 745
  The Present Crisis, (quoted by Farrar) .......... 5 410

**Lowell's Americanism** (A. D. S.)
  Curtis, George William .......... 1 312
Lowell, John
  Holmes, O. W., on .......... 2 627
  Humors of the Bench (A.D.S.) .......... 2 766

**Lubbock, Sir John**
  Free Libraries (A) .......... 8 808
  Religion of savages, (Döllinger). 7 344
Lucan, [Marcus Annæus Lucanus]
  On a coracle, (Tr. by W. Raleigh) 8 403
Lucifer
  Meaning of, (Conway) .......... 4 287
Lucretius
  Hay, John, alludes to .......... 2 600
Ludicrous
  Whipple on the .......... 6 1192
Ludwig II of Bavaria
  Birthday address by Dr. Döllinger: Founders of Religions .......... 7 343
Lullaby, (Grosvenor Gallery Style)
  Lang, A. .......... 5 725

VOL. PAGE

- **Luther, Martin** .......... 4 363
  - Compared with Burns, (Emerson) 2 440
  - Dawson, George, on .......... 7 324
  - Döllinger on .......... 7 359
  - Luther, Odin, Johnson, Burns, Carlyle) .......... 4 182
  - Richter, Jean Paul .......... 8 645
  - Sears on .......... 7 xxiv
- **Lutherans**
  - Persecuted by Thomas More .......... 7 32
- **Luxury the enemy of liberty**
  - Fields, J. T. .......... 5 435
- **Lyceum lecturers, (Mabie)** .......... 7 ix
- **Lyceum Theatre, London**
  - Claretie, Jules Arsene: Shakespeare and Molière, July 13, 1899 .......... 4 229
- **Lyceums** .......... 4 xxiii
- **Lyell, Sir Charles**
  - Fossilized sea-urchin in chalk .......... 5 615
- **" Lyons Mail, The," played by Henry Irving** .......... 1 249
- **" Lyrical Ballads "**
  - Hazlitt on .......... 5 556
- **Lysias**
  - Sears on .......... 7 xiv
- **Lyttleton, Lord**
  - On Women .......... 2 827
- **Lytton, Sir Edward Bulwer**
  - Farewell to Charles Dickens (A. D. S.) .......... 2 774
  - Macready and the English Stage (A. D. S.) .......... 2 769
  - President's address: Introducing W. C. Macready .......... 2 791

## M

- **Mabie, Hamilton Wright**
  - Literary Address, The (Introd.) 7 v
  - Poe's Place in American Literature (A) .......... 9 815
  - Spirit of New England Literature (A. D. S.) .......... 2 778
- **Macaulay, Thomas Babbington**
  - A Survey of Four Centuries (A) 9 836
  - As an omniverous reader, (Balfour) .......... 7 54
  - Froude, J. A., on .......... 2 511
  - History of England, (Eggleston) 8 408
  - Lecky, W. E. H., on .......... 2 709
  - On Roman Pontiffs .......... 6 1118
  - Thackeray as a lecturer .......... 6 1091
  - Trevelyan on his parliamentary progress .......... 7 122
- **Macbeth**
  - Froude on .......... 5 463
  - Macready's conception of .......... 2 770
- **Macbeth, Character of (A)**
  - Irving, Sir Henry .......... 8 724

VOL. PAGE

- **McCarthy, Justin**
  - Depew, C. M., on .......... 1 343
  - Ireland's Struggle (A. D. S.) .......... 2 795
  - Reid, Whitelaw, on .......... 3 984
- **McClellan, George B.**
  - Mark Twain taken for .......... 1 225
  - Review of the Grand Army in 1861, (Fields) .......... 5 423
- **McClintock, W. D.**
  - On the novel of the 20th century 2 520
- **McClure, Alexander Kelly**
  - An Editorial Retrospect (A.D.S.) 2 799
  - On Lincoln .......... 6 1163
- **Macdonald's brigade at Omdurman.** 2 696
- **MacDonald, George**
  - Swing, David, on .......... 9 1118
- **Mackay, Donald Sage**
  - Dutch Domine, The (A. D. S.) .. 2 782
- **McKelway, St. Clair**
  - Smashed Crockery (A. D. S.) .......... 2 807
  - Tribute to Mark Twain (A.D.S.) 2 811
- **MacKenzie, Alexander C**
  - Music (A. D. S.) .......... 2 787
- **McKinley, William**
  - American Patriotism (A) .......... 9 847
  - Characteristics of Washington (A) .......... 9 845
  - Choate, J. H., on .......... 1 194
  - Future of the Philippines, The (A. D. S.) .......... 2 818
  - Our Country (A. D. S.) .......... 2 815
- **Maclaren, Ian**
  - See Watson, John .......... 6 1143
- **Macready and Bulwer-Lytton (A. D. S )**
  - Dickens, Charles .......... 1 398
- **Macready and the English Stage (A. D. S.)**
  - Lytton, Edward Bulwer .......... 2 769
- **Macready, William Charles**
  - Coleridge, Lord, on .......... 1 250
  - Farewell benefit at Drury Lane, Feb. 26, 1851 .......... 1 399
  - Farewell to the Stage (A. D. S.). 2 791
- **MacVeagh, Franklin**
  - President's address: Introducing William McKinley .......... 2 815
- **Maddalo, Count**
  - Address to his ancestors .......... 4 357
- **Madonnas of Raphael, (Pater)** .......... 9 948
- **Magazine Editors**
  - Tyranny of .......... 7 393
- **Magdala, Fall of**
  - Stanley, H. M., on .......... 3 1079
- **Magdalene Asylums**
  - Gibbons, Cardinal, on .......... 8 512
- **Magna Charta**
  - Cockran, Bourke, on .......... 1 235
  - Starting point of free institutions, (Phelps) .......... 9 959
- **Magnet**
  - First used in China .......... 2 445
- **Mahdism and the English conquest..** 3 1004
- **Mahdists and the followers of Emin Pasha** .......... 6 1063

**Mahomet (L)** VOL. PAGE
Carlyle, Thomas .................. 4 181
Döllinger on ..................... 7 350
Mahometanism
Sensuality of, (Carlyle on)........ 4 207
" Maine "
Destroyed in Havana harbor..... 1 36
Majority
Arnold, M., on..................... 4 80
Malebranche, Nicholas de
On Truth, (quoted by O. W. Holmes, Jr.) ..................... 2 633
Malthusianism
Catholic Church on............... 8 509
Mamelukes
Napoleon's campaign against..... 6 991
Man
Emerson, R. W., on.............. 8 420
Gladstone on ..................... 8 551
Humbolt on, (Farrar)............. 5 418

**Man and Monkeys (L)**
Agassiz, Louis J. R.............. 4 1
Manchester Atheneum Banquet
Emerson, Ralph Waldo: England, Mother of Nations, Nov., 1847.. 2 437
Manhattan Island
English conquest of.............. 3 995
Purchase of ....................... 1 67
Purchased for $24................. 1 183
Manifest Destiny
Bryan, W. J., on................. 1 94
Manigault, Judith
Hoar, George Frisbie, on......... 8 660
Manila, Battle of
Described by Capt. Coghlan...... 1 239
Mankind
Aurelius, Marcus, on unity of.... 7 29
Kossuth on, (Farrar)............. 5 418
Nature of, an unsolvable riddle, (Froude) ......................... 5 468
Pericles on, (Farrar).............. 5 418

**Manning, Henry Edward, Cardinal**
Persecution of the Jews (A)..... 9 854
Mansfield
Sears on .......................... 7 xxvi
Manufacturing
Conwell, Russell H.............. 4 322
Manuscripts, rejected, (Lang)....... 5 715

**Many-Sided Puritan, The** (A. D. S.)
Porter, Horace .................... 3 928
Marathon, Battle of
Depew on ......................... 1 368
Marco Polo
Columbus learns of Japan through .......................... 1 8
Marco Polo, Alexander, Columbus, Stanley compared, (Depew) 6 1030
Sumner on ........................ 3 1112
Maritime Commerce
Blaine, J. G.: Our Merchant Marine ........................... 1 73
Marivaux, Pierre Carlet de Chamblain de
Claretie, Jules, on................. 4 242

Marlborough, Duke of VOL. PAGE
Bolingbroke on .................. 8 469
Washington compared with, (Daniel) .......................... 7 310
Marriage
Billings, Josh, on................. 6 1020
Bok, E. W., on................... 4 118
Catholic Church on............... 8 508
Collyer, Robert, on............... 4 273
Talmage on ...................... 6 1079
Mars
Conditions making it habitable, (Searle) .......................... 6 975
Marseillaise, (Emerson on)........... 2 441
Marshall, Humphrey
Campaign in the Big Sandy Valley between Garfield and H. M. 7 118
Marshall, John
At Webster's pleading the Dartmouth College case, (Choate).. 7 221
Eggleston, G. C., on.............. 2 423
Olney, Richard (A).............. 9 932
Personal characteristics, (Semmes) 9 1029
Pryor, R. A., on................. 3 959
Marston Moor
Results of battle, (Lord)......... 5 793
Marsupials
Characteristics of.................. 4 11
Martineau, Harriet
Livermore, Mrs., on.............. 5 744
Maryland
Religious toleration in............ 1 280
Mashonaland and Matabeleland
Mines of .......................... 1 145
Mason, John
Fought the Pequot war, 1639..... 1 92
Masonry
Moore, C. W., on................ 9 880
Massachusetts
Bay Colony ....................... 3 1156
Character of its early settlers... 1 90
Extolled by B. F. Butler......... 1 111
Harvard confers LL.D. on each new governor of................ 1 173
Motto quoted by J. H. Choate... 1 178
Massachusetts Historical Society
Memorial meeting on death of Washington Irving, Dec. 15, 1859; address by H. W. Longfellow ............................ 8 786
Massillon, Jean Baptiste
Sears on .......................... 7 xxv
Masson, David
On Burns .......................... 9 1013
Masson's Life of Milton
Criticised by E. E. Hale........ 4 xvii
Master Humphrey's Clock, (Dickens) 1 392

**Masters of the Situation (L)**
Fields, James T.................. 5 423
Mathematics
Application of imagination to, (Goschen) ....................... 8 571
Mather, Cotton
Stories illustrating unstable equilibrium of prognosis, (Holmes). 8 688

**Matthews, Brander** VOL. PAGE
American Literature (A).......... 9 861
Maupassant, Guy de
Served novitiate under Flaubert. 5 715
Maurice, F. D.
On education of upper classes... 8 525
Maurice, Prince
Eggleston, Edward, on .......... 8 406
Maury, Matthew Fontaigne
On the Gulf Stream.............. 6 1115
Mayflower
Constitution written in cabin of.. 1 170
Curtis, G. W., on................ 1 291
Sailing of, E. E. Hale on......... 2 576
Voyage of ........................ 1 34
Mayors of New York
Dined by the Lotos Club......... 1 331
Mazzini, Giuseppe
Crawford, F. M., on.............. 4 340

**Me and Sir Henry** (A. D. S.)
Ford, Simeon .................... 2 505
Mecca
Carlyle on ....................... 4 189
Mecklenburg Declaration
Roosa, D. B. St. John............ 3 996
Mediæval Art and History
Special social phenomenon of our times, (Kingsley) .............. 5 698

**Medical Advisers, Our** (A. D. S.)
Draper, Wm. Henry............ 1 415

**Medical Profession, The** (A. D. S.)
Ward, Samuel Baldwin........... 3 1182
Medici, Catherine de................. 4 362
Medici, Lorenzo di
Curtis, G. W., on................. 1 311
Medicine
McKelway, St. Clair, on Medical Science ......................... 2 808
Profession of, (Gladstone)........ 8 544
Shakespeare as a physician....... 5 664

**Melish, William B.**
Ladies, The (A. D. S.)........... 2 825

**Memorial Day** (A)
Holmes, O. W., Jr................ 8 691

**Memories of the Lyceum** (L)
Pond, James B.................. 6 893
Memorizing
Adams, C. F., on................. 7 16
Memory
Lowell on ........................ 8 401

**Memory of Burns, The** (A. D. S.)
Emerson, Ralph Waldo........... 2 439
Mendelssohn
Cited by F. W. Farrar........... 2 481
Men not derived from a common stock, (Agassiz) ................ 4 14

**Men of Letters** (A. D. S.)
Froude, J. A...................... 2 510

**Men of Many Inventions** (A. D. S.)
Porter, Horace .................... 3 897

VOL. PAGE
**Merchants and Ministers** (A. D. S.)
Beecher, Henry W................ 1 54
Merchants' Association, Boston, Banquet
Lowell, John: Humors of the Bench, May 23, 1884........... 2 766
Mercury
Density of planet M.............. 6 974
Habitability of, (Searle)......... 6 976
Mercutio
And Shakespeare ................. 2 466
Whipple, E. P., on............... 6 1209

**Mere Man** (A. D. S.)
Grand, Sarah ...................... 2 551
Meredith, Owen
Froude, J. A., on................ 2 511
Merryman, John, Trial of............ 9 1038
Merry-Mount, Rollickers of......... 1 168
Metternich, Prince, Clemens Wenzel Nepomuk Lothar
Chapin, E. H., on................ 4 225
Michelangelo, Buonarroti
"Fall of Man".................. 4 293
Pater on .......................... 9 948
Michelet, Jules
On Shakespeare's parentage..... 4 234
Microscope of the ancients........... 6 839
Middle Ages
Art in, (Morris).................. 9 893
The sentiment of patriotism during .............................. 7 165
Middletown, Execution for murder at, (D. D. Field)............... 2 494
Migrations of man.................... 4 294

**Miles, Nelson Appleton**
Dinner to, Nov. 11, 1898.
Choate, J. H.: Tribute to General Miles ........................... 1 193
Spanish-American War (A. D. S.) 2 831

**Milk** (L)
Billings, Josh .................... 6 1011
Mill, John Stuart
Churchill, Lord Randolph, on... 1 204
On Adam Smith................. 8 568
On aphorisms .................... 5 810
Spencer, H., on.................. 3 1071
Millais, Sir John
Cited by F. W. Farrar............ 2 480
President's address: Introducing Sir A. C. Mackenzie........... 2 787
Miller, Rev. John
On the people of the Province of N. Y., 1695, (quoted by R. Conkling) ....................... 1 271

**Miller, Samuel Freeman**
Federal Judges (A. D. S.)........ 2 834
Milnes, Richard Monckton
See Houghton, Lord, ............ 2 635
Milton, John
"A noble and puissant nation". 1 40
On Education .................... 1 295
Samson Agonistes cited.......... 1 5
Utility to a journalist, (Dana).... 7 289

VOL. PAGE
Mind, Distinctions of, (Poe)........ 6 874
Ministry
  Hillis, N. D., on.................. 8 655
  Use of imagination in, (Goschen) 8 574
Mint of U. S.
  Suggested removal to N. Y...... 2 733
Mirabeau, Bailli of
  On the English.................... 8 805
Mirabeau, Honoré Gabriel de Riquetti, Count of
  A sincere man, (Carlyle).......... 4 184
  "Impossible" a blockhead of a word ............................ 5 429
  Sears on .......................... 7 xxv
Miracle Plays
  Satan in .......................... 4 294
Miracles
  Mahomet can work none, (Carlyle) ............................ 4 205
Mirth
  Whipple, E. P., on................ 6 1190

**Mission of Culture, The** (A. D. S.)
  Hale, E. E......................... 2 570
Missions
  English, (Abbott on)............. 7 8

**Mistaken Identity** (A. D. S.)
  Clemens, S. L.................... 1 223

**Mitchell, Donald Grant**
  Irving as Author and Man (A).. 9 872
Moderate Drinking
  Channing, William E., on........ 7 194

**Modern Changes in Educational Ideals** (A)
  Hadley, Arthur T................. 8 594

**Modern Chivalry** (L)
  Chapin, Edwin Hubbell.......... 4 215

**Modern Fiction** (A. D. S.)
  Read, Opie P...................... 3 976
Modern Languages
  Adams, Charles F., on........... 7 14
"Modern Painters," (Ruskin)
  Hillis on .......................... 5 581

**Modern Training for Life** (A)
  Gladstone, W. E.................. 8 534
Modernist
  Vs. classicist, (Adams)........... 7 18
"Modest Proposal," (Swift)
  Thackeray on .................... 6 1104
  Whipple, E. P., on............... 6 1201
Mohammed
  Banner of M. at mosque of Stamboul ....................... 1 289
  Döllinger on ...................... 7 350
Moleschott's doctrine of transmutation ............................. 4 19
Molière [Jean Baptiste Poquelin]
  Hugo, Victor, on................. 8 718
  Kemble, John, on................. 4 233

**Moliere and Shakespeare** (L)
  Claretie, Jules .................... 4 230

VOL. PAGE
Monet, Claude ........................ 9 981
Money
  Conwell on the power of money.. 4 315
Money-making, (Ruskin) ............ 6 923
Money to retire on, (Collyer)........ 4 284
Monkeys known to the ancients...... 4 5
Monotheism .......................... 6 1120
Monroe, Fortress
  Lincoln's conference with Confederate representatives at...... 6 1177

**Monsieur and Madame** (A. D. S.)
  Blouet, Paul ...................... 1 79
Montagu, Lady Mary Wortley
  On Women ....................... 6 949
Montaigne, Michel Eyquem de
  And Cicero, (Adams, C. F.)...... 7 13
  Emerson on ....................... 4 392
  Essay on Coaches, (Lang)........ 5 722
Montesquieu, Charles de Secondat, Baron de
  On Christianity .................. 8 507
  On negroes ....................... 6 949
Moon
  Is it habitable? (Searle)......... 6 968
Moore, Albert
  Leighton, Sir F., on.............. 2 714

**Moore, Charles Whitlock**
  Universal Fraternity of Masonry (A) ............................ 9 880
Moore, Thomas
  And Burns, (Emerson)........... 2 441
  "Come, rest in this bosom," cited by Poe ..................... 6 882
  Hazlitt on ........................ 5 550

**Moore, The Bard of Erin** (A. D. S.)
  O'Reilly, John Boyle............. 2 856
Moore, Thomas, Centenary Banquet, Boston
  O'Reilly, J. B.: Moore, The Bard of Erin, May 27, 1879........... 2 856
Moral foundation of the world, (Froude) ........................ 5 456
Moral Law as Evidenced in History, The
  Froude on ........................ 5 461
Moral precepts of Mahomet, (Carlyle) ............................. 4 210
Moral Reflections of La Rochefoucauld
  Morley, John, on.................. 5 824
Morality
  Carlyle on ........................ 4 195
  Natives of African forest lowest in the scale, (Stanley)........... 6 1039
  Of Scott's novels, (Hay).......... 8 616
  Of the people of the Province of N. Y., 1695..................... 1 271
  Self-culture as moral.............. 7 184
  Stoic system of.................... 7 35
More, Hannah, Mrs.
  Hazlitt on ........................ 5 545
  To Boswell concerning Johnson.. 7 90
More, Sir Thomas
  Bacon, Lord, on.................. 1 148

Morgan, General VOL. PAGE
  On the position of the battle-ground of Cowpens, (Hale) 8 619

**Morley, John**
  Aphorisms (L) 5 809
  Literature and Politics (A. D. S.) 2 838
  On quoting himself 4 71

**Mormons, The** (L)
  Browne, Charles Farrar 4 123
Mormons
  Mormon and New England wives 3 917
  Pond, Major, among the M 6 893
  Savage, Minot J., on Artemus Ward's lecture 6 959
Mormonism
  Döllinger on 7 362

**Morris, Gouverneur**
  Oration over Alexander Hamilton (A) 9 887

**Morris, William**
  Art and the Beauty of the Earth (A) 9 891
  Goschen, George J., on 8 563
  On love and jealousy 8 569
  Social System of, (Goschen) 8 566
Morrissey, Hon. John
  Nasby, Petroleum V. 5 764
Morse, S. F. B. Dinner to
  Field, D. D.: The Telegraph, Dec. 27, 1863 2 490
Morseograph 2 490
Moscow, Burning of 6 1003
Mosheim, Lorenz von
  Newman on 9 824
Moslems
  Superstition of the Moslems of Stanley's Emin Pasha relief expedition 6 1053

**Motley, John Lothrop**
  Poet's Corner, The (A. D. S.) 2 842
  Thackeray as a lecturer 6 1091
Mound-Builders
  As nation-builders 1 48
Mount Auburn Cemetery
  Higginson, T. W., on 8 622
Mount Vernon
  Washington mansion, (Daniel) 7 303
Mountains of the Moon, (Stanley) 6 1041
Mozart, Johan Wolfgang
  His early social position, (Ingersoll) 5 630
Muckle-Mouth Meg, (Collyer) 4 279
Muir, Sir William
  President's address: Introducing George J. Goschen, Lord Rector Edinburgh University 8 557
Mulatto race in St. Domingo 6 848
Mule, The
  Billings, Josh, on 6 1014

**Munkacsy, Mihaly, Tribute to** (A. D. S.)
  Beecher, H. W. 1 62
Muscular Christianity
  Collyer, Robert, on 5 427

Music VOL. PAGE
  Artemus Ward on 4 130
  Ingersoll, R. G., on 2 672
  Why music moves tears, (Poe) 6 875

**Music** (A. D. S.)
  Mackenzie, Alexander C. 2 787
  Sullivan, Sir Arthur 3 1108

**Music of Wagner, The** (A. D. S.)
  Ingersoll, R. G. 2 672
Musket
  Use of, by militia in America and England 8 407

**Mutations of Time, The** (A. D. S.)
  Depew, C. M. 1 373

**My Farm in Jersey** (A. D. S.)
  Jefferson, Joseph 2 688

**My Garden** (A)
  Hole, Samuel Reynolds 8 673
Mycenae
  Art in ancient Mycenae 3 1035
Mystery Plays
  Collyer, R., on 1 267
Mythology
  Furnishing materials of poetry, (Bryant) 7 149

N

**Napier, Sir Charles**
  Readiness of, (Fields) 5 429
Napoleon
  A sincere man, (Carlyle) 4 184
  "Adventurer" 1 4
  And Lafayette, (Prentiss) 9 976
  At the Pyramids, (Lowell) 2 742
  Dawson, George, on 7 328
  Destroyed despotic governments inherited from Imperial Rome 7 3
  Ended the French Revolution 8 405
  Fields on 5 429
  Hatred of Toussaint L'Ouverture 6 857
  Hazlitt on Byron's estimate of 5 553
  "La carriere ouverte aux talents" 8 805
  On War 2 444
  Religious element of, (Döllinger) 7 356

**Napoleon, Bonaparte** (L)
  Serviss, Garrett Putnam 6 983
Napoleon III
  Fields on 5 442
Nasby, Petroleum V.
  See Locke, David R. 6 906
Naseby, Battle of
  Lord, John, on 5 794
Natal-Transvaal Railway; Banquet to celebrate its completion, Nov. 6, 1895
  Chamberlain, Joseph: The Future of the British Empire 1 141
"Nathan the Wise," (Lessing)
  Froude on 5 463

National Educational Association VOL. PAGE
Address by Brander Matthews: American Literature, July 8, 1896 .......... 9 861

**National Growth of a Century** (A. D. S.)
Lowell, J. R.......... 2 741
National Institute of Arts and Letters
Inaugural address by Henry van Dyke: Books, Literature, and the People, Jan. 30, 1900....... 7 391

**National Sentiments** (A. D. S.)
Hayes, R. B.......... 2 601
National Society of China Importers Banquet
McKelway, St. Clair: Smashed Crockery, Feb. 6, 1896.......... 2 807
Natural forces, (Starr King)......... 5 673
Natural Rights
To moral and intellectual culture, (Bancroft) .......... 7 81
Natural Selection, Theory of
See also *Evolution*
Huxley on .......... 5 624
Rice on .......... 9 990
Nature
Develops by centres, (Julia Ward Howe) .......... 5 595
Effect on the scholar, (Emerson). 8 421
Mystery of operations of nature in an earlier age productive of poetry, (Bryant) .......... 7 148
Unity of, (Rice) .......... 9 988
Navy
Carson, H. L.: Our Navy........ 1 133
Of U. S., born in Dec., 1775..... 1 134
Of U. S., (Howland)............ 2 669
Roosevelt on .......... 9 1000

**Navy, The** (A. D. S.)
Long, John D.......... 2 727

**Navy in Peace and in War, The** (A. D. S.)
Schley, Winfield Scott............ 3 1031
Necessity
Submission to, (Carlyle)......... 4 195
Neckties
"Tom's ties," (Burdette)......... 4 164
Needle, first made in England....... 6 842
Negroes
Amount of property holdings in South in 1889, (Grady).......... 2 540
Negro Problem
See also *Slavery*, *Abolitionists*
Cable, George W., (Lodge)...... 8 784
Condition of negroes in the South, (Grady) .......... 8 585
Hill, B. H., on.......... 8 635
Love for the race among the people of the South.......... 2 547
Negro vote in the South.......... 2 545
Negroes in the North, (Grady).. 2 541
Page, T. N., on.......... 3 869
Phillips, W., on.......... 6 847

Negro Problem—*Continued* VOL. PAGE
Pryor, R. A., on negro slavery.. 3 963
Race problem in the South, (Grady) .......... 2 537
Underground stations, (Pond)... 6 893
Washington, Booker T., on...... 9 1136
Washington, Booker T., on...... 9 1141
Nell
Little Nell, (Dickens on)......... 1 392
Nelson, Horatio, Viscount
At Trafalgar, (Lowell)........... 2 743
Searching the Mediterranean for Napoleon .......... 6 994
Neo-Platonism
Döllinger on .......... 7 353
Neptune
Discovery of, (Rice).......... 9 986
Possible conditions of light and heat on, (Searle).......... 6 973
Nero's Opera-Glass .......... 6 839
Netherlands
Sidney, Sir Philip, in the........ 4 370

**New England**
See also *Puritans*, *Pilgrims*
Character, (Evarts).......... 2 453
Character, (Harrison) .......... 2 591
Colonies .......... 3 1155
Festivals .......... 3 1065
Gough on .......... 5 500
Habit, (Twichell) .......... 3 1154
Ideas, (Hayes, R. B.).......... 2 602
Literature .......... 9 828
Literature, (H. W. Mabie)...... 2 778
Lowell as New Englander, (Curtis) .......... 7 263
Mother .......... 3 936
National history written for the most part by N. E. men, (Wilson) .......... 9 1202
Owes its being to the University of Cambridge, England........ 3 951
Porter, Horace, on.......... 3 900
Social life before 1850, (Lodge)... 8 777
Society, (E. P. Whipple)......... 6 1189
Wayland, H. L., on.......... 3 1198
Weather, (Choate) .......... 3 1199
New Englanders
As reformers .......... 3 907
Unpopularity of, (Wayland)..... 3 1203

**New England in Journalism** (A. D. S.)
Dana, Charles A.......... 1 321

**New England Society in the City of Brooklyn Banquets**
Beecher, H. W.: The Glory of New England, Dec. 21, 1881.... 1 46
Choate, Joseph H.: The Sorcerer's Response, Dec. 21, 1880.... 1 159
Cockran, W. B.: Our Constitutional System, Dec. 21, 1889.... 1 232
Eliot, Samuel A.: The Source of Song and Story, Dec. 21, 1894.. 2 431
Evarts, W. M.: The Republic and its Outlook, Dec. 21, 1880...... 2 452

**New England Society in the City of Brooklyn Banquets**—*Continued* VOL. PAGE
- Hale, E. E.: Boston, Dec. 21, 1880 ... 2 577
- Hayes, R. B.: National Sentiments, Dec. 21, 1880 ... 2 601
- Hendrix, Joseph C.: The Wampum of the Indians, Dec. 21, 1894 ... 2 603
- Page, Thos. Nelson: The Torch of Civilization, Dec. 21, 1899 ... 3 861
- Porter, H.: The Citizen Soldier, Dec. 21, 1887 ... 3 924
- Roosevelt, T.: True Americanism and Expansion, Dec. 21, 1898 ... 3 1002
- Sherman, W. T.: The Army and Navy, Dec. 21, 1880 ... 3 1046
- Wilson, John: The First Thanksgiving Day, Dec. 21, 1887 ... 3 1253
- Wilson, Woodrow: Our Ancestral Responsibilities, Dec. 21, 1896 ... 3 1248
- Wise, J. S.: Captain John Smith, Dec. 20, 1890 ... 3 1266

**New England Society in the City of New York Banquets**
- Beck, James M.: The Democracy of the Mayflower, Dec. 22, 1898 1 33
- Beecher, H. W.: Religious Freedom, Dec. 22, 1873 ... 1 41
- Bromley, I. H.: Connecticut's Part in the Business, Dec. 22, 1891 ... 1 86
- Bryant, W. C.: The Press, Dec. 23, 1872 ... 1 107
- Choate, J. H.: The Pilgrim Mothers, Dec. 22, 1880 ... 1 164
- Choate, J. H.: America's Golden Age, Dec. 22, 1882 ... 1 167
- Clemens, S. L.: New England Weather, Dec. 22, 1876 ... 1 210
- Clemens, S. L.: Woman, God Bless Her, Dec. 22, 1882 ... 1 225
- Collyer, Robert: Saxon Grit, Dec. 22, 1879 ... 1 263
- Conkling, Roscoe: The State of New York, Dec. 22, 1874 ... 1 269
- Coudert, F. R.: The City of New York, Dec. 22, 1884 ... 1 277
- Curtis, G. W.: Liberty Under the Law, Dec. 22, 1876 ... 1 290
- Depew, C. M.: Woman, Dec. 22, 1875 ... 1 327
- Depew, C. M.: The Empire State, Dec. 22, 1879 ... 1 333
- Depew, C. M.: Unsolved Problems, Dec. 23, 1889 ... 1 361
- Dix, John Adams: The Flag—the Old Flag, Dec. 22, 1863 ... 1 410
- Eliot, C. W.: Harvard and Yale, Dec. 22, 1877 ... 2 427
- Evarts, W. M.: International Arbitration, Dec. 23, 1872 ... 2 448
- Grady, H. W.: The New South, Dec. 22, 1886 ... 8 579
- Grant, U. S.: A Remarkable Climate, Dec. 22, 1880 ... 2 557

**New England Society in the City of New York Banquets**—*Continued* VOL. PAGE
- Hale, E. E.: The Mission of Culture, Dec. 22, 1876 ... 2 570
- Hawley, J. R.: The Press, Dec. 22, 1875 ... 2 593
- Howland, Henry E.: Our Ancestors and Ourselves, Dec. 22, 1899 ... 2 661
- Mabie, H. W.: Spirit of New England Literature, Dec. 22, 1896 ... 2 778
- Paxton, J. R.: Scotch-Irishman's Views of the Puritans, Dec. 22, 1882 ... 3 880
- Porter, Horace: Men of Many Inventions, Dec. 22, 1877 ... 3 897
- Porter, Horace: How to Avoid the Subject, Dec. 22, 1880 ... 3 904
- Porter, H.: A Trip Abroad with Depew, Dec. 22, 1882 ... 3 908
- Porter, H.: Woman, Dec. 22, 1883 ... 3 913
- Porter, H.: The Many-Sided Puritan, Dec. 22, 1887 ... 3 928
- Porter, H.: Sires and Sons, Dec. 22, 1891 ... 3 935
- Porter, Noah: Teachings of Science and Religion, Dec. 22, 1877 ... 3 950
- Potter, H. C.: The Church, Dec. 23, 1878 ... 3 955
- Sherman, W. T.: A Reminiscence of the War, Dec. 22, 1886 ... 3 1051
- Sumner, Charles: The Qualities that Win, Dec. 22, 1873 ... 3 1115
- Talmage, T. DeWitt: Behold the American! Dec. 22, 1886 ... 3 1122
- Tilton, Theodore: Woman, Dec. 22, 1865 ... 3 1142
- Twichell, J. H.: Yankee Notions, Dec. 22, 1887 ... 3 1147
- Twichell, J. H.: The Soldier Stamp, Dec. 22, 1891 ... 3 1153
- Watterson, Henry: The Puritan and the Cavalier, Dec. 22, 1894. 3 1191
- Wayland, Heman L.: Causes of Unpopularity, Dec. 23, 1889 ... 3 1201
- Webster, Daniel: The Constitution and the Union, Dec. 23, 1850 ... 3 1210
- Wolcott, Edward O.: The Bright Land to Westward, Dec. 22, 1887 ... 3 1273

**New England Society of Charleston, S. C.**
- Hoar, George F.: South Carolina and Massachusetts ... 8 659

**New England Society of Pennsylvania**
- Dana, C. A.: New England in Journalism, Dec. 22, 1894 ... 1 321
- Depew, C. M.: The New Netherlanders, Dec. 22, 1886 ... 1 349
- Fuller, M. W.: The Supreme Court, Dec. 22, 1888 ... 2 513
- Harrison, Benjamin: The Union of States, Dec. 22, 1893 ... 2 589

**New England Society of Pennsylvania**—*Continued* VOL. PAGE
- Schley, W. S.: The Navy in Peace and in War, Dec. 22, 1898 3 1031
- Wayland, Heman L.: The Force of Ideas, Dec. 22, 1884.......... 3 1197

**New England Society of St. Louis**
- Caldwell, H. C.: A Blend of Cavalier and Puritan, Dec. 1, 1895 1 112

**New England Weather** (A. D. S.)
- Clemens, Samuel L.............. 1 210

**New History, The** (A)
- Eggleston, Edward .............. 8 401

New Jersey Historical Society
- Address by Woodrow Wilson: The Course of American History .......................... 9 1199

New Jersey Legislature
- Nasby, Petroleum V., on......... 5 772

**New Netherlanders, The** (A. D. S.)
- Depew, C. M...................... 1 349

**New South, The** (A)
- Grady, Henry W................. 8 579

**New York, City of** (A. D. S.)
- Coudert, F. R.................... 1 277
- Evacuation by British............ 1 179
- Growth of, (Conkling)........... 1 271
- Halstead, M., on................. 2 587
- Hospitality to authors............ 3 1085
- In the Revolutionary War, (J. H. Choate) ..................... 1 184
- In the Revolutionary War, (F. R. Coudert) ........................ 1 281
- Lawrence, F. R., on.............. 2 705
- Moral status, (P. V. Nasby)..... 5 763
- Washington Irving's return to... 8 737

New York Dinner to Herbert Spencer
- Evarts, W. M.: Tribute to H. Spencer, Nov. 9, 1882........... 2 462

New York Harvard Club............ 1 151

New York Press Club Banquet
- Grant, U. S.: Characteristics of Newspaper Men, Jan. 6, 1881... 2 559

**New York Southern Society Banquets**
- Eggleston, George Cary: Southern Society, Feb. 22, 1887...... 2 423
- Ewing, Thomas C.: Ohio and the Northwest, Feb. 22, 1887........ 2 474
- Fellows, John R.: North and South, Feb. 22, 1889............ 2 482
- Wu Ting-fang: China and the United States, Feb. 22, 1899.... 3 1284

**New York, State of** (A. D. S.)
- Conkling, Roscoe ................ 1 269
- Depew, C. M., on................ 1 333

New York State Bankers' Association Banquet
- Ford, Simeon: A Run on the Banker, Feb. 7, 1900........... 2 507

**New York State Bar Association Banquets**
- Carr, Lewis E.: The Lawyer and the Hod Carrier, Jan. 17, 1900.. 1 127

**New York State Bar Association Banquets**—*Continued* VOL. PAGE
- Finch, Francis M.: The Office of the Law, Jan. 17, 1900........ 2 496
- Palmer, G. M.: The Lawyer in Politics, Jan. 18, 1899.......... 3 872
- Pryor, Roger A.: Virginia's Part in American History, Jan. 15, 1889 ............................ 3 959
- Robbins, W. L.: The Pulpit and the Bar, Jan. 20, 1891........... 3 985
- Ward, S. B.: The Medical Profession, Jan. 18, 1887............ 3 1178
- Wise, John S.: The Legal Profession, Jan. 20, 1891........... 3 1271

New York "Tea Party".............. 1 280

New Yorker, A typical, (Depew).... 1 382

Newell, Robert H.
- McKelway, St. Clair, on......... 2 812

**Newman, John Henry, Cardinal**
- Compared with Edmund Burke, (Birrell) ......................... 4 91
- Knowledge Viewed in Relation to Learning (A) .................. 9 911
- Morley, John, on................. 2 840

**Newman, John Philip, Bishop**
- Commerce (A. D. S.)............. 2 845

News Collecting
- Dana on .......................... 7 293

Newspaper Press Fund Banquet
- Irving, Sir H.: The Function of the Newspaper, May 21, 1898.. 2 681

Newspapers
- See also *Journalism*
- Dana on newspaper men........ 1 320
- Dickens on his early newspaper training ......................... 1 405
- English of, (Morley)............. 2 840
- Fifty years ago.................... 2 802
- Function of, (H. Irving)......... 2 681
- Grant on newspaper men......... 2 559
- In the South..................... 3 1057
- Roche, J. J., on.................. 3 990
- Thompson, Slason, on........... 3 1139

Niagara
- Impressions of Dean Stanley..... 3 1074
- The Type of American life, (Farrar) ............................. 5 415

Nieuw Amsterdam
- Compared with New York....... 2 706

Nightingale, Florence................ 3 916
- Gough on ........................ 5 499

Nihilism
- Beecher, H. W., on............... 4 56

"Nile Notes of Howadji"
- Warner, C. D., on................ 9 1131

Nineteenth Century
- An age of action, not of thought, (Lord Randolph Churchill)..... 1 204
- An age of synthesis, (Hadley)... 8 594
- Chapin, Edwin H., on............ 4 217
- Humaneness chief characteristic. 5 754
- Spalding on ....................... 9 1087

Nobility, True
- Froude on ........................ 5 458

- **Noblesse Oblige** (A. D. S.) VOL. PAGE
  - Curtis, G. W. ........ 1 295
- North American Review
  - Established ........ 5 568
  - Poe, E. A., on ........ 6 881
- **North and South** (A. D. S.)
  - Fellows, John R. ........ 2 482
  - Relations of, (Ewing) ........ 2 475
  - Reunion of, (White) ........ 9 1192
- North Carolina
  - Early name of ........ 8 403
- Northern Boundary Settlement ........ 1 324
- Northwest Ordinance of 1787
  - As a model for colonial government ........ 1 38
- **Norton, Charles Eliot**
  - Castles in Spain (A. D. S.) ........ 2 850
  - Howells, W. D., on ........ 2 656
  - President's address: Introducing J. R. Lowell ........ 2 753
- Norway and Sweden
  - Tonnage in trade with U. S., 1856-1879 ........ 1 74
- "Norwood," by H. W. Beecher ........ 1 52
- Noses of man and monkey ........ 4 9
- Nott, Rev. Eliphalet
  - Clark, Champ, on ........ 7 236
- Novalis, [Friedrich von Hardenberg]
  - Froude on ........ 5 460
- **Novel in Literature, The** (A)
  - Swing, David ........ 9 1114
- Novels
  - Old situations in ........ 5 727
- Nugent, Mary Jane, (Mrs. Edmund Burke) ........ 4 77
- **Numbers; or, The Majority and the Remnant** (L)
  - Arnold, Matthew ........ 4 27
- Nye, Bill
  - Pond, Major, on ........ 6 909

O

- Obstinacy of the Scotch, (Ian Maclaren) ........ 6 1152
- Occupations
  - Multiplicity of, a blunder, (Talmage) ........ 6 1071
- Ocean trips, (Porter) ........ 3 909
- O'Connell, Daniel
  - Depew on ........ 1 372
  - Dolliver, J. P., on ........ 7 365
- Odd-Fellowship
  - Pinkerton on ........ 9 968
- Odin, Luther, Johnson, Burns
  - Carlyle on ........ 4 182
- Odyssey, The
  - Froude on ........ 5 464
- Oersted, Hans Christian
  - Discovery in electricity ........ 7 40
- Offenbach, Jacques
  - Depew on ........ 1 374
- **Office of the Law** (A. D. S.) VOL. PAGE
  - Finch, Francis M. ........ 2 496
- Officers in battle, (Conwell) ........ 4 336
- Ogé, sent by National Convention to St. Domingo ........ 6 849
- **Oglesby, Richard**
  - Royal Corn, The (A. D. S.) ........ 2 853
- **Ohio and the Northwest** (A. D. S.)
  - Ewing, Thomas C. ........ 2 474
- "Old Nick," Origin of ........ 4 294
- Old South Church, Boston, (Farrar) ........ 5 404
- Old South Historical Society
  - Hale, E. E., on ........ 2 573
- Old South Meeting House
  - A monument of universal patriotism, (Hale) ........ 2 573
- **Old World and the New, The** (A. D. S.)
  - Schurz, Carl ........ 3 1036
- **Olney, Richard**
  - John Marshall (A) ........ 9 932
- **Omar Khayyam** (A. D. S.)
  - Hay, John ........ 2 598
- Omar Khayyam Club
  - Hay, John: Omar Khayyam, Dec. 8, 1897 ........ 2 598
- Omdurman
  - Battle of ........ 2 694
- **On a Piece of Chalk** (L)
  - Huxley, Thomas Henry ........ 5 603
- **On the Death of Daniel Webster** (A)
  - Choate, Rufus ........ 7 216
- Only, [Poem]
  - Lang, Andrew ........ 5 724
- **Opening the Assembly With Prayer** (A)
  - Franklin, Benjamin ........ 8 503
- **Opportunity** (A)
  - Spalding, John Lancaster ........ 9 1076
- Orang-outang and chimpanzee ........ 4 6
- **Oration Over Alexander Hamilton** (A)
  - Morris, Gouverneur ........ 9 887
- Orator
  - Elyot, Sir Thomas, (quoted) ........ 4 v
- Oratory
  - Sears, Lorenzo, on ........ 7 xiii
- **Oratory Past and Present**
  - Reed, Thomas B. ........ 4 v
- "Ordeal of Richard Feverel, The"
  - Morley, John, on ........ 5 816
- "Oregon," Battleship
  - Summoned to Spanish-American War ........ 1 133
- **O'Reilly, John Boyle**
  - Moore, The Bard of Erin (A. D. S.) ........ 2 856
  - Quoted ........ 1 343
  - Roche, J. J., on ........ 3 991
- O'Rell, Max, (Paul Blouet)
  - Austin, L. F., on ........ 2 551
- Origin of man ........ 4 1
- Orthognate races ........ 4 15

VOL. PAGE

- Ossian
  - Bryant on ........ 7 152
- Othello compared with Molière's Misanthrope ........ 4 239
- Otis, James
  - Cited by Lowell ........ 2 743
  - Sears on ........ 7 xxix
- Ottoman Empire
  - Partition of ........ 1 24
- **Ottoman Empire, The (A. D. S.)**
  - Winthrop, Robert C. ........ 3 1263
- Otway's "Venice Preserved"
  - Jaffier the first rôle of John Gilbert ........ 2 522
- **Our Ancestors and Ourselves (A. D. S.)**
  - Howland, H. E. ........ 2 661
- **Our Ancestral Responsibilities (A. D. S.)**
  - Wilson, Woodrow ........ 3 1248
- **Our Clients (A. D. S.)**
  - Coudert, F. R. ........ 1 282
- **Our Country (A. D. S.)**
  - McKinley, William ........ 2 815
- **Our Debt to England (A. D. S.)**
  - Butler, Benjamin F. ........ 1 110
- **Our English Visitors (A. D. S.)**
  - Depew, C. M. ........ 1 338
- **Our Merchant Marine (A. D. S.)**
  - Blaine, James G. ........ 1 73
- **Our Navy (A. D. S.)**
  - Carson, H. L. ........ 1 133
- **Our New Country (A. D. S.)**
  - Halstead, Murat ........ 2 584
- **Our Reunited Country (A. D. S.)**
  - Howell, Clark ........ 2 647
- **Our Wives (A. D. S.)**
  - Watterson, Henry ........ 3 1189
- Overbury, Sir Thomas
  - Morley, John, on ........ 5 816
- Overreach, Sir Giles
  - Fields, J. T., on ........ 6 433
- Oxford University
  - Lowell on ........ 2 738

## P

- Pacific Mail Steamship Line ........ 2 734
- Pacific Railways
  - Suggested by N. Y. Chamber of Commerce ........ 2 733
- Paderewski, Ian Ignace
  - Dined by Lotos Club ........ 1 374
- **Page, Thomas Nelson**
  - Torch of Civilization, The (A. D. S.) ........ 3 861
- Paley, William
  - On unchastity ........ 4 45

VOL. PAGE

- **Palmer, George M.**
  - Lawyer in Politics, The (A.D.S.) 3 872
- **Palmerston, Lord [Henry John Temple]**
  - Illusions Created by Art (A.D.S.) 3 876
  - Tenant right is landlord's wrong 3 983
- Pamphleteers, Great
  - Milton, Swift, Burke, Sydney Smith ........ 4 83
- Pantheism
  - Adler, Felix, on ........ 7 30
- Papyrus Club Banquet
  - Clemens, S. L.: Mistaken Identity, Feb. 24, 1881 ........ 1 223
  - Whipple, Edwin P.: The Sphere of Woman, Feb. 15, 1879 ........ 3 1229
- Paradise
  - Carlyle on Mahomet's Paradise.. 4 210
- Paradise Lost
  - Do we read it now? (Harrison).. 5 532
  - Poe, E. A., on ........ 6 870
- Paris
  - Montaigne on ........ 4 362
  - Treaty of, the pivotal point in American history ........ 1 39
- Parker, Theodore
  - Coleridge, Lord, on ........ 1 256
  - Ethical conception of democracy. 8 797
- Parkman, Francis
  - On George Bancroft ........ 8 411
- Parliament and Congress ........ 3 912
- Parliament of Religions
  - Address of Cardinal Gibbons: The Supremacy of the Catholic Religion ........ 8 505
- Parliamentary Reform
  - Burke opposed to ........ 4 89
- Parnell, Charles Stewart
  - Depew, C. M., on ........ 1 348
  - Depew, C. M., on ........ 1 372
  - In British Parliament ........ 1 258
- Parr, Dr.
  - Stories of Dr. Parr's egotism ..... 6 1203
- Parrot impersonating a hawk ........ 6 944
- Partisan Politics
  - Lowell's relation to, (Curtis) ..... 7 271
- Partisanship
  - Hawley, J. R., on ........ 2 595
- Party Patronage
  - Garfield, James A., on ........ 7 129
- Pascal, Blaise
  - On the human race, (quoted by Coudert) ........ 1 285
  - Pascal and Pope, (Morley) ...... 5 825
- **Pater, Walter**
  - Raphael (A) ........ 9 940
- Patriot
  - History of the Word ........ 7 163
- Patriotism
  - American patriotism, (McKinley) 9 851
  - Arnold on ........ 4 28
  - Chamberlain, Joseph (A) ........ 7 161
  - Defined by Dr. Johnson ........ 7 163
  - Eggleston on ........ 8 404
  - Of J. R. Lowell, (Curtis) ........ 7 269
  - Webster on ........ 9 1157

VOL. PAGE
Patronage, Political
  Depew on ........................ 1 364
Patti, Adelina
  Depew on ........................ 1 374
Paul and Virginia
  Bancroft, George, on.............. 7 76
Pauperism
  Cost of, in England, (Lubbock). 8 808

**Paxton, John R.**
  Scotch-Irishman's Views of the Puritan (A. D. S.).............. 3 880

**Peace Between Nations (A. D. S.)**
  Choate, J. H...................... 1 195
Peace Jubilee Banquet in Chicago
  Howell, Clark: Our Reunited Country, Oct. 19, 1898.......... 2 647
Peace Jubilee Banquet, Chicago
  McKinley, William: Our Country, Oct. 19, 1898................ 2 815
Peary, Robert E.
  As lecturer, (Pond, Major)....... 6 915
Peccavi—I have Scinde, (Lord Napier) ............................ 6 947
Pecci, Joachim Vincente
  See Leo XIII, Pope............... 4 343
Peel, Sir Robert
  Garfield compared with, (Blaine) 7 127
Pelham
  Quoted by Lord Rosebery....... 3 1013
Penn, William
  Dealings with aborigines......... 1 33
Pennoyer, William
  Lowell, J. R., on.................. 2 739
Pennsylvania
  Dutch of, (Gordon)............... 5 473
  Invasion of, by Lee, (Gordon)... 5 472
People
  Insight of the, (Farrar).......... 8 465
  Origin of movements, (Buckle).. 8 404
  Sovereign people to be found in the large towns, (Hale).......... 8 608

**People, The, In Art, Government and Religion (A)**
  Bancroft, George ................. 7 69
Pepys, Samuel
  Quoted by A. Lang................ 2 699
Pequot War, 1639...................... 1 92
Percy, Thomas, Bishop
  Boswell to, (Birrell)............... 7 90
Pericles
  Friend of Sophocles and Euripides ............................... 1 248
Perry, Oliver Hazard
  Monument in Cleveland, (McKinley) ............................ 9 848
  Newman, J. P., on................ 2 846

**Persecution of the Jews (A)**
  Manning, Cardinal ................ 9 854
Persia
  Birthplace of the idea of personal devil ............................ 4 292
Persians
  The French of the East........... 4 187

VOL. PAGE
**Personal Characteristics of the Chief Justices (A)**
  Semmes, Thomas Jenkins........ 9 1029
Perugino, [Pietro Vannucci]
  Pater on ........................... 9 942
Pestalozzi
  On Individualism ................. 8 436
Peter the Hermit
  Sears on ........................... 7 xxii
Petersburg, Story of siege of......... 3 870

**Phelps, Edward John**
  Farewell Address (A. D. S.)..... 3 887
  Supreme Court and Popular Sovereignty (A) ..................... 9 955
Phelps, William J.
  Curtis, G. W., on.................. 1 303
Phi Beta Kappa Address, Harvard
  Emerson, R. W.: The American Scholar, Aug. 31, 1837........... 8 419
  Mabie, H. W., on.................. 7 vii
Phi Beta Kappa, Hobart College
  Chapman, John Jay: The Unity of Human Nature, June 20, 1900 7 206
Phidias
  First poet in European art....... 2 687
Philadelphia
  New Englanders in, (Depew).... 1 350
  Penn, W., on the founding of.... 6 398
Philadelphia Bar Banquet
  Brewster, Benjamin H.: Bench and Bar of Pennsylvania, Dec. 19, 1872 .......................... 1 82
Philadelphia Press Banquet
  McClure, A. K.: An Editorial Retrospect, Dec. 9, 1896........ 2 799
Philanthropy
  Practical Philanthropist, (Chapman) ............................ 7 209
Philippines, The ..................... 1 71
  Annexation opposed by W. J. Bryan ............................ 1 97
  Long, John D., on disposition of 2 730
  McKinley, William, on........... 2 819
  Roosevelt on ...................... 9 1004
  Roosevelt, Theodore, on.......... 3 1006
  Wu Ting-fang on.................. 3 1285

**Phillips, Wendell**
  As anti-slavery lecturer........... 4 xxv
  As lyceum lecturer, (Major Pond) 6 895
  As Phi Beta Kappa orator at Harvard, (Curtis) ............... 7 262
  Lost Arts, The (L)............... 6 831
  Oratory of, (Sears)................ 7 xxxiii
  Quoted by S. S. Cox.............. 1 288
  Toussaint L'Ouverture (L)....... 6 846
Philo, [Philo Judæus]
  Döllinger on ....................... 7 353
Philosophical Anarchism
  Creed of, (L. Abbott)............ 7 6
Philosophy
  See also *Aphorisms*, *Neo-platonism*
  Epictetus and M. Aurelius....... 7 26
  True end of intellectual training, (Newman) ....................... 9 923

VOL. PAGE

- Phoenicians
  - The first Masons, (Moore) 9 881
- Physician
  - Qualities and virtues of, (Holmes) 8 677
- Pickens Fort
  - Defenders of, honored by Chamber of Commerce 2 735
- Piegan Indians
  - Knott, J. Proctor 8 764
- Pierce, Professor
  - First teacher of the unknowable. 1 149
- Pigmies of the African forest 6 1037
- Pilgrims
  - Characterized by I. H. Bromley 1 86
  - Characterized by J. H. Choate 1 172
  - Depew on 1 362
  - Descendants of the, (Grant) 2 558
  - Eliot, C. W., on 2 430
  - Farrar on 5 399
  - Hoar, G. F., on 8 669
  - Howland, H. E., on 2 664
  - Robinson's address to, (Farrar) 5 421
  - Sumner on 3 1116
  - Twichell, J. H., on 3 1149
  - Webster on 3 1212
  - Winslow, John, on 3 1254
- Pilots of port of New York 2 732
- Pinafore
  - Depew on 1 374
- **Pinafore** (A. D. S.)
  - Gilbert, W. S. 2 524
- **Pinero, Arthur Wing**
  - The Drama (A. D. S.) 3 892
- **Pinkerton, Alfred S.**
  - Spirit of Odd-Fellowship (A) 9 964
- Pinkney, Edward Coate
  - " Health " cited by E. A. Poe 6 880
- Pinturicchio, Bernardino di Betti
  - And Raphael, (Pater) 9 944
- Pioneers from New England 1 162
- **Pious Pilgrimage, A** (A. D. S.)
  - Seward, William H. 3 1042
- Pissarro 9 981
- Pitt, William
  - On a Prime Minister, (Fields) 5 431
  - Sears on 7 xxvi
- Pius IX
  - Crawford, F. M., on 2 339
- Plagiarism
  - Lang on 5 732
  - Mark Twain on 1 221
- Plato
  - Adams, John, on 7 18
  - On the Athenians 4 30
- Play
  - Ruskin on 6 922
- Play and Work
  - In life and in education, (Hadley) 8 598
- Play-Writing
  - Pinero on 3 893
- Players' Club Banquet
  - Jefferson, J.: In Memory of Edwin Booth, Dec. 30, 1893 2 691

VOL. PAGE

- Playgoers' Club
  - Irving, Sir Henry: The Drama, Feb. 14, 1898 2 678
- **Playing "Old Men" Parts** (A. D. S.)
  - Gilbert, John 2 522
- Plays as moral lectures 4 xv
- " Pleasures of Hope," (Campbell)
  - Hazlitt on 5 547
- Pleasures of Memory, (Rogers)
  - Hazlitt on 5 547
- **Pleasures of Reading, The** (A)
  - Balfour, A. J. 7 49
- Plotinus
  - Döllinger on 7 353
- Ploughing, Deep
  - Burke on 4 85
- Plunkett, William B.
  - President's address: Introducing William McKinley 2 818
- Plutarch
  - Cities without temples, churches, (Hillis) 8 644
  - Montaigne on, (Morley) 5 811
  - On the egg and the hen 8 813
- Pluto and Proserpine 4 297
- **Poe, Edgar Allan**
  - Poetic Principle, The (L) 6 869
  - Refused Stoddard's poetry 3 1087
- **Poe's Place in American Literature** (A)
  - Mabie, Hamilton Wright 9 815
- Poem
  - Defined by E. A. Poe 6 869
- Poet
  - Ingersoll on the 5 642
  - Three stages of fame, (Austin) 7 45
- **Poet and Painter** (A. D. S.)
  - Farrar, F. W. 2 479
- **Poetic Principle, The** (L)
  - Poe, Edgar Allan 6 869
- Poetic sentiment, Divisions of the, (Poe) 6 876
- Poetry
  - " A long poem " a contradiction of terms, (Poe) 6 869
  - American poetry the genuine utterance of democracy 2 434
  - And history, (Froude) 5 465
  - " As civilization advances, poetry declines." Chapin, E. H., on Macaulay's dictum 4 218
  - Billings, Josh, on 3 1063
  - Bryant, W. C. (A) 7 145
  - Bryant's poetry characterized by George Bancroft 1 19
  - Burns, (Rosebery) 9 1007
  - Emerson on Burns' poetry 2 441
  - Goethe quoted 1 190
  - Houghton, Lord, on 2 637
  - Lowell on his gift of poetry, (Curtis) 7 263
  - Not in the Puritan's creed 1 432
  - Poetry in its Relation to Our Age and Country: Addresses by W. C. Bryant, 1825, before the New York Atheneum 7 145

**Poets' Corner, The** (A. D. S.) VOL. PAGE
  Motley, John Lothrop ........ 2 842
Poland bill for relief of the oppressed in Utah ........ 6 895
Police
  Starr King on ........ 5 685
Political Aphorisms, (Harrington)
  Morley, John, on ........ 5 818
Political Economy
  Application of imagination to, (Goschen) ........ 8 567
  Buckle on, (Froude) ........ 5 448
  Froude, James A., on ........ 5 458
  Growth of historical school ........ 9 1195
  Sherbrooke, Lord, on ........ 8 568
  Smith, Adam, on, (Froude) ........ 5 457
Political influence of the Pope ........ 4 354

**Political Life and Thought in England** (A. D. S.)
  Churchill, Lord Randolph ........ 1 201
Political Parties
  Cleveland on ........ 7 251
  McKelway, St. Clair, on ........ 2 809
  Of fifty years ........ 2 804
Political Reform in 1882 ........ 1 169
Politicians
  Burke compared with modern, (Birrell) ........ 4 72
  Life of a, (Randolph Churchill) .. 1 203
Politics
  As a field for a man of leisure, (Lodge) ........ 8 781
  Eggleston on ........ 8 404
  Jefferson, Thomas: A Summary View of the Rights of British America ........ 8 448
  Political system that rests on reason, (Bancroft) ........ 7 79
  The lawyer in ........ 3 873
  Training in, (Lowell) ........ 2 756
Polo, Marco
  Fiske, John, on ........ 8 495
Polycarp
  Martyrdom of ........ 7 31
Polytheism ........ 6 1120
Pompeian colors ........ 4 840
Pompeian glass ........ 6 836

**Pond, James Burton**
  Memories of the Lyceum (L) .... 6 893
Pope, Alexander
  Whipple, E. P., on ........ 6 1199

**Pope Leo XIII** (L)
  Crawford, Francis Marion ........ 4 339
Pope Nicholas V
  Macaulay on ........ 9 838
Popular sovereignty, (Phelps) ........ 9 958
Popular Suffrage
  Wasson, D., on ........ 5 598

**Porter, Horace**
  Abraham Lincoln (A. D. S.) ..... 3 931
  As an after-dinner speaker, (J. H. Choate) ........ 1 172
  Assimilated Dutchman, The (A. D. S.) ........ 3 939

**Porter, Horace**—*Continued* VOL. PAGE
  Citizen Soldier, The (A. D. S.) .. 3 924
  Ford, Simeon, on ........ 2 506
  Friendliness of the French (A. D. S.) ........ 3 919
  How to Avoid the Subject (A. D. S.) ........ 3 904
  Many-Sided Puritan, The (A. D. S.) ........ 3 928
  Men of Many Inventions (A. D. S.) ........ 3 897
  Sires and Sons (A. D. S.) ........ 3 935
  Tribute to Gen. Grant (A. D. S.) 3 944
  Trip Abroad with Depew, A (A. D. S.) ........ 3 908
  Woman (A. D. S.) ........ 3 913

**Porter, Noah**
  Teachings of Science and Religion (A. D. S.) ........ 3 950
Porto Rico
  General Miles at ........ 1 195
  McKinley on ........ 2 820

**Portrait and Landscape Painting** (A. D. S.)
  Rosebery, Lord ........ 3 1008
Portugal
  Navigators of the 15th century ... 8 496
Positivism
  Döllinger on ........ 7 361
"Potiphar Papers"
  Warner, C. D., on ........ 9 1132

**Potter, Henry Codman**
  Church, The (A. D. S.) ........ 3 955
Pounds, John
  Founder of Ragged Schools ...... 5 498
Poverty, Honest, (Gough) ........ 5 504
Power
  Phillips, W., on ........ 6 834
  Substance of, (Starr King) ....... 5 685

**Practical Ethics of the Physician** (A)
  Holmes, Oliver Wendell ........ 8 677
Prairie Fire
  Gough on ........ 5 520
Pray, Job
  "Let them come on to Breed's" 1 136
Prayers
  Ruskin on ........ 6 939
Preaching
  Hillis, N. D., on ........ 8 649
  Twichell on ........ 3 1154
Predestination
  Anecdote illustrating ........ 1 16
"Preferences, but no exclusions" .. 2 839
Prentice, George D.
  As master of reparteé ........ 6 951

**Prentiss, Sargent Smith**
  Lafayette (A) ........ 9 971
Prescriptions
  Holmes, O. W., on ........ 8 689
President, College
  Evolution of ........ 1 357
President of the United States
  Coleridge, Lord, on ........ 1 246

- **President's Prelude, The** (A. D. S.) VOL. PAGE
  - Smith, Charles Emory........... 3 1062
- Presidential Elections
  - Beecher on ........................ 4 60
  - Difficulty over the election of Jefferson and Burr, (Clark)..... 7 239
- **Press, The** (A. D. S.)
  - Bryant, W. C...................... 1 107
  - Diplomacy and the press, (C. A. Dana) ........................... 1 318
  - Grant, U. S., on.................. 2 559
- **Press, The** (A. D. S.)
  - Hawley, Joseph Roswell......... 2 593
- **Press, The** (A. D. S.)
  - Roche, James Jeffrey............. 3 988
- **Press, The—Right or Wrong** (A. D. S.)
  - Reid, Whitelaw .................. 3 979
- Press of New York, Banquet to L. Kossuth
  - Bryant, W. C.: Introductory Address, Dec. 9, 1851.............. 1 100
- **Press of the South, The** (A. D. S.)
  - Smith, Ballard .................... 3 1057
- Preston, Battle of
  - Lord, John, on..................... 5 794
- Preston, Margaret J.
  - Eggleston, G. C., on.............. 2 424
- Priests as wits, (Whipple)........... 6 1210
- Primitive and cultivated man........ 3 1068
- Primogeniture
  - Jefferson fights for abolition of P. in Virginia legislature.......... 2 425
- Prince Consort
  - And Lord John Russell, (White) 9 1189
- Princeton University
  - Address of Grover Cleveland: Influence of Universities; at the sesquicentennial anniversary ... 7 249
  - Yale and .......................... 1 360
- Printing
  - Block-printing first in China..... 2 445
  - Invention a misfortune to man, (Harrison) ...................... 5 533
- Printing-press
  - Marvels of the.................... 1 108
- **Problem Novels** (A. D. S.)
  - Lang, Andrew ..................... 2 698
- Professional Schools
  - Gilman, D. C., on.................. 8 528
- Prognate races ......................... 4 15
- Prognosis
  - Holmes, O. W., on............... 8 687
- Progress
  - Stoic idea of, (Adler) ............ 7 36
- **Progress of the American Negro** (A)
  - Washington, Booker T........... 9 1136
- Promptness and Procrastination, (Fields) ......................... 5 441
- Property
  - The creature of municipal law... 2 763
- Prophet
  - Hero as, (Carlyle)................ 4 182
  - Poet and, (Shelley and Lowell)... 9 1104
- Proposals VOL. PAGE
  - Tom asks her father, (Burdette) 4 173
- Protection
  - Gladstone, W. E., on............. 8 538
- Protestantism
  - No more wars between Romanism and Protestantism, (Abbott) 7 3
  - The decline of the Christian religion, (Higginson) ............ 5 598
- "Prue and I"
  - Warner, C. D., on................ 9 1132
- Prudhomme, René François Armand Sully
  - Compared with Puritan........... 1 47
- **Pryor, Roger Atkinson**
  - Virginia's Part in American History (A. D. S.) ................. 3 959
- Public and people, (van Dyke)...... 7 391
  - Morality and the press, (W. Reid) 3 980
  - Office, effects on men, (Chapin).. 4 223
- Publishers
  - Lang on ........................... 5 731
- Publishing a book, (Lang)........... 5 729
- Pulitzer, Joseph
  - Depew, C. M., on................. 1 339
- **Pulpit and the Bar, The** (A. D. S.)
  - Robbins, W. L.................... 3 985
- **Pulpit in Modern Life, The** (L)
  - Hillis, Newell Dwight............ 8 644
- Punch
  - Roche, J. J., on.................. 3 989
- Punch and Judy
  - Show in London and Paris....... 4 295
- Puns
  - Lamb on .......................... 7 55
  - Savage, M. J., on................ 6 947
- Puritan
  - And Dutchman compared, (van Dyke) ........................... 1 420
  - Beecher on ........................ 1 47
  - Caldwell on ....................... 1 114
  - Compared with Moslems, (Carlyle) ............................ 4 213
  - Compared with Prudhomme and Fourier ......................... 1 47
  - Depew on ........................ 1 336
  - Depew on ........................ 1 353
  - Founded a government founded on a common poverty and called it a commonwealth, (H. Porter) 3 936
  - Hoar, George F., on............. 8 670
  - Lord, John, on.................... 5 788
  - Paxton, John R., on.............. 3 880
  - Porter on ......................... 3 928
  - Principle, (G. W. Curtis)......... 1 292
  - Roosa on ......................... 3 994
  - Smith, Charles Emory, on....... 3 1066
  - Talmage on ....................... 3 1124
  - Twichell, J. H., on............... 3 1155
  - Unpoetical ........................ 1 432
  - Wilson, Woodrow, on............ 3 1250
- **Puritan and the Cavalier, The** (A. D. S.)
  - Watterson, Henry ................ 3 1191
- Puritanism
  - And prelacy, (Macaulay)......... 9 841

VOL. PAGE

- Purity in Fiction, (Goldwin Smith).. 9 1072
- Purkiss
  - Found the body of William Rufus 4 278
- " Put It Through "
  - Song quoted by Farrar.......... 5 409
- Purcell, Henry
  - Cited by A. C. Mackenzie........ 2 788
- Putnam, George Haven
  - On copyright ...................... 2 762
- Pyramids
  - Napoleon at battle of............ 6 991

## Q

- Quakers
  - Early persecutions ................ 3 1269
  - Puritans and, (Depew)............ 1 362
- **Qualities That Win, The** (A. D. S.)
  - Sumner, Charles ................. 3 1115
- Quarterly Reviews
  - Poe, E. A., on..................... 6 870
- Quebec
  - Monument commemorating battle of ................................ 2 703
- Queen Anne, Wits of age of
  - Whipple, E. P., on................ 6 1199
- Queen of the Pigmies, (Stanley).... 6 1039
- Quincy, Dorothy
  - Holmes, O. W., on............... 2 628
- Quincy, Edmund
  - Lowell, J. R., on................. 8 777
- Quincy, Josiah, Jr.
  - Cited by Lowell.................. 2 744
  - President's address: Introducing Charles Dickens ................ 1 389
  - Welcome to Dickens (A. D. S.). 3 964

## R

- Rabbinical theory of creation........ 3 914
- Rabelais, François
  - Hugo on ........................... 8 718
- Race Prejudice
  - Talmage on ....................... 3 1134
- **Race Problem, The** (A. D. S.)
  - Grady, Henry W................. 2 534
- Races
  - How to judge, (Phillips)......... 6 846
  - Improved by mixture............. 1 119
- Racine, Louis
  - Quality of imagination possessed by, (Goschen).................. 8 561
- Radical Club, Boston, (Howe)....... 5 597
- Radiolaria, (Huxley) ................ 5 611
- Radowitz, Joseph Maria von
  - On stupidity ..................... 5 820
- **Raffaelli, Jean François**
  - Universality of Art, The (A)..... 9 980
- Railroads
  - Houghton, Lord, on.............. 2 643
  - In ancient Egypt................. 6 843

Railroads—*Continued* VOL. PAGE

  - Managers of, (Nasby, P. V.)..... 5 763
  - Underground R. introduce new problems of law................. 2 497
- Raleigh, Walter
  - Eggleston, E., on " The History of the World ".................. 8 403
- Ramadhan, Arab month of solitude.. 4 194
- **Raphael** (A)
  - Pater, Walter ..................... 9 940
- **Raymond, Andrew V. V.**
  - Dutch as Enemies, The (A.D.S.) 3 970
- **Read, Opie P.**
  - Modern Fiction (A. D. S.)....... 3 976
- Reading
  - Balfour, A. J., on................ 7 50
  - Emerson, R. W., on............. 8 424
  - Harrison, F., on.................. 5 526
  - Sherbrooke, Lord, on............ 5 526
- Realism
  - Read, Opie, on.................... 3 976
  - Smith, Goldwin, on.............. 9 1069
- **Realism Versus Romanticism** (A. D. S.)
  - Garland, Hamlin ................. 2 518
- Reality
  - Preaching of Mahomet contrasted with that of Syrian sects, (Carlyle) ............................ 4 201
- **Realm of Literature, The** (A. D. S.)
  - Arnold, Matthew ............... 1 14
- Récamier, Mme.
  - Swing, David, on................. 9 1116
- Reciprocity in ideas, (Chapman)..... 7 206
- Reconstruction
  - Dix, J. A., on..................... 1 412
  - Evarts on ......................... 2 456
  - Sherman, W. T., on.............. 3 1055
- Rectorial Addresses
  - Balfour, A. J.: at St. Andrew's, Dec. 10, 1887.................... 7 49
  - Chamberlain, Joseph: Patriotism, Glasgow University, Nov. 3, 1897 ............................ 7 161
  - Gladstone, W. E.: Modern Training for Life, Glasgow University, Dec. 5, 1879............... 8 534
  - Goschen, George J.: Uses of Imagination, Edinburgh University, Nov. 19, 1891........... 8 557
  - Macaulay, T. B.: A Survey of Four Centuries, Glasgow University, March 21, 1849......... 9 836
- Redemption of Currency............. 1 50
- Redmond, William
  - Depew on ........................ 1 372
- Reed, Thomas Brackett
  - Oratory, Past and Present........ 4 v
- Reform and conservatism............ 4 379
- Reformation
  - Macaulay on ...................... 9 840
- Reformers
  - Nasby, Petroleum V., on......... 5 774
- Reichstadt, Duke of.................. 6 1002

VOL. PAGE

- Reid, Whitelaw
  - Dana, C. A., on 1 318
  - Dined by Chamber of Commerce of State of New York 1 318
  - Gladstone, England's Greatest Leader (A. D. S.) 3 981
  - President's address: Introducing Wilkie Collins 1 261
  - President's address: Introducing C. M. Depew 1 330
  - President's address: Introducing W. S. Gilbert 2 524
  - President's address: Introducing Charles G. Leland 2 717
  - President's address: Introducing Henry M. Stanley 3 1077
  - The Press—Right or Wrong (A. D. S.) 3 979
- **Reign of the Common People, The** (L)
  - Beecher, Henry Ward 4 51
- Relations of authors, (Lang on) 5 732
- **Relief of Khartoum, The** (A. D. S.)
  - Kitchener, H. H. 2 694
- Religion
  - See also *Christianity*, *God*, *Theology*, *Satan*
  - And culture, Arnold criticised by Principal Shairp 9 1053
  - Bok, E. W., on 4 116
  - Channing, W. E., on 7 204
  - Emerson on 4 391
  - Founders of, (Döllinger) 7 243
  - Influence on society, (van Dyke) 7 387
  - Of the Arabs 4 187
  - Self-Culture as religion, (Channing) 7 185
  - Talmage on 6 1087
  - Task of, (Weiss) 9 1162
  - Webster on 3 1213
  - Wu Ting-fang on 6 1227
- **Religious Freedom** (A. D. S.)
  - Beecher, Henry Ward 1 41
- Religious toleration in St. Domingo, (1800) 6 856
- Religious Wars
  - Abbott, Lyman, on 7 3
- **Remarkable Climate, A** (A. D. S.)
  - Grant, U. S. 2 557
- Rembrandt, Harmenszoon van Ryn
  - Van Dyke on 1 418
- **Reminiscence of the War, A** (A. D. S.)
  - Sherman, W. T. 3 1051
- Renaissance
  - In art, (Morris) 9 897
  - Raphael, (Pater) 9 940
- Renan, Joseph Ernest
  - "Histoire d'Israel," (Lang) 5 721
  - On chastity 4 44
- Renier 9 981
- Reparteé
  - Savage, M. J., on 6 951
- Reporter
  - Qualities of a successful, (Dana). 7 289
- Repose
  - University should cultivate a spirit of, (Gilman) 8 529

VOL. PAGE

- **Republic and Its Outlook, The** (A. D. S.)
  - Evarts, William M. 2 452
- **Republic That Never Retreats, The** (A. D. S.)
  - Beveridge, Albert J. 1 70
- Republican Banquet in Chicago
  - Lincoln, A.: Central Ideas of the Republic, Dec. 10, 1856 2 720
- Republican Club, Lincoln's Birthday
  - Porter, H.: Abraham Lincoln, Feb. 12, 1889 3 931
- Repudiation
  - New England against 1 50
- **Rescue of Emin Pasha, The** (L)
  - Stanley, Henry M. 6 1047
- Resistance, Law of 5 741
- **Return of the Flags** (A)
  - Wallace, Lew 9 1121
- **Return of the Native** (A. D. S.)
  - Lowell, J. R. 2 753
- Reusser
  - As inventor of telegraph 7 40
- Reverence
  - Cited from Wilhelm Meister 2 788
- Revolutionary War
  - A war of the King and Ministry 1 185
  - English opinion and feeling, (Farrar) 5 405
  - Everett, Edward, on 8 449
  - Higginson, T. W., on 8 620
  - Lafayette in, (Prentiss) 9 972
  - Lecky, W. E. H., on 8 410
  - Marshall, John, in 9 933
  - Marshall in, (Semmes) 9 1033
  - Rutledge, John (Justice), participation in events in the South 9 1045
- Revolutions
  - De Bonald on 5 821
  - Of 1848 in Europe 4 341
- Reynolds, Sir Joshua
  - Bequest to Edmund Burke 4 87
  - First meeting with Samuel Johnson 5 815
  - Portraits of Dr. Johnson 7 94
- Rhode Island
  - Porter, Noah, on the founding of 3 952
- Ricardo, David
  - On the laborer, (quoted) 2 477
- **Rice, William North**
  - Scientific Thought in the Nineteenth Century (A) 9 984
- Rich and Poor
  - Ruskin on 6 926
- Richard Cœur de Lion 6 842
- Richardson, Samuel
  - Birrell on 7 95
- Riches
  - Philosophy of, (Adler) 7 24
  - Rich men's sons 4 319
- Richmond, Va.
  - Beecher, H. W., speaks there in 1877, (Pond) 6 900

Richter, Jean Paul VOL. PAGE
    On Martin Luther ............... 8 644
    Swing, David, on................. 9 1118
Rigaud and Toussaint L'Ouverture.. 6 850
Rights of Man
    Aurelius, Marcus, on............. 7 29
    Emerson on French Shibboleth.. 2 441
**Riley, James Whitcomb**
    Pond, Major, on.................. 6 909
" Ring and the Book, The "
    Curtis, G. W., on................. 1 312
Ripley, Mrs. George, at seventeen... 3 1199
**Rise and Fall of the Mustache, The** (L)
    Burdette, Robert Jones.......... 4 145
**Rise of " The Atlantic," The** (A. D. S.)
    Warner, Charles Dudley.......... 3 1186
**Robbins, W. L.**
    Pulpit and the Bar, The (A.D.S.) 3 985
Robert E. Lee Camp of Confederate Veterans of Richmond Banquet Lodge, H. C.: The Blue and the Gray, June 17, 1887............. 2 723
Roberts, Marshall O.
    Projector of Atlantic telegraph... 8 474
Robertson, William
    History of America sent to Burke 4 78
    On the prose of Burns........... 9 1010
Robespierre costume ............... 3 1010
Robinson, John
    Quoted by Sumner................ 3 1117
Rochambeau in St. Domingo........ 6 865
Roche, Sir Boyle
    His famous bull, " I smell a rat," etc................. .............. 6 950
**Roche, James Jeffrey**
    Press, The (A. D. S.)............. 3 988
Rochefort, Henri
    Morley, John, on.................. 2 838
Rockefeller, John D.
    Bok, E. W., on.................... 4 100
Rockingham Ministry ............... 4 81
Rogers, Samuel
    Hazlitt on......................... 5 546
    Social position of men of letters in England in Rogers' time.... 5 572
Roman Catholic Religion
    Civil disabilities in Ireland, (Dolliver) ............................ 7 365
    Gibbons, Cardinal, on............ 8 505
    Influence of Leo XIII on....... 4 348
    Macaulay on ..................... 6 1118
    Not first among the patrons and inspirers of art, (Howe)........ 5 597
    Taney, Justice, on................ 9 1040
Roman Empire
    Extent of, under Marcus Aurelius 7 23
    Fall of, (Macaulay)............... 9 838
    Macaulay, T. B.................... 6 1118
Romance
    Prophetic R., (Goschen)......... 8 564
Romans
    Ancestral images kept in the halls of their houses............ 8 440
    Religion of, (Döllinger).......... 7 355

Romanticism VOL. PAGE
    Read, Opie P., on................ 3 977
    Realism vs. R., (Garland)........ 2 518
Rome
    Age of Antonines, (Bancroft).... 7 83
    Christianity planted in the State, (Bancroft) ...................... 7 84
    Democratic influence on her institutions, (Bancroft)........... 7 80
    Fall of, (Starr King)............. 5 680
    Ihne's investigation of the story of Publius Æbutius and the panic persecution of the Bacchanalian fanatics .............. 9 1184
    Literature furnishing moral statistics ........................... 9 1191
    Oratory at, (Sears)............... 7 xix
    Proportion of soldiers to civilians 9 1190
    Raphael's life at, (Pater)......... 9 949
    Vespasian arch of, (Everett)..... 8 442
" Rome, Rheumatism, and Rebellion," (Depew) ................. 1 342
**Roosa, D. B. St. John**
    President's address: Introducing D. S. Mackay.................. 2 782
    President's address: Introducing Theodore Roosevelt ............ 3 998
    Salt of the Earth, The (A. D. S.) 3 992
**Roosevelt, Theodore**
    Depew, C. M., on................ 1 366
    Hollander as an American, The (A. D. S.)....................... 3 998
    On the State of New York....... 2 501
    Strenuous Life, The (A)......... 9 995
    True Americanism and Expansion (A. D. S.)................ 3 1002
Root, Elihu
    President's address: Introducing Capt. J. B. Coghlan............ 1 239
    President's address: Introducing Henry Watterson ............... 3 1191
Ropes, John C.
    On Napoleon, (quoted by Serviss) 6 995
Roscius, Gallus Quintus
    Cicero on ......................... 2 774
    Friend of Cicero.................. 1 248
Rose, A. McGregor
    Hoch! der Kaiser................. 1 244
**Rosebery, Lord [Archibald Philip Primrose]**
    Napoleon became a Moslem at heart ............................ 6 990
    Portrait and Landscape Painting (A. D. S.)....................... 3 1008
    Robert Burns (A)................ 9 1007
Ross, Betsey, of Philadelphia
    Maker of American flag.......... 1 136
Rothschild
    Vance, Z. B., on.................. 6 1134
Rousseau, Jean Jacques
    Ideas of R. contrasted with ideas of the framers of Constitution of United States, (Lowell)...... 8 798
Rouvière and Gambetta
    On Hamlet's Soliloquy........... 4 241

VOL. PAGE

- Royal Academy Banquets
  - Arnold, M.: The Interests of Literature, May 1, 1875 .......... 1 14
  - Ball, Sir Robert: Kinship of Science and Art, May 5, 1894 .. 1 16
  - Farrar, F. W.: Poet and Painter, May 3, 1884 .......... 2 479
  - Froude, J. A.: Men of Letters, April 29, 1876 .......... 2 510
  - Gladstone, W. E.: The Age of Research, May 5, 1877 .......... 2 530
  - Huxley, T. H.: Science and Art, May 5, 1883 .......... 2 670
  - Jebb, R. C.: Literature and Art, May 4, 1885 .......... 2 686
  - Lang, A.: Problem Novels, May 6, 1894 .......... 2 698
  - Lecky, W. E. H.: The Artistic Side of Literature, May 5, 1888 2 708
  - Leighton, Sir F.: Variety in British Art, May 5, 1894 .......... 2 713
  - Lowell, J. R.: Literature, May 1, 1886 .......... 2 758
  - Mackenzie, A. C.: Music, May 4, 1895 .......... 2 787
  - Morley, John: Literature and Politics, May 3, 1890 .......... 2 838
  - Palmerston, Lord: Illusions Created by Art, May 2, 1863 .......... 3 876
  - Pinero, A. W.: The Drama, May 4, 1895 .......... 3 892
  - Rosebery, Lord: Portrait and Landscape Painting, May 5, 1894 .......... 3 1008
  - Schliemann, Heinrich: The Beginnings of Art, May 5, 1877 .... 3 1034
  - Stephen Leslie: The Critic, April 29, 1893 .......... 3 1091
  - Sullivan, Sir Arthur: Music .......... 3 1108
  - Tyndall, John: Art and Science, May 5, 1888 .......... 3 1160
- Royal Academy of Munich
  - Döllinger, John J. I.: Founders of Religions, July 25, 1883 .......... 7 343

**Royal Corn, The (A. D. S.)**

- Oglesby, Richard .......... 2 853
- Royal Families
  - Degeneracy of .......... 1 120
- Royal Gardeners' Benevolent Society
  - Hole, Samuel R.: My Garden, London, May 18, 1900 .......... 8 673
- Royal General Theatrical Fund Dinner
  - Dickens, Charles: The Actor's Art, April 14, 1851 .......... 1 401
- Royal Institution, London
  - Froude, J. A.: The Science of History, Feb. 5, 1864 .......... 5 443
- Royal Literary Fund Banquet
  - Beaconsfield, Lord: The King of the Belgians, May 8, 1872 .......... 1 30
  - Derby, Lord: The Diplomatist, May 7, 1879 .......... 1 387
  - Motley, J. L.: The Poets' Corner, May 28, 1873 .......... 2 842

VOL. PAGE

- Rubinstein, Anton
  - Fields, J. T., on .......... 5 437
- Rumford, Count, [Benjamin Thompson]
  - Declaration that electrical fluid was not material, (Rice) .......... 9 989

**Run On the Banker, A (A. D. S.)**

- Ford, Simeon .......... 2 507
- Rural Characters
  - Nasby, Petroleum V., on .......... 5 777

**Ruskin, John**

- Cited by F. W. Farrar .......... 2 480
- Emerson and Ruskin on St. George .......... 4 299
- Hillis, Newell Dwight (L) .......... 5 579
- On Shakespeare's heroes and heroines, (Stubbs) .......... 9 1108
- On Turner's Dragon Guarding the Apples of Hesperides .......... 4 296
- Work (L) .......... 6 919
- Russell, Horace
  - President's address: Introducing Horace Porter .......... 3 928
  - President's address: Introducing Edward O. Wolcott .......... 3 1273
- Russia
  - Checked by the Berlin Treaty .... 1 27
  - Defeated by Napoleon at Friedland .......... 6 1000
  - Friendship for America during the Revolution and the War of 1812 .......... 1 323
  - Invaded by Napoleon .......... 6 1002
  - Meeting in Mansion House, London, to protest against persecution of Jews .......... 9 854
  - Navy of .......... 1 325
  - Peasants' method of averting the plague .......... 4 290
  - Politics of, (Randolph Churchill) 1 205
  - Pontifical power of the Emperor .......... 4 352
  - With Austria, suppresses Hungarian rebellion, 1849 .......... 1 102

**Russia (A. D. S.)**

- Howland, Henry Elias .......... 2 657

**Russia and the United States (A. D. S.)**

- Dana, Richard Henry .......... 1 323
- Rutledge, John
  - Personal characteristics of, (Semmes) .......... 9 1044
- Ruwenzori mountain, (Stanley) .......... 6 1042

## S

- Sabbath
  - Amusements, (Gough) .......... 5 499
  - Observance, (Hillis) .......... 8 654
- Sailors
  - Illustrating the untaught mind, (Newman) .......... 9 920

VOL. PAGE
St. Andrew's Society of the State of New York
  Carnegie, Andrew: The Scotch-American, Nov. 30, 1891........ 1 119
  Foord, John: The Land o' Cakes, Dec. 1, 1899...................... 2 500
St. Bartholomew ..................... 4 362
St. Columba of Iona.................. 4 302
St. Croix
  Knott, J. P., On the Glories of Duluth .......................... 8 754
St. Domingo
  Phillips, Wendell, on............. 6 847
St. George of Cappadocia
  Discussion between Ruskin and Emerson, (Conway) ............ 4 299
St. Patrick and the snakes........... 4 301
St. Patrick in Ireland................ 1 257
St. Patrick's Club of N. Y. City
  Depew, C. M.: Citizens of the World, March 17, 1893.......... 1 370
St. Roch
  Napoleon at Church of........... 6 985
Saint-Simon, Claude Henri, Count de
  Döllinger on ...................... 7 361
Sainte-Beuve, Charles Augustin
  Field of his work, (Balfour)...... 7 55
  On M. Arnold .................. 4 39

**Sala, George Augustus**
  Depew, C. M., on................. 1 338
  Friend and Foe (A. D. S.)....... 3 1014

**Salisbury, Lord [Robert Arthur Talbot Gascoyne-Cecil]**
  Banquet given to him and Lord Beaconsfield after their return from the Congress of Berlin... 1 21
  Kitchener in Africa (A. D. S.).. 3 1018

**Salon In America, The** (L)
  Howe, Julia Ward................ 5 591

**Salt** (A)
  Dyke, Henry van................. 7 380

**Salt of the Earth, The** (A. D. S.)
  Roosa, D. B. St. John............ 3 992
Salvini, Tomaso, Banquet
  Collyer, R.: The Church and the Stage, April 26, 1883............ 1 267

**Sampson, William Thomas**
  Victory in Superior Numbers (A. D. S.) .......................... 3 1023

**Sandwich Islands, The** (L)
  Clemens, Samuel L............... 4 253
  Savage, M. J., on Mark Twain's lecture .......................... 6 955
Sanhedrim, constitution of........... 6 1127
Santa Teresa on Patience, (Fields).. 5 431
Santiago, Battle of.................. 1 139
  Sampson, W. T., on.............. 3 1023
Sarcasm
  Savage, M. J., on................. 6 949
Sartor Resartus, (Carlyle)
  Warner, C. D., on............... 3 1187

Satan VOL. PAGE
  In Biblical account............... 4 292
  Revolt through pride, an Arabic legend ........................... 4 293
  Worship of ...................... 4 287
Satire
  Influence of satirists in turning the course of history............ 6 1197
  Whipple, E. P., on................ 6 1194
Saturday Night Club Dinner to Judges of Supreme Court
  Field, D. D.: Early Connecticut, April 6, 1890..................... 2 493
Saturn
  Condition of its crust, (Searle).. 6 974
  Uranus and, (Fable)............. 4 378
Savage Club Banquet
  Lowell, J. R.: The Stage, August, 1880 ....................... 2 745

**Savage, Minot Judson**
  American Wit and Humor (L)... 6 943
Savannah sufferers in 1865........... 2 735
Savonarola, Girolamo
  Sears on .......................... 7 xxiii

**Saxon Grit** (A. D. S.)
  Collyer, Robert .................. 1 263
Saxon race, (Emerson on)........... 2 438

**Scattered Nation, The** (L)
  Vance, Zebulon Baird............. 6 1115
Scepticism
  Gladstone on...................... 8 549
Scheabeddin
  On the mountains of the moon... 6 1064

**Schenck, Noah Hunt**
  Truth and Trade (A. D. S.)...... 3 1026
Schenck, Robert Cumming
  Witticism at dinner given by Mr. Christmas ....................... 6 963
Schiaparelli
  Discovery of markings on Mercury, (Searle) .................. 6 976
Schiller, Johann Christoph Friedrich von
  Coleridge's sonnet on, (Hazlitt).. 5 562

**Schley, Winfield Scott**
  Navy, The; in Peace and in War (A. D. S.)....................... 3 1031

**Schliemann, Heinrich**
  Beginnings of Art, The (A. D. S.) 3 1034
Scholar, American
  Emerson on ...................... 8 421
Schoolmasters
  Billings, Josh, on................. 6 1025
Schools
  Cost of elementary S. in England, (Lubbock) ............... 8 808
Schopenhauer, Arthur
  quoted by Sir John Lubbock.... 8 812

**Schurz, Carl**
  General Sherman (A)............. 9 1026
  Old World and the New, The (A. D. S.)....................... 4 1036
  True Americanism, The (A)..... 9 1018

Schuyler, Philip VOL. PAGE
Stryker, W. S., on................ 3 1105
Science
Conditions of a, (Froude)........ 5 451
Consolidation of, (Hadley)....... 8 595
Kinship of Art and Science...... 1 16
Knowledge necessary to study of 7 61
Lesson of S. to men, (Starr King) 5 674
Must foresee as well as explain, (Froude) ...................... 5 455
Poetry and science, (Bryant).... 7 152
Poetry and science, (Chapin)..... 4 219
Religion and science, (Porter, N.) 3 950
Religion and science, Unity of, (Weiss) ........................ 9 1171
Study of, (Newman)............ 9 917
Use of imagination in the exact sciences, (Goschen) ........... 8 571

**Science and Art** (A. D. S.)
Huxley, Thomas Henry.......... 2 670

**Scientific Thought in the Nineteenth Century** (A)
Rice, William North............. 9 984
Scientific Training
Adams, C. F., on................. 7 12
Scot
Elemental Traits of the.......... 1 120

**Scotch-American, The** (A. D. S.)
Carnegie, Andrew ................ 1 119
Scotch-Irish, The .................... 3 1194
Presbyterians ..................... 3 882
Wilson, Woodrow, on........... 3 1248

**Scotch-Irishman's Views of the Puritan, A** (A. D. S.)
Paxton, John R................... 3 880
Scotland
Foord, John, on.................. 2 500
Spirit of patriotism in........... 7 174
Visit to, (Porter)................ 3 911
Scott, Sir Gilbert
President's address: Introducing W. E. Gladstone................ 2 530
President's address: Introducing Heinrich Schliemann ........... 3 1034
Scott, Sir Walter
Bride of Burleigh quoted by A. Lang ........................... 2 698
Bryant, W. C. (A)................ 7 155
Burns and, (W. J. Phelps)...... 1 316
Centenary address by Goldwin Smith: The Lamps of Fiction.. 9 1068
Goschen, George J., on.......... 8 563
Hay, John (A).................... 8 614
Hazlitt on ........................ 5 554
His mother's advice to, (Fields). 5 428
Influence on the writing of history ............................ 8 408
Novels of, (Swing).............. 9 1117
Whipple, E. P., on.............. 6 1209

**Scottish Traits** (L)
Watson, John .................... 6 1143
Sea and Land
Metamorphoses of, (Huxley)..... 5 620
Sea-Serpent, The..................... 4 301

**Searle, George Mary** VOL. PAGE
Are the Planets Habitable? (L).. 6 967

**Sears, Lorenzo**
After-dinner speaking ............ 1 xv
History of Oratory, The.......... 7 xiii
Secession, Virginia's attitude to..... 3 962
Second Inaugural Address
Lincoln, Abraham ................ 8 775
Secretary of State
Harrison offered post to Depew.. 1 373
Sectarian Colleges
Eliot, C. W........................ 2 429
Sedan
Sampson, W. T., on.............. 3 1023
Seidl, Anton
Ingersoll, R. G., on.............. 2 675

**Self-Culture** (A)
Channing, William Ellery........ 7 181
Self-Government
Beecher on ........................ 4 63
Self-Interest
The principle on which the theory of a science of history may be argued ......................... 5 457
Self-Trust
Emerson, R. W., on.............. 8 431
Semliki Valley, (Africa)
Stanley through the.............. 6 1064

**Semmes, Thomas Jenkins**
Personal Characteristics of the Chief Justices (A).............. 9 1029
Senate of the U. S.
Sumner, C., on.................... 3 1115

**Senatorial Forecast, A** (A. D. S.)
Depew, C. M....................... 1 380
Seneca, Lucius Annaeus
Morley, John, on................. 5 815
Sentiment
Among the Scotch, (Ian Maclaren) ........................... 6 1155
Great nations live by, (Kingsley) 5 694
"Sentimental Journey, The"....... 1 262
"Serapis" and "Bon Homme Richard" ............................ 1 136
Sergius, the Nestorian Monk
First taught Mahomet............ 4 191
Sermon
Reed, T. B., on................... 4 x
Serpents
Curse on S. derived from Hindu legend ........................... 4 293
Diabolism and .................... 4 291

**Serviss, Garrett Putnam**
Napoleon Bonaparte (L)......... 6 983
Seven Lamps of Architecture, (Ruskin)
Hillis on .......................... 5 582
Sewall, Samuel
Higginson on .................... 5 568

**Seward, William H.**
A Pious Pilgrimage (A. D. S.)... 3 1042

VOL. PAGE

Seward, William H.
- Evarts on ........ 2 449
- Garfield compared with, (Blaine). 7 126
- "Some thoughts for the President's Consideration" ........ 6 1170

Seymour, Horatio
- On public life........ 1 376

Shadows, [A Poem]
- Lang, Andrew ........ 5 725

Shaftesbury, Lord
- On words expressing the native community ........ 7 164

**Shairp, John Campbell**
- Literary Theory of Culture, The (A) ........ 9 1052

**Shakespeare (L)**
- Ingersoll, R. G........ 5 627

**Shakespeare and Molière (L.)**
- Claretie, Jules Arsene........ 4 229

**Shakespeare as a Prophet (A)**
- Stubbs, Charles William........ 9 1104

Shakespeare, William
- As an ill-used man, (Dawson)... 7 325
- Burns and, (Rosebery)........ 9 1009
- Contemporaries of, (Ingersoll)... 5 633
- Dumas on ........ 4 231
- Epitaph of ........ 5 631
- Exaggeration in ........ 6 952
- For a journalist, (Dana)........ 7 288
- French language inadequate for translating, (Claretie) ........ 4 231
- Froude on ........ 5 462
- Historic imagination possessed by, (Goschen) ........ 8 562
- Historical plays, (Claretie)........ 4 234
- Lang on ........ 2 700
- Michelet on ........ 4 234
- Parents of ........ 5 629
- Produced in Paris........ 4 246
- Productions of Henry Irving.... 1 249
- Puritans, The, and, (Depew)..... 1 328
- Smith, Goldwin, on........ 9 1070
- Vigny, Alfred de, on........ 4 232
- Works do not contain word patriot ........ 7 163

**Shaw, Henry Wheeler (Josh Billings)**
- Milk (L) ........ 6 1011

Shaw, Robert Gould
- Holmes, O. W., on........ 2 631
- Lodge, H. C., on........ 2 723

"She-Cargo" ........ 3 1230

Shelley, Percy Bysshe
- Defence of poetry, (Stubbs)..... 9 1104
- Hunt, Leigh, on, (Hillis)........ 5 580
- "I arise from dreams of thee".. 6 871

Sherbrooke, Lord
- On Reading ........ 5 526

Sheridan, Richard Brinsley
- Sears on ........ 7 xxvii

**Sherman, William Tecumseh**
- Army and Navy, The (A. D. S.). 3 1046
- Compared with Miles Standish.. 1 166
- Grant and ........ 3 946

**Sherman, William Tecumseh**—*Continued* VOL. PAGE
- Instructed in Indian warfare by J. H. Choate........ 1 161
- On war ........ 9 1019
- Porter on ........ 3 938
- Reminiscence of the War (A).... 3 1051
- Schurz, Carl (A)........ 9 1076

Shrine, Chevy
- Quoted by A. Lang........ 2 698

Sick-Room
- Conduct of physician, (Holmes). 8 686

Sidney, Algernon ........ 4 373

Sidney Family, The........ 4 359

**Sidney, Sir Philip (L)**
- Curtis, George William........ 4 357
- Motto, *Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietem*, adopted by Massachusetts ........ 1 178

Siegfried at the mouth of the cave.. 2 781

Siena
- Pater on ........ 9 945

Sigourney, Lydia Maria
- Bryant, W. C., on........ 1 106

Sikhs
- Döllinger on ........ 7 361

Silliman, Benjamin D.
- Dined by Bar of N. Y........ 1 282
- President's address: Introducing H. W. Beecher........ 1 46
- President's address: Introducing J. H. Choate........ 1 159
- President's address: Introducing W. M. Evarts........ 2 452
- President's address: Introducing E. E. Hale........ 2 577
- President's address: Introducing R. B. Hayes........ 2 601
- President's address: Introducing General William T. Sherman... 3 1046

Silver discovered in Newburyport, Mass........ 4 313

Sincerity
- All great men sincere, (Carlyle).. 4 184

**Sires and Sons (A. D. S.)**
- Porter, H........ 3 935

Sissley ........ 9 981

Sisters of Charity
- Gibbons, Cardinal, on........ 8 510

Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries
- Divines the great thinkers of... 5 788

Skeleton, The
- Artemus Ward on........ 4 130

**"Sketch Book," (Irving)**
- Kingsley on ........ 5 697
- Longfellow, H. W., on........ 8 786
- Mitchell, D. G., on........ 9 875

Slang
- American slang in England..... 5 573
- Morley, John, on........ 2 840

Slavery in America
- Brooks, Phillips, on........ 7 142
- Condition of, (Grady)........ 2 537
- Effect on civilization in the South, (Hill) ........ 8 628
- English opposition to........ 2 639

Slavery in America—*Continued* VOL. PAGE
  Gibbons, Cardinal, on............ 8 512
  Houghton, Lord, on.............. 2 640
  Lincoln, A., on.................. 2 721
  Relation of slavery to formation of new States, (Wilson)........ 9 1213
  Resisted by the spirit of New England ........................ 1 49
  South proposed to free slaves and arm them in their cause........ 5 486
  Sumner's relation to the negro cause, (Lamar) ................ 8 769
  Virginia's attitude at forming of the Constitution ................ 3 961
Sleeping Cars
  Porter, Horace, on................ 3 898

**Smashed Crockery** (A. D. S.)
  McKelway, St. Clair.............. 2 807
Smith, Adam
  Anderson on ..................... 7 42
  Churchill, Lord Randolph, on.... 1 204
  Froude on ....................... 5 457
  Goschen, George J., on.......... 8 567

**Smith and So Forth** (A. D. S.)
  Cox, Samuel Sullivan............. 1 286

**Smith, Ballard** (A. D. S.)
  Press of the South, The.......... 3 1057
Smith, Captain John
  Farrar, F. W., on................. 5 400

**Smith, Captain John** (A. D. S.)
  Wise, John Sergeant............. 3 1266

**Smith, Charles Emory**
  Dana, C. A., on................... 1 322
  Ireland's Struggles (A. D. S.).... 3 1059
  President's address: Introducing Charles A. Dana................ 1 321
  President's address: Introducing Benjamin Harrison ............. 2 589
  President's Prelude, The (A.D.S.) 3 1062
Smith, Charles Stewart
  President's address: Introducing G. W. Curtis.................... 1 307
  President's address: Introducing C. A. Dana...................... 1 318
  President's address: Introducing W. M. Evarts.................... 2 469
  President's address: Introducing Horace Porter .................. 3 919

**Smith, Goldwin**
  Lamps of Fiction, The (A)....... 9 1068
Smith, Samuel Stanhope
  Breckinridge, J. C., on........... 7 98
Smith, Seba
  McKelway, St. Clair, on.......... 2 812
Smith, Sydney
  Anecdote of the little maid and the turtle ....................... 1 12
  On the foppery of universal knowledge ........................ 7 340
  On the founding of the Edinburgh Review .................. 4 265
  Quoted by Peter McCall.......... 1 82
Sociables, Church
  Burdette on ...................... 4 158

VOL. PAGE
Social conditions in the South since 1865, (Grady) .................... 2 541
Social conditions of the age, (Gladstone) ........................... 8 540

**Social Discontent** (A. D. S.)
  Griggs, John William............. 2 564
Social Economy
  Need of imagination in, (Goschen) ........................... 8 575
Social Life
  First necessity of, (Ruskin)...... 6 927
  For young men, (Bok)........... 4 108
  In America, (Depew)............. 1 375
  In China ......................... 2 445
Social Order
  Aurelius on the principle of...... 7 29
Social position of authors, (Higginson) .............................. 5 569
Social questions in ancient Egypt.... 6 844

**Social Responsibilities** (L)
  Gough, John Bartholomew....... 5 495
Social Settlements
  Founded by Arthur Toynbee, pupil of Ruskin .................... 5 580
Socialism
  Eggleston, G. C., on.............. 2 425
  Lowell, J. R., on................. 8 806
  Lubbock, Sir John, on............ 8 811
Socialist Novels
  Goschen, G. J., on................ 8 564
Society
  Defined by A. Balfour............ 7 64
  Divided into three classes, (Chapin) ............................. 4 222
  Growth of the society idea among the common people, (Beecher). 4 58
  Howe, Julia Ward, on............ 5 591
  In New England, (E. P. Whipple) 6 1189
  McKelway, St. Clair, on.......... 2 809
  Social reforms effected through the masses, (Bancroft)......... 7 85
  Varying constitution of.......... 5 676
Society for Ethical Culture
  Adler, Felix: Marcus Aurelius, March 13, 1898................... 7 23
  Wu Ting-fang: The Teachings of Confucius, Dec. 9, 1900......... 6 1225
Society for the diffusion of Useful Knowledge ...................... 4 xxii
  Newman on ...................... 9 926
Society of the Cincinnati
  Philadelphia Washington Monument. McKinley on Characteristics of Washington, May 15, 1897 ............................. 9 845
Society of the Sons of the Revolution Banquet
  Wyman, Walter: Sons of the Revolution, Washington, D. C., Feb. 22, 1900.................... 3 1288
Sociology
  Self-culture as social, (Channing) 7 188
Socrates and Xantippe, (Talmage).. 6 1080
Soldier, American, (Wheeler)....... 3 1220

VOL. PAGE
Soldier Association of the State of Indiana. Address of Lew Wallace, July 4, 1866: Return of the Flags ... 9 1121
**Soldier Stamp, The** (A. D. S.)
  Twichell, Joseph Hopkins ... 3 1153
Song of the Typical Dutchman
  Van Dyke, H. ... 1 421
**Sons and Guests of Old Harvard** (A. D. S.)
  Choate, J. H. ... 1 187
**Sons of Harvard Who Fell In Battle** (A. D. S.)
  Holmes, O. W., Jr. ... 2 630
**Sons of the Revolution** (A. D. S.)
  Wyman, Walter ... 3 1288
Sorby
  Discoveries in the chalk, (Huxley) ... 5 613
**Sorcerer's Response, The** (A. D. S.)
  Choate, Joseph H. ... 1 159
Sorrows of Werther ... 1 262
Sothern, Edward A.
  Fields on ... 5 432
**Source of Song and Story, The** (A. D. S.)
  Eliot, Samuel A. ... 2 431
South, The
  After the war ... 3 863
  Characterized by H. W. Grady .. 2 535
  Failure to realize its apparent destiny, (Hill) ... 8 626
  Lincoln's relation to the South, (Watterson) ... 6 1175
  Material development of ... 3 1058
  Produce in 1889, (Grady) ... 2 540
  Social condtions since the war, (Grady) ... 8 584
  Southern character, (Hoar) ... 8 667
  The South since the war, (Lamar) 8 773
  Watterson, H.: South and North Contrasted ... 3 1193
**South In Wall Street, The** (A. D. S.)
  Verdery, Marion J. ... 3 1168
South Africa
  Union of, Chamberlain on ... 1 145
South Carolina
  Royal Assembly receives the letter from Massachusetts ... 8 666
**South Carolina and Massachusetts** (A)
  Hoar, George Frisbie ... 8 659
**Southern Society** (A. D. S.)
  Eggleston, George Cary ... 2 423
Southern Society of New York Banquet
  Smith, Ballard: The Press of the South, Feb. 22, 1888 ... 3 1057
  Verdery, Marion J.: The South in Wall Street, Feb. 22, 1889 ... 3 1168
  Wallace, Hugh C.: The Southerner in the West, Feb. 21, 1891 3 1178
**Southerner in the West, The** (A. D. S.)
  Wallace, Hugh C. ... 3 1178

Southey, Robert VOL. PAGE
  Epics of, (Hazlitt) ... 5 561
Southworth, Alice ... 3 1144
Sovran Woman
  Grand, Sarah, on ... 2 552
Space
  Scientific and unscientific idea of, (Rice) ... 9 984
Spain
  Decadence due to "inordinate tenacity of old opinions, old beliefs, and old habits" ... 1 37
  Dutch, The, and ... 3 972
  Menace to Europe in 16th century ... 4 365
  Rule in Cuba, (Abbott) ... 7 8
**Spalding, John Lancaster**
  Opportunity (A) ... 9 1076
Spanish-American War
  Judged by posterity ... 1 95
  Long, J. D., on ... 2 728
  McKinley on ... 2 816
**Spanish-American War** (A. D. S.)
  Miles, N. A. ... 2 831
Spanish legation in Lowell's time... 2 852
Sparks, Jared
  President of Harvard ... 1 148
Special creation theory ... 4 20
Specialist
  Holmes, O. W., Jr., on ... 8 708
Specialization
  In historical study, (White) ... 9 1179
  In university studies, (Gilman) .. 8 531
  Newman on ... 9 922
Speculation
  New aspects of, (Gladstone) ... 8 541
Spectrum
  Analysis ... 9 988
  Possibilities of, (Tyndall) ... 6 840
Speech
  Cultivation of powers of, (Channing) ... 7 190
Speeches
  Formal arrangement, (Sears) ... 7 xiii
Spencer, Herbert
  Argument on historical studies, (White) ... 9 1184
  Choate, J. H., on ... 1 149
  Depew, C. M., on ... 1 341
  Evarts, W. M., on ... 2 462
  Gospel of Relaxation, The (A. D. S.) ... 3 1067
  Views as to courage and dexterity in battle, (Balfour) ... 7 57
**Sphere of Woman, The** (A. D. S.)
  Whipple, Edwin P. ... 3 1229
**Spirit of New England Literature** (A. D. S.)
  Mabie, Hamilton W. ... 2 778
**Spirit of Odd-Fellowship** (A)
  Pinkerton, Alfred S. ... 9 964
Spirit of the Age
  Raymond, A. V. V., on ... 3 974
Spiritual despotism ... 1 45

VOL. PAGE

- Sport
  - Lodge, H. C., on ... 8 779
  - Spalding on ... 9 1085
- Squeers, Mr ... 3 966
- Squirrel-monkeys ... 4 10
- Stael, Madame de
  - Reparteé on wit and beauty ... 6 962
- Stage, The
  - Collyer, Robert, on ... 1 266
  - Lowell, J. R. (A. D. S.) ... 2 745
  - Purification, by Irving ... 1 250
  - Purification, by Macready ... 2 772
- Stamp Act of 1765
  - Henry, Patrick, proposed resolutions against ... 3 960
- **Stanley, Arthur Penrhyn**
  - America Visited (A. D. S.) ... 3 1073
  - Motley, John L., on ... 2 844
- **Stanley, Sir Henry Morton**
  - Pond, Major, on ... 6 913
  - Rear column, Sufferings of the ... 6 1059
  - Rescue of Emin Pasha (L) ... 6 1047
  - Through the Dark Continent (A. D. S.) ... 3 1077
  - Through the Great Forest (L) ... 6 1029
  - Visit to Africa arranged by J. G. Bennett and Sir Edwin Arnold ... 1 7
- Stanton, Edwin M.
  - Calls Lincoln a fool ... 6 1173
- "Star-Spangled Banner"
  - Watterson on ... 9 1145
- State
  - Jones, Sir William, on what constitutes a ... 5 419
- State Bar Association Banquet, Albany
  - Miller, Samuel Freeman: Federal Judges, Nov. 20, 1878 ... 2 834
- Statesman
  - Webster as, (Choate) ... 7 221
- Statesmanship
  - Of New England, (Evarts) ... 2 454
  - Of the present and the past ... 1 204
- State Sovereignty
  - Since the war, (Ewing) ... 2 476
- Statistics
  - Value of, (White) ... 9 1190
- Stead, William T.
  - Roche, J. J., on ... 3 990
- Steam
  - Known to Egyptians ... 6 843
- Steamships
  - American ... 2 732
- **Stedman, Edmund Clarence**
  - Tribute to Richard Henry Stoddard (A. D. S.) ... 3 1085
  - Work of Robert Louis Stevenson, The (A) ... 9 1098
- Steel ... 6 841
- Steele, Richard
  - Religion of, (Thackeray) ... 6 1102
- Stella, (Hester Johnson) ... 6 1108
- **Stephen, Leslie**
  - Critic, The (A. D. S.) ... 3 1091

VOL. PAGE

- Stephen, Sir James
  - On codifying laws ... 8 706
- Stephens, Alexander
  - Lincoln on ... 6 1176
- Stereotype
  - First used in China ... 2 445
- Sterne, Lawrence
  - Birrell on ... 7 95
  - Brothers and Sisters "not made to live" ... 4 74
  - On liberty ... 1 140
- Steuben, Baron von
  - Schurz on ... 3 1037
- Stevens, Thaddeus
  - As parliamentary leader, (Blaine) 7 124
- Stevenson, Robert Louis
  - Cultivation of style ... 5 718
  - Garland on ... 2 520
  - Stedman on ... 9 1098
- Stewart, Alexander T.
  - Start in business ... 4 321
- Stoddard, Richard Henry
  - Stedman, E. C., on ... 3 1085
- Stoic Philosophy
  - Adler, Felix, on ... 7 30
- Storms in the African forest ... 6 1065
- **Storrs, Richard Salter** (A. D. S.)
  - Victory at Yorktown, The ... 3 1094
- **Story of the Atlantic Cable** (A)
  - Field, Cyrus West ... 8 473
- Story, William W.
  - Coleridge, Lord, on ... 1 256
- **Stowe, Harriet Beecher, Tribute to** (A. D. S.)
  - Beecher, H. W ... 1 51
  - On Goodness ... 3 1206
- Stratford-on-Avon
  - Motley, J. L., on ... 2 843
- **Strenuous Life, The** (A)
  - Roosevelt, Theodore ... 9 995
- **Stryker, William Scudder**
  - Dutch Heroes of the New World (A. D. S.) ... 3 1104
- Stuart, Ruth McEnery
  - McKelway, St. Clair, on ... 2 813
- **Stubbs, Charles William**
  - Shakespeare as a Prophet (A) .. 9 1104
- Stump oratory ... 4 vi
- Stupidity
  - Radowitz on ... 5 820
- Stuyvesant, Peter
  - Depew, C. M., on ... 1 334
  - Quarrel with Boston ... 1 279
- Style
  - Cultivation of, (Lang) ... 5 718
  - Dana, C. A., on ... 7 283
  - Pater's essay on, (Lang) ... 5 721
- Styles, Ezra
  - Prophesies what New England would be in 1852, (E. E. Hale). 2 572
- Sublime and Beautiful
  - Burke's essay on ... 4 76
- Submarine cables ... 8 477

VOL. PAGE

- **Substance and Shadow** (L)
  - King, Thomas Starr 5 669
- Success
  - Bok, E. W., on 4 95
  - In literature, (Lang) 5 716
  - Pinero on popular 3 893
- Sudan
  - Campaign in, (Kitchener) 2 694
- Suez Canal
  - Built from surveys made by Napoleon 6 992
- Suffolk Bar Association Banquet, Boston
  - Holmes, O. W., Jr.: The Joy of Life, March 7, 1900 2 631
- Suffrage
  - Observance of duties in North and South compared by H. W. Grady 2 544
  - Universal suffrage, (Lowell) 8 802
- Sufism
  - Döllinger on 7 361
- Suicide
  - Novalis on 5 460
  - Stoic view of 7 36
- **Sullivan, Sir Arthur**
  - Dined by Lotos Club 1 374
  - Music (A. D. S.) 3 1108
- **Sumner, Charles**
  - Intercourse with China, (A.D.S.) 3 1110
  - Lamar, Lucius Q. C. (A) 8 767
  - Lamar on 8 666
  - On Petroleum V. Nasby 5 759
  - Oratory of, (Sears) 7 xxxiii
  - Pond, Major, on 6 898
  - Qualities that Win, The (A.D.S.) 3 1115
- Sumter, Fort 1 411
  - Defenders of, honored by Chamber of Commerce 2 735
- Sun
  - Amount of light received in Uranus and Neptune 6 971
  - Composition of, (Rice) 9 988
  - Conditions necessary for supporting life 6 970
  - Distance calculated by observation of the transit of Venus, (Balfour) 7 61
  - Matter on the surface reduced to its chemical or molecular state 6 969
- Sun Ta-jin
  - Banquet to 3 1110
- Sunday
  - As a means of culture, (Channing) 7 202
- Sunset Club of Chicago Banquets
  - Garland, Hamlin: Realism vs. Romanticism, Jan. 31, 1895 2 518
  - Hall, W. F.: Yarn of the Manager Bold, Jan. 7, 1892 2 581
  - Read, Opie P.: Modern Fiction, Jan. 31, 1895 3 976
  - Thompson, Slason: The Ethics of the Press, April 26, 1894 3 1139
- Superstitions
  - As subjects of poetry, (Bryant) 7 150

VOL. PAGE

- **Supremacy of the Catholic Religion** (A)
  - Gibbons, James, Cardinal 8 505
- **Supreme Court, The** (A. D. S.)
  - Fuller, M. W. 2 513
  - Future of constitutional administration, (Phelps) 9 960
  - Limiting, by interpretation, constitutional amendments 2 476
  - Miller, S. F., on 2 835
  - Of the nations, (Abbott) 7 6
  - Origin of, Fuller on 2 516
  - Personal characteristics of the chief justices, (Semmes) 9 1029
- **Supreme Court and Popular Sovereignty** (A)
  - Phelps, Edward John 9 955
- **Survey of Four Centuries, A** (A)
  - Macaulay, T. B. 9 836
- Susquehanna
  - Heroine of the, (Gordon) 5 474
- Swedenborg, Emanuel
  - Döllinger on 7 352
  - Emerson, R. W., on 8 436
  - On the soul, (Weiss) 9 1167
- Swift Jonathan
  - On the sermon, (quoted) 4 xi
  - (L) Thackeray, William M. 6 1091
  - "The most unhappy man on earth," (Delany) 6 1108
  - Whipple, E. P., on 6 1200
- Swinburne, Algernon Charles
  - Gray, David, and, (Lord Houghton) 2 637
  - Morley, John, on 2 840
  - On the clergyman in fiction 5 728
- **Swing, David**
  - Novel in Literature, The (A) 9 1114
- Switzerland
  - Scotland and cradles of liberty 1 120
- Sword
  - Hugo, V., and Washington on 5 412

T

- Taaffe, Count 1 347
- Table-Talk
  - Birrell, A., on 7 91
- "Taboo" derived from the Hawaiian 4 254
- Tacitus, Publius Cornelius
  - Froude on 5 455
  - On the monotheism of the Jews 6 1121
  - Style of, (Morley) 5 814
- Tae-ping Rebellion, (Döllinger) 7 354
- Tailed and tailless monkeys 4 9
- "Tale of a Tub"
  - Swift on 6 1103
- Talent
  - University to discover and develop unusual talent, (Gilman) 8 524
- Talleyrand-Perigord, Charles Maurice de
  - Motto: "If it is possible, it is done already," etc. 1 77

VOL. PAGE

- **Talmage, Thomas DeWitt**
  - Big Blunders (L) ................ 6 1071
  - Behold the American! (A. D. S.) 3 1122
  - What I Know about the Dutch (A. D. S.) ................ 3 1128
- Talmud
  - Vance, Z. B., on ................ 6 1127
- Taney, Roger Brooke
  - Personal characteristics of, (Semmes) ................ 9 1036
- Taoism
  - Wu Ting-fang on ................ 6 1225
- Tarring and feathering ................ 6 836
- **Task of Religion, The** (A)
  - Weiss, John ................ 9 1162
- Taxation
  - Introduces new problems of law. 2 497
  - Local, (Lord Houghton) ................ 2 643
- **Taylor, Bayard**
  - Tribute to Goethe (A. D. S.) .... 3 1136
- Taylor, Moses
  - Projector of Atlantic telegraph .. 8 474
- Taylor, Tom
  - Thackeray, W. M., on ................ 8 673
- Taylor, Zachary
  - Winthrop, R. C., on ................ 9 1222
- Teachers of humanity are the lives of worthy men ................ 3 942
- Teaching
  - Profession of, (Gladstone) ....... 8 551
- **Teachings of Confucius, The** (L)
  - Wu Ting-fang ................ 6 1225
- **Teachings of Science and Religion** (A. D. S.)
  - Porter, Noah ................ 3 950
- " Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean "
  - Cited by Poe ................ 6 889
- Telegraph
  - Atlantic T., (Field) ................ 8 485
  - Discoveries in field of ................ 7 40
  - Does the T. diminish the importance of diplomatic missions? .. 1 388
  - First Message, The, (Farrar) ..... 5 413
  - (A. D. S.) Field, D. D. ................ 2 490
  - Hindrance to such careers as Napoleon ................ 6 996
  - Porter on ................ 3 901
- Telephone
  - Porter on ................ 3 902
- Telescope of Mauritius ................ 6 839
- Tell, William
  - Macready's conception of ........ 2 771
- Temper
  - Talmage in bad temper ................ 6 1075
- Temperance
  - Bok, E. W., on ................ 4 112
- " Tempest, The," (Shakespeare)
  - Stubbs, C. W., on ................ 9 1110
- Temple, Sir William
  - Thackeray on ................ 6 1097
- Temporal power of the Pope ........ 4 351
- Tennessee, Army of the
  - Banquet to General Grant, Nov. 13, 1879 ................ 1 218
- Tennessee sufferers in 1865 ................ 2 735

VOL. PAGE

- Tennyson, Alfred, Lord
  - " Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay," (cited by Depew) ................ 1 384
  - Cited by F. W. Farrar ................ 2 480
  - Gray, David, and (Lord Houghton) ................ 2 637
  - " Lotus Eaters " quoted by Dean Hole ................ 2 624
  - Morley, John, on ................ 2 840
  - Poe, E. A., on ................ 6 888
  - " We the heirs of all the ages in the foremost files of Time," (cited by Depew) ................ 1 385
- " Tenterden steeple is the cause of Goodwin Sands " ................ 6 833
- Terebratulina
  - Oldest form of life, (Huxley) ..... 5 622
- Territories
  - As colonies ................ 1 39
- Terry, Ellen
  - Coleridge, Lord, on ................ 1 249
- **Test Examination, A** (A. D. S.)
  - Choate, Joseph H. ................ 1 147
- Texas
  - Annexation of ................ 1 39
- **Thackeray, William Makepeace**
  - On dinner-parties ................ 4 295
  - On Tom Taylor ................ 8 673
  - Swift (L) ................ 6 1091
- Thanksgiving Day
  - Winslow, John, on ................ 3 1253
- Theatre, British ................ 3 894
- Theology
  - New Theology, The, (Beecher) .. 4 68
  - Scotchman's love for, (Ian Maclaren) ................ 6 1152
- "Theophrastus Such "
  - Morley, John, on ................ 5 816
- Thermopylae
  - Heroes of ................ 3 934
- Thersites
  - Whipple, E. P., on ................ 6 1209
- **Thompson, Slason**
  - Ethics of the Press, The (A.D.S.) 3 1139
- Thomson, Paisley
  - On Fijians ................ 2 700
- Thomson, Sir William, (Lord Kelvin)
  - Goschen, G. J., on ................ 8 572
- Thoughts
  - Aurelius, Marcus, by ................ 7 37
- Thrale, Mrs.
  - Anecdotes, (Birrell) ................ 7 91
- **Through the Dark Continent** (A. D. S.)
  - Stanley, Henry Morton ................ 3 1077
- **Through the Great Forest** (L)
  - Stanley, Henry M. ................ 6 1029
- Thucydides
  - Froude on ................ 5 455
  - Jebb, R. C., on ................ 8 402
  - Morley, John, on ................ 5 814
- Tiberius, Age of
  - Cup of malleable glass ................ 6 837
- Tidal wave of 1854 ................ 1 325

**Ties of Kinship and Common Speech** (A. D. S.) VOL. PAGE
Arnold, Sir Edwin................ 1 7
**Tilton, Theodore**
Woman (A. D. S.)................ 3 1142
Time
Scientific and unscientific idea of, (Rice) ........................... 9 984
Tippu Tib
On the Emin Pasha relief expedition ........................... 6 1049
Titian, [Tiziano, Vecellio]
Colors of T. and Sir Joshua Reynolds ........................... 6 840
Toasts
Admiralty and Maritime Courts of Russia and the United States —May they never adjudicate in questions of prize upon American or Russian vessels, (R. H. Dana) ........................... 1 323
America and England—and may they never have any division but the Atlantic between them, (Dickens) ...................... 1 394
American, The, (Porter)......... 3 939
Army and Navy, The; Great and imperishable names and deeds have illustrated their history, (Sherman) ...................... 3 1046
Babies, The—As they comfort us in our sorrows, let us not forget them in our festivities, (Clemens) ........................... 1 218
Beggars of the Sea, The, (Depew) 1 366
Bench and Bar of Pennsylvania, (Brewster) ...................... 1 82
Bench and the Bar, The—Blessed are the Peacemakers, (Choate).. 1 156
Boston, (Hale) .................. 2 577
Captain John Smith—the Ruler of Virginia and Admiral of New England, (Wise) ................ 3 1266
Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York—Its Past, Present, and Future, (Low).... 2 731
Chambers of Commerce (The) of the United Kingdom, and of the whole world, (Lowell).......... 2 748
Charles Dickens, the Literary Guest of the Nation, (Dickens) 1 394
Church, The—a fountain of charity and good works, which is not established, but establishes itself, by God's blessing, in men's hearts, (Potter).......... 3 955
Clergy, The, (Paxton)............ 3 880
Commerce, (Newman)............ 2 845
Commerce and Diplomacy—twin guardians of the world—Peace and Prosperity, (White)........ 3 1232
Commerce and Literature, (Curtis) ........................... 1 307
Connecticut's Part in the Business, (Bromley) ................ 1 86
Day We Celebrate, The, (Collins) 1 257

Toasts—*Continued* VOL. PAGE
Day We Celebrate, The—the second birthday of New York. Out of the ashes of the Revolution in the gladsome light of liberty and peace she rose to her place as the metropolis of the continent, (Choate) .................. 1 179
Day We Celebrate, The, (Fellows) ........................... 2 482
Day We Celebrate, (Roosevelt).. 3 1002
Debt Each Part of the Country Owes the Other, (Page)........ 3 861
Democracy of the Mayflower (Beck) ......................... 1 33
Drama, The, (Irving)............ 2 678
Drama, The, (Pinero)........... 3 894
Dramatic Critic, The, (Winter).. 3 1257
Dutch Soldier in America, The, (Stryker) ....................... 3 1104
Embarkation of the Pilgrims, (Porter) ....................... 3 908
English-speaking Race, The—The founders of commonwealths, pioneers of progress, stubborn defenders of liberty; may they ever work together for the world's welfare, (Curtis)........ 1 303
Flag, The—The Old Flag—At last it waves again upon the soil of every State. It flaunts defiance in the face of treason, and soon shall float in triumph and honor over the unhallowed grave, (Dix) ............................ 1 410
Forefathers' Day, (Choate)....... 1 167
Forefathers' Day, (Talmage)..... 3 1122
Forefathers' Day, (Twichell)..... 3 1147
Forefathers' Day, (Twichell)..... 3 1153
Forefathers' Day—We best celebrate the day by imitating the virtues of the men who made it glorious, (Curtis) .............. 1 290
French Alliance, The, (Porter)... 3 919
French Alliance, The—The amicable relations between our two countries founded in 1778, by the Treaty of Amity and Commerce between the nation of France and the American people, cemented in blood in 1781, renewed by this visit of our distinguished guests, will, we trust, be perpetuated through all time, (Evarts)............... 2 457
Future Relations between Great Britain and the United States, The—A determined union of heart and purpose will carry the forces of justice and humanity the world over, (Herschell)..... 2 609
Geneva Tribunal of Arbitration, The—A victory of peace, demonstrating that the statesman's wisdom is mightier than the warrior's sword, (Evarts)....... 2 448

Toasts—*Continued* VOL. PAGE
Girls we have not left behind us, The, (Howe) .................. 2 645
Harvard and Yale—The two elder sisters among the educational institutions of New England, where generous rivalry has ever promoted patriotism and learning. Their children have, in peace and war, in life and death, deserved well of the Republic. Smile, Heaven, upon this fair conjunction, (Eliot)... 2 427
Harvard and Yale, (Porter)..... 3 950
Health and Long Life to General Sherman, (Sherman) ........... 3 1051
Health, Happiness, and a Hearty Welcome to Charles Dickens, (Lord Derby) .................. 1 389
Health of Benjamin Harrison. Harrison, Benj.: The Union of States ........................... 2 589
Health of His Majesty the King. (Leopold II) ................... 1 32
Health of Lord Beaconsfield..... 1 21
Health of Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton, (Dickens)............... 1 398
Health of the Ambassadors and Ministers of Foreign Countries and General Bulow, (Lord Derby) ........................... 1 387
Health of the American Minister, (Lowell) ........................ 2 745
Health of the Prince of Wales... 3 1175
Health of the Sirdar, (Lord Salisbury) ............................ 3 1018
Holland—A lesson to oppressors, an example to the oppressed, and a sanctuary for the rights of mankind, (Van de Water)... 3 1162
Interests of Literature, (Arnold). 1 14
Interests of Literature, (Froude). 2 510
Interests of Literature (Gladstone) ........................... 2 530
Interests of Literature, (Jebb)... 2 686
Interests of Literature, (Lang)... 2 698
Interests of Literature, (Leslie Stephen) ........................ 3 1091
Interests of Science, (Ball)....... 1 16
Interests of Science, (Huxley)... 2 670
Internal Improvements, (Porter) 3 897
Ireland, (Beecher)................ 1 60
Ireland, (Depew).................. 1 343
Liberty Enlightening the World —A great truth beautifully and majestically expressed by the gift which our guests of tonight have brought safely to our shores ...................... 2 469
Literature, (Curtis)............... 1 299
Literature, (Lowell).............. 2 750
Literature of the U. S., (Motley) 2 842
Louis Kossuth, (Bryant).......... 1 100
Memory of Burns, The, (Emerson) ............................ 2 439
Mere Man, (Sarah Grand)........ 2 551

Toasts—*Continued* VOL. PAGE
Music, (Mackenzie) ............. 2 787
Music, Noblest of the Arts, (Ingersoll) .......................... 2 672
New England, (Beecher)......... 1 46
New England Culture—The open secret of her greatness, (Hale).. 2 570
New England Society in the City of N. Y.—A worthy representative of New England principles 1 159
New Netherlanders, The—The Pilgrim Fathers of Manhattan, (Depew) ......................... 1 349
New York, the child of New Amsterdam—Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined......... 2 705
Ohio and the Northwest, (Ewing) 2 474
Old World and the New, The, (Schurz) ........................ 3 1036
Oldest Inhabitant, The—The Weather of New England, (Clemens) ....................... 1 210
Orator of the Day, The—Eloquent in his tribute to the virtues of the Pilgrims; faithful in his life to the lessons they taught, (Seward) ........................ 3 1042
Our Beloved Alma Mater—Harvard, (Choate) .................. 1 178
Our City of New York, (Coudert) 1 277
Our Clients, (Coudert)........... 1 282
Our Constitutional System as Tested by a Century, (Cockran) 1 232
Our Guests, (Choate)............ 1 195
Our Guests, I may say our friends, the Colonial Premiers, (Laurier) ......................... 2 702
Our Navy, (Carson).............. 1 133
Our New Country, (Halstead).. 2 584
Our Reunited Country, (Howell) 2 647
Pilgrim in the West, The, (Wolcott) ............................ 3 1273
Pilgrims of Every Race, (Porter) 3 904
Poets and Poetry of New England, The, (Eliot)............... 2 431
Press, The, (Bryant)............. 1 107
Press, The, (Hawley)............. 2 593
Press, The, (C. E. Smith)....... 3 1059
Press, The, (Whipple)........... 3 1225
Press of the South, The, (B. Smith) .......................... 3 1057
Press, The—Right or Wrong; when right to be kept right; when wrong to be set right, (Reid) .......................... 3 979
Principles of True Democracy, The—They are enduring because they are right, and invincible because they are just..... 1 229
Prosperity of the Royal Academy, (Leighton) ...................... 2 713
Religious Freedom, (Beecher)... 1 41
Republic and Its Outlook, The, (Evarts) ........................ 2 452
Republic's Honored Ex-President, The, (Grant).............. 2 559

Toasts—*Continued* VOL. PAGE
  Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, Secretary of State for the Colonies, (Chamberlain)............ 1 141
  Russia, (Howland)................ 2 657
  Saxon Grit—Which in New England, as in Old England, has made a race of men to be honored, feared, and respected, (Collyer) ........................ 1 263
  Senate of the United States, (Sumner) ........................ 3 1115
  State of New York—Her boundless resources, her world-wide commerce, and the steady virtue of her people will ever maintain her proud rank as the Empire State of the Union, (Conkling) ............................ 1 269
  State of New York, The—Our voice is imperial, (Depew)..... 1 333
  Steam Mail Lines, (Blaine)...... 1 73
  Success to the Royal General Theatrical Fund, (Dickens)..... 1 401
  Truth and Trade—Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder, (Schenck)... 3 1026
  Typical Dutchman, The (van Dyke) ........................... 1 418
  Union of the Farthest East and the Farthest West, The, (Emerson) ............................ 2 445
  United States, The—The great modern republic—the home of a new cosmopolitan race; may those who seek the blessings of its free institutions and the protection of its flag remember the obligations they impose, (Grant) 2 561
  Unsolved Problems, (Depew).... 1 361
  Victory at Yorktown, The, (Storrs) ......................... 3 1094
  What I Know about Farming, (Oglesby) ....................... 2 853
  Wives and Daughters of New England, The, (Choate)........ 1 164
  Woman, (Porter) ................ 3 913
  Woman, God Bless Her! (Clemens) ............................ 1 225
Tocqueville, Alexis de
  Defines two kinds of patriotism.. 7 169
  Effect of a disruption of the American Union ............... 1 155
  On America, (Lowell)........... 2 764
  On Federal Judges................ 2 834
  On mankind ...................... 5 828
Tombs in Westminster
  Kingsley, Charles, on............. 5 708
Tombs, Robert
  Depew on.......................... 1 364
Toole, John Lawrence
  Pinero, A. W., on............... 3 896
**Torch of Civilization, The (A. D. S.)**
  Page, Thomas Nelson............ 3 861
Toscanelli, Paolo
  Columbus's relations with........ 8 498
Tosteé VOL. PAGE
  Depew on ......................... 1 374
Toulon
  Napoleon at siege of, (Serviss).. 6 985
Trade Routes
  Between Europe and India in 15th century .................... 8 493
Tradition
  Independence and, (Weiss)....... 9 1173
Tragabigzanda, Cape, (Cape Ann)
  Named by John Smith............ 3 1264
Traill, Henry Duff
  On Carlyle as a lecturer.......... 4 181
Trance
  Practice of, in the East, (Döllinger) .......................... 7 353
Transcendentalism
  Adams, J. Q., on................. 7 259
**Transmission of Dr. Johnson's Personality (A)**
  Birrell, Augustine ................ 7 87
Transmutation Doctrine
  As applied to races of men...... 4 16
Transportation
  Cheapening of .................... 1 76
  Cheapening of, (Conkling)....... 1 274
  Depew on ........................ 1 366
Transvaal
  Mines of .......................... 1 145
  Wolseley, Lord, on............... 3 1282
Treaty of Alliance; Treaty of Amity and Commerce, 1778
  Evarts, W. M., on................ 2 458
Treaty of Friendship and Commerce 3 922
Trees of the African forest, (Stanley) 6 1034
Tremont Temple
  Joseph Cooke in.................. 1 87
Trent affair ........................... 1 325
Tribal government of the Jews....... 6 1125
**Tribute to Edwin Booth (A. D. S.)**
  Collyer, Robert .................. 1 266
**Tribute to John Gilbert (A. D. S.)**
  Winter, William .................. 3 1257
**Tribute to Goethe (A. D. S.)**
  Taylor, Bayard .................. 3 1136
**Tribute to General Grant (A. D. S.)**
  Porter, Horace ................... 3 944
**Tribute to Oliver Wendell Holmes (A. D. S.)**
  Howe, Julia Ward................. 2 645
**Tribute to Washington Irving (A. D. S.)**
  Dickens, Charles.................. 1 394
**Tribute to General Miles (A. D. S.)**
  Choate, Joseph H................. 1 193
**Tribute to Herbert Spencer (A. D. S.)**
  Evarts, W. M...................... 2 462
**Tribute to Richard Henry Stoddard (A. D. S.)**
  Stedman, Edmund Clarence...... 3 1085
**Tribute to Mark Twain (A. D. S.)**
  McKelway, St. Clair............. 2 811

**Tribute to Lester Wallack (A. D. S.)** VOL. PAGE
Winter, William .................. 3 1260

**Trip Abroad With Depew, A (A. D. S.)**
Porter, Horace.................... 3 908

Tromp, Admiral von
Epitaph on monument............ 2 786

Trout culture......................... 4 326

Troy
Art in ancient Troy.............. 3 1035

**True Americanism, The (A)**
Schurz, Carl ...................... 9 1018

**True Americanism and Expansion (A. D. S.)**
Roosevelt, Theodore.............. 3 1002

**True Democracy (A. D. S.)**
Cleveland, Grover ................ 1 229

Trumbull, Henry Clay
Dana, C. A., on.................. 1 322

Trumbull, Jonathan
His part in the Revolutionary struggle ......................... 1 92

Trust Companies
Ford on .......................... 2 509

Trusts
Introduce new problems of law.. 2 498

Truth
Physician's attitude to, (Holmes) 8 679
Poetry and, (Poe)................ 6 874

**Truth and Trade (A. D. S.)**
Schenck, Noah Hunt............. 3 1026

Tucker, John and Randolph
Eggleston, G. C., on.............. 2 423

Turkey
Character of Sultan, (Disraeli).. 1 25
Influence on Europe............. 3 1264

Twain, Mark
See Clemens, S. L.
Dined by Lotos Club............. 1 374
How the camel devoured his overcoat in Palestine................ 6 956
Introducing Charles Kingsley as a lecturer in Boston............ 5 691
Reported by H. M. Stanley...... 3 1078
Savage, M. J., on................. 6 954

Tweed Ring
Anecdote of member of........... 5 572

**Twichell, Joseph Hopkins**
Soldier Stamp, The (A. D. S.).. 3 1153
Yankee Notions (A. D. S.)....... 3 1147

**Tyndall, John**
Art and Science (A. D. S.)...... 3 1160

**Typical Dutchman, The (A. D. S.)**
Dyke, Henry van................. 1 418

## U

Ulster County Declaration of Independence ....................... 3 996

**Unconscious Plagiarism (A. D. S.)**
Clemens, S. L..................... 1 221

Uncut Leaves, Society
Memorial meeting to R. L. Stevenson. Address by E. C. Stedman, Jan. 4, 1895.............. 9 1098

VOL. PAGE
Underground station, (Pond)....... 6 893

Underwood, Arthur W.
President's address: Introducing Hamlin Garland ............... 2 518
President's address: Introducing Opie Reed ...................... 3 976

Undulations
Principle of, (Emerson).......... 8 428

Unification of Italy.................. 4 352

Unification of nations of the earth, (Abbott) ......................... 7 1

Union
Danger from extent of country, (Webster) ....................... 3 1217

Union League Club of New York Banquets
Choate, Joseph H.: Tribute to Lord Houghton, Nov. 23, 1875. 1 152
Coghlan, J. B.: The Battle of Manila, April 21, 1899.......... 1 239
Houghton, Lord: Bonds of National Sympathy, Nov. 23, 1875. 2 639

Union League Club, Philadelphia
Beveridge, Albert J.: The Republic That Never Retreats, Feb. 15, 1899 .......................... 1 70

Union League Club of Philadelphia Banquet to Charles E. Clark, U. S. N.
Carson, H. L.: Our Navy, April 5, 1899 .......................... 1 133

**Union of States, The (A. D. S.)**
Harrison, Benjamin .............. 2 589

Union of Utrecht
Declaration of Independence contains sentiments and phrases of the declaration of independence of the Union of Utrecht........ 1 69
Declaration of Independence contains sentiments and phrases of the declaration of independence of the Union of Utrecht........ 1 369

Unitarian Club of New York
Memorial meeting to George William Curtis, Nov. 14, 1892. Address by C. D. Warner......... 9 1130

United States
As a colonizing power............ 1 38
Geographical unity, (Starr King) 5 681
Grant, U. S., on.................. 2 562
Herschell, Lord, on............... 2 610
Historians of, (White)........... 9 1180
Ireland and, (Depew)............. 1 348
Power of central government, (Starr King) .................... 5 681
Unity of human nature, (Chapin) 4 226
War with England, (Schurz)..... 9 1019

**Unity of Human Nature, The (A)**
Chapman, John Jay............... 7 206

Unity of the Universe
Scientific and unscientific idea of, (Rice) ........................... 9 936

Unity the principle of social order... 7 29

- **Universal Fraternity of Masonry (A)** VOL. PAGE
  - Moore, Charles Whitlock......... 9 880
- **Universality of Art, The (A)**
  - Raffaelli, Jean F................. 9 980
- Universe
  - Aurelius, Marcus, Theory of..... 7 28
- University
  - See also *College Education*
  - Defined by D. C. Gilman........ 8 519
  - Duty to check financial speculation, (Gladstone) ............... 8 512
  - Eliot, C. W., on a national university ........................... 2 429
  - Endowment by State and individuals, (Gilman) .............. 8 530
  - Era of universities, (D. C. Gilman) ............................ 2 528
  - Extension system ................ 4 xxvii
  - Hill, Benjamin, on needs of Georgia University.............. 8 638
  - Idea of a, discourse of J. H. Newman on Knowledge Viewed in Relation to Learning......... 9 911
  - Influence of, (Cleveland)......... 7 249
  - Training fits for life, (van Dyke) 7 386
- University of St. Andrew's
  - Address of J. G. Shairp: The Literary Theory of Culture..... 9 1052
- University of Virginia
  - Unveiling of Zolney's bust of Poe. Address by Hamilton Wright Mabie: Poe's Place in American Literature, Oct. 7, 1899 ............................ 9 815
- " Uncle Tom's Cabin "
  - Authorship imputed to H. W. Beecher .......................... 1 51
  - How written ..................... 1 52
- Unknown Confederate Dead
  - Monument to ...................... 3 1173
- **Unsolved Problems (A. D. S.)**
  - Depew, C. M....................... 1 361
- Uranus and Neptune
  - Habitability of, (Searle).......... 6 971
- Urbino
  - Birthplace of Raphael, (Pater)... 9 940
- **Use of Law Schools, The (A)**
  - Holmes, O. W., Jr............... 8 700
- **Uses and Responsibilities of Leisure (A)**
  - Lodge, Henry Cabot............. 8 777
- **Uses of Education For Business (A)**
  - Eliot, Charles William........... 8 413
- **Uses of Imagination (A)**
  - Goschen, George Joachim........ 8 557
- Utopias
  - Goschen, George J., on........... 8 563

V

- Vaccination
  - First in China..................... 2 445
- Valladolid
  - Annals do not mention Columbus 8 501
- Valor VOL. PAGE
  - Incidents of romantic valor, (Chapin) ......................... 4 226
- Van Cortlandt, Philip
  - Stryker, W. S., on............... 3 1105
- **Vance, Zebulon Baird**
  - Scattered Nation, The (L)....... 6 1115
- Vanderbilt, Cornelius
  - On his wealth..................... 4 320
- Van der Capellen
  - On the Revolutionary war....... 3 1098
- **Van de Water, George Roe**
  - Dutch Traits (A. D. S.).......... 3 1162
- Vanessa, (Esther Vanhomrigh)...... 6 1111
- Van Hoesen, George M.
  - President's address: Introducing Rev. Thomas DeWitt Talmage. 3 1128
- Van Norden, Warner
  - President's address: Introducing Tunis G. Bergen................ 1 64
- Van Rensselaer, Henry Kiliaen
  - Stryker, W. S., on................ 3 1105
- Van Rensselaer, Solomon
  - Stryker, W. S., on................ 3 1105
- Van Wyck, Augustus
  - President's address: Introducing George R. Van de Water...... 3 1162
- " Vanity Fair "
  - Edited by C. G. Leland and Artemus Ward .................... 2 718
- **Variety In British Art (A. D. S.)**
  - Leighton, Sir F................... 2 713
- Vatican
  - Pope a prisoner in................ 4 352
- Vauvenargues, Luc de Clapier, Marquis de
  - Morley, John, on ................. 5 828
- Vedder, Elihu
  - Hay, John, on..................... 2 599
- **Vegetable and Mineral Gold (A)**
  - Everett, Edward.................. 8 456
- Velpeau, Alfred Armand Louis Marie
  - False diagnosis, (Holmes)........ 8 687
- Venezuela Controversy
  - Choate, J. H., on................. 1 198
  - Schurz on ........................ 9 1020
- Venice
  - Napoleon's campaign against..... 6 989
  - Principle of Empire, (Chamberlain) ............................ 7 179
  - Ruskin in ........................ 7 583
- **Verdery, Marion J.**
  - South in Wall Street (A. D. S.). 3 1168
- Vernet, Horace
  - Painting of the battle of Jena.... 6 999
- Veronese, Paul
  - Paints Sidney's portrait.......... 4 365
- Verplanck, Gulian C.
  - Bryant, W. C., on................ 1 107
- Vertebrates have four limbs.......... 4 3
- Vice, as pictured by Dickens....... 3 966
- Vicksburg, Grant at ................. 3 945
- Victoria Nyanzi
  - Stanley on ....................... 6 1065

VOL. PAGE

- Victoria, Queen
  - Evarts, W. M., on 2 458
- **Victory At Yorktown, The (A. D. S.)**
  - Storrs, Richard Salter 3 1096
- Vienna, Congress of, (1814)
  - England on slavery at 2 639
- Vigny, Alfred de
  - On Shakespeare 4 232
- Vinci, Leonardo de
  - Smith, Goldwin, on 9 1071
  - Tyndall, John, on 3 1161
- Virgil
  - Cited by F. W. Farrar 2 480
- Virginia
  - Beecher, H. W., on, (cited by Major Pond) 6 902
  - Daniels, John W., on 7 299
  - Massachusetts and, (Curtis) 7 256
  - Massachusetts and, (Pinkerton) 9 965
  - Settlers under John Smith 3 1267
- Virginia Democratic Association Washington Day Banquet
  - Bryan, W. J.: America's Mission, Feb. 22, 1899 1 94
- **Virginia's Part In American History (A. D. S.)**
  - Pryor, Roger Atkinson 3 959
- Virginius, Macready's 2 771
- Vision
  - Speculation as to the eye of an inhabitant of Neptune, (Searle) 6 972
- Volta
  - Discoveries of 7 40
- Voltaire, François Marie Arouet de
  - (A) Hugo, Victor Marie 8 710
  - On Shakespeare 4 244
  - On the source of happiness 1 176
  - Rohan-Chabot, Chevalier, and, (Higginson on) 5 570
- **Volunteer Student, The (A)**
  - Dickens, Charles 7 332
- Vrooman, John W.
  - President's address: Introducing A. V. V. Raymond 3 970

## W

- Wagner, Richard
  - Ingersoll, R. G., on 2 672
- Wainwright, Richard
  - Long, John D., on 2 729
- Waite, Morrison Remich 2 516
  - Personal characteristics of, (Semmes) 9 1050
- Wall Street
  - Verdery, M. J., on 3 1168
- **Wallace, Hugh C.**
  - Southerner in the West, The (A. D. S.) 3 1178
- **Wallace, Lew**
  - Return of the Flags (A) 9 1121

VOL. PAGE

- Wallack, Lester
  - Gilbert, John, and 2 523
  - Winter, William, on 3 1260
- Waller, Edmund 4 360
- Wallich, Nathaniel
  - Discoveries in deep-sea mud 5 613
- Walpole, Horace
  - On Edmund Burke 4 78
  - On Goldsmith and Sidney 4 366
  - The world as comedy and tragedy 4 236
- Walton, Isaac
  - Quoted by G. W. Curtis 1 290
- **Wampum of the Indians, The (A. D. S.)**
  - Hendrix, Joseph C. 2 603
- War
  - Abbott, Lyman, on 7 7
  - Abolition of 1 13
  - A problem of money, (Conkling). 1 271
  - Cost of Sudan campaign 2 696
  - Emerson, R. W. 2 442
  - Emerson, R. W. 4 392
  - End of wars, (Livermore) 5 752
  - Heraclitus on war 2 443
  - Hugo, V., on cruelty of 8 718
  - Killed and wounded in Grant's army from Wilderness to Spottsylvania 3 1222
  - Lord, John, on 5 796
  - Napoleon on 2 444
  - No longer among English-speaking peoples 1 125
  - Ruskin on 6 924
  - Sherman on 9 1019
  - Thucydides on 8 402
  - Wolseley, Lord, on 3 1283
- **War of 1812**
  - Naval engagements in 1 137
  - Russia proffered mediation 1 324
  - Webster's attitude, (Choate) 7 222
- War Spirit
  - Roosevelt, Theodore, on 3 1000
- Ward, Artemus
  - Leland, C. G., on 2 718
  - Savage, M. J., on 6 957
- Ward, Frederic A.
  - President's address: Introducing Thomas Nelson Page 3 861
- **Ward, Samuel Baldwin**
  - Medical Profession, The (A.D.S.) 3 1182
- Ware, Henry
  - Palestine, Its Geography and History 4 xxii
- Warner, Charles Dudley
  - Curtis, G. W., on 1 313
  - George William Curtis, Litterateur (A) 9 1130
  - Rise of "The Atlantic," The (A. D. S.) 3 1186
- Warren, Joseph
  - Everett, E., on 8 444
  - Holmes, O. W., on 8 685
  - Quoted by J. H. Choate 1 184
- Warts
  - Cure for 4 151

- **Washington, Booker T.** VOL. PAGE
  - American Standard, The (A)..... 9 1140
  - Progress of the American Negro (A) .............................. 9 1136
- Washington, City of
  - Government buildings ........... 2 734
- **Washington, George**
  - After the battle of Long Island.. 1 278
  - Ancestors of, (Daniel)............ 7 301
  - At Fraunce's Tavern in 1783..... 1 182
  - Burr and, (Clark)................. 7 242
  - Curtis on.......................... 7 255
  - (A) Daniel, John W............... 7 295
  - Depew on........................... 1 378
  - Divine guidance through the Revolution, (Farrar) ........... 5 397
  - Emulation of, (Locke)............ 5 760
  - Farewell to the army............. 1 186
  - Fellows, John R., on............. 2 483
  - Franklin and, (Watterson)....... 9 1144
  - Guizot on .......................... 7 295
  - Jay, John, and, (Semmes)......... 9 1042
  - Jefferson on, (Fields)............. 5 430
  - LL.D. by Harvard in 1776....... 8 518
  - Lincoln and ........................ 3 933
  - McKinley on ....................... 9 845
  - Marshall and, (Olney)........... 9 937
  - Pryor, R. A., on................... 3 959
  - Wu Ting-fang on.................. 3 1285
- Washington, John
  - Daniel, J. W., on.................. 7 303
- Washington National Monument
  - Dedication address by John W. Daniel, Feb. 21, 1885........... 7 295
- Waterloo, Battle of.................... 6 1006
  - Contest of spiritual qualities. (Starr King) ..................... 5 677
  - Sampson, W. T., on.............. 3 1023
- **Watson, John (Ian Maclaren)**
  - Scottish Traits (L) .............. 6 1143
- **Watterson, Henry**
  - Abraham Lincoln (L)............. 6 1159
  - Francis Scott Key (A)........... 9 1143
  - " Our Wives " (A. D. S.)........ 3 1189
  - Pond, Major, on.................... 6 914
  - Puritan and the Cavalier, The (A. D. S.) ........................... 3 1191
  - Smith, Ballard, on................ 3 1057
- **Wayland, Heman Lincoln**
  - Causes of Unpopularity (A.D.S.) 3 1201
  - Dana, C. A., on................... 1 322
  - Force of Ideas, The (A. D. S.).. 3 1197
  - President's address: Introducing C. M. Depew..................... 1 349
  - President's address: Introducing M. W. Fuller..................... 2 513
- Wealth
  - Accumulation of, (Ruskin)....... 6 927
  - As pictured by Dickens.......... 3 967
- Weather
  - Mark Twain on New England W. 1 210
- Webb, William H.
  - Howland, H. E., on.............. 2 664
- **Webster, Daniel** VOL. PAGE
  - American Government Unique (A) ................................ 9 1152
  - Calhoun and ....................... 3 1193
  - Calhoun, John C., on............. 8 662
  - Choate, Rufus, on................. 7 216
  - Constitution and the Union, The (A. D. S.)........................ 3 1210
  - Early home in New Hampshire.. 7 115
  - First President Boston Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge ....................... 4 xxii
  - Garfield compared with, (Blaine) 7 126
  - On clergymen—in the Girard College case, (Hillis)................ 8 646
  - On Chief Justice Taney.......... 9 1037
  - Oratory of, (Sears)............... 7 xxxi
  - Reed, T. B., on................... 4 xiii
- Weddings
  - Burdette, R. J., on................ 4 176
- **Weiss, John**
  - Howe, Julia Ward, on............ 5 598
  - Task of Religion, The (A)........ 9 1162
- **Welcome to Dickens (A. D. S.)**
  - Quincy, Josiah .................... 3 964
- **Welcome to Mayor Cooper (A. D. S.)**
  - Depew, C. M....................... 1 330
- **Welcome to the Alumni (A. D. S.)**
  - Holmes, O. W..................... 2 625
- Wellington, Duke of, [Arthur Wellesley]
  - Grant and, (Farrar)............... 7 469
  - On a victory....................... 8 623
  - Tabletalk of, (Birrell)............ 7 91
- Werner, Macready's .................. 2 770
- Wesley, John
  - Johnson, Samuel, on.............. 7 93
- West, The
  - Fulfilment of the nation, (Wilson) ............................ 9 1217
  - Harrison, Benjamin, on.......... 2 591
  - Wolcott, E. O., on................ 3 1273
- West Indies Islands
  - Administration of, (Roosevelt)... 3 1007
  - Roosevelt on ...................... 9 1004
- " Westerner "
  - Type of American life, (Wilson). 9 1210
- **Westminster Abbey (L)**
  - Kingsley, Charles ................ 5 691
  - Motley, J. L., on.................. 2 844
- Westphalia, Treaty of................ 3 1233
- " Westward, Ho!"
  - Depew on .......................... 1 374
  - Quoted ............................ 1 258
- **What I Know About the Dutch (A. D. S.)**
  - Talmage, Thomas DeWitt...... 3 1128
- **What Will He Do With It? (A)**
  - Hale, Edward Everett............ 8 601
- **Wheeler, Joseph**
  - American Soldier, The (A. D. S.) 3 1220
- Whig party in Kentucky in 1848-50.. 7 101

**Whipple, Edwin Percy** VOL. PAGE
  China Emerging from Her Isolation (A. D. S.) 3 1225
  Sphere of Woman, The (A. D. S.) 3 1229
  Wit and Humor (L) 6 1189

**White, Andrew Dickson**
  Commerce and Diplomacy (A. D. S.) 3 1232
  Field of Historical Study, The (A) 9 1177
White, Mistress
  Mother of first child born in New England 3 1144
Whitefriars' Club, Ladies' Banquet
  Blouet, Paul: Monsieur and Madame, May 4, 1900 1 79
  Grand, Sarah: Mere Man, May 4, 1900 2 551
Whitehead, James, (Lord Mayor)
  President's address: Introducing E. J. Phelps 3 887
Whitman, Walt
  Garland, H., on 2 518
  Press, The, and 3 980
Whitney, A. D. T., Mrs.
  Whipple, E. P., on 3 1230
Whittier, John Greenleaf
  Bryant, W. C., on 1 106
  Eliot, S. A., on 2 433
  Howells, W. D., on 2 654
  Mabie on 2 779
Whittier Birthday Dinner, Dec. 17, 1877
  Clemens, S. L.: A "Littery" Episode 1 214
  Clemens, S. L.: A "Littery" Episode 2 850

**Whittington Club (A)**
  Jerrold, Douglas William 8 739
"Why We Laugh," (S. S. Cox)
  Savage, M. J., on 6 943
Wiertz, Antoine Joseph
  "Lion of Waterloo, The," described by Serviss 6 1008
Wilberforce, William
  In the West Indies 5 498

**Wiley, Harvey Washington**
  Ideal Woman, The (A. D. S.) 3 1240
William of Orange
  Sidney, Sir Philip, and 4 367
William II of Germany
  Satirized in "Hoch! der Kaiser" 1 243
William III of England
  Depew on 1 368
  Dyke, Henry van, on 1 418
William the Silent
  Depew on 1 368
  Dyke, Henry van, on 1 418
  Roosa, D. B. St. John 3 997
Willis, Nathaniel Parker
  Bryant, W. C., on 1 106
  On Emerson at the Burns Banquet, Jan. 25, 1859 2 440

Willis, Nathaniel Parker—*Continued* VOL. PAGE
  "The shadows lay along Broadway" 6 872

**Wilson, Homer T.**
  America's Uncrowned Queen (L) 6 1213

**Wilson, Woodrow**
  Course of American History, The (A) 9 1199
  Our Ancestral Responsibilities (A. D. S.) 3 1248
Windsor, Conn.
  Connecticut first settled here 1 91
Winged serpents 4 297
Winslow, Edward
  Portrait of 1 292

**Winslow, John**
  First Thanksgiving Day, The (A. D. S.) 3 1253
  President's address: Introducing Horace Porter 3 924
Winter, William
  Tribute to John Gilbert (A.D.S.) 3 1257
  Tribute to Lester Wallack (A. D. S.) 3 1260
Winthrop, John
  Puritan Governor of Massachusetts Bay Colony 3 951

**Winthrop, Robert Charles**
  Death of John C. Calhoun (A) 9 1219
  Death of President Taylor (A) 9 1222
  Holmes, O. W., on 2 625
  Ottoman Empire, The (A. D. S.) 3 1263
Wirt, William
  Blennerhasset speech, (Clark) 7 236
  On Chief Justice Marshall 9 1032

**Wisdom of China, The (A. D. S.)**
  Emerson, R. W 2 445
Wisdom
  Morley, John, on 5 809

**Wise, John Sergeant**
  Captain John Smith (A. D. S.) 3 1266
  Legal Profession, The (A. D. S.) 3 1271
Wiseman, Richard
  Holmes, O. W., on 8 684
Wit
  Defined by Savage 6 945
  French wit, (Ian Maclaren) 6 1144

**Wit and Humor (L)**
  Whipple, E. P 6 1189
"Wit, Humor, and Shakespeare," (John Weiss)
  Savage, M. J., on 6 943
Wit of the present day, (Depew) 1 378
Witchcraft
  Conway, Moncure D., on 4 294

**With Brains, Sir (A. D. S.)**
  Hole, S. R 2 622

- Wither, George — VOL. PAGE
  - Anecdote of him and Sir John Denham 6 1205
- Witherspoon, John
  - Blackburn, J. C. S. 7 98
- Woffington, Peg
  - Burke in love with 4 75
- **Wolcott, Edward Oliver**
  - Bright Land to Westward, The (A. D. S.) 3 1273
- Wolfe, James
  - Monument at Quebec 2 704
- **Wolseley, Joseph Garnet, Lord**
  - Army in the Transvaal, The (A. D. S.) 3 1280
- Woman
  - Explains the existence of the novel in literature, (Swing) 9 1116
  - Grand, Sarah, on 2 551
  - In the first century B. C. 6 1213
  - McKelway, St. Clair, on 2 810
  - Whipple, E. P., on 8 1229
  - Wiley, Harvey W., on 3 1240
  - (A. D. S.) Choate, Joseph H. 1 164
  - (A. D. S.) Depew, Chauncey M. 1 327
  - (A. D. S.) Porter, Horace 8 913
  - (A. D. S.) Tilton, Theodore 3 1142
- **Woman, God Bless Her** (A. D. S.)
  - Clemens, S. L. 1 225
- Women
  - Education in Greece 4 53
  - Higher education of, (Starr-Jordan) 8 745
  - In the Hebrew nation 4 54
  - Melish, William B., on 2 825
  - Nasby, Petroleum V. 5 775
  - Of Scott, (Hay) 8 616
  - Of Shakespeare, (Ingersoll) 5 653
  - Of the South during the war, (Gordon) 5 475
  - Watterson, Henry, on 3 1189
- Women, American
  - Lord Houghton on 1 152
- Wood, Sir Evelyn
  - Kitchener on 2 696
- Wood, George
  - Opinion on legal papers 1 283
- Wood, Leonard, Major-General
  - Roosevelt on 3 1006
- Woodford, Stewart L.
  - President's address: Introducing F. R. Coudert 1 277
  - President's address: Introducing Woodrow Wilson 3 1248
- Woodington, W. F.
  - Leighton, Sir F., on 2 713
- Woolman, John
  - Lamb, Charles, on 2 778
- Word-Makers
  - Emerson on 5 574
- Wordsworth and Scott contrasted, (Hazlitt) 5 556
- Wordsworth, William
  - Cited by F. W. Farrar 2 480
  - Contrasted with Scott, (Hazlitt) 5 556
- Work — VOL. PAGE
  - Lodge, H. C., on 8 780
  - Spencer, Herbert 3 1069
- **Work** (L)
  - Ruskin, John 6 919
- **Work of Robert Louis Stevenson, The** (A)
  - Stedman, Edmund Clarence 9 1098
- **Work of Universities in the South** (A)
  - Hill, Benjamin Harvey 8 624
- Working Classes
  - Grand, Sarah, on working men 2 555
  - Honesty of the, (Gough) 5 501
  - Lubbock, Sir John, on 8 810
- World, The
  - As miraculous to Mahomet 4 206
  - Aurelius, Marcus, conception of. 7 28
- Worry kills 4 102
- Writing
  - Diminutive 6 838
  - The itch to write, (Lang) 5 714
- Wu Ting-fang
  - China and the United States (A. D. S.) 3 1284
  - Teachings of Confucius, The (L) 6 1225
- **Wyman, Walter**
  - Sons of the Revolution (A. D. S.) 3 1288

Y

- **Yale Alumni of New York Dinner**
  - Depew, C. M.: Yale Univerrsity, Jan. 20, 1888 1 356
  - Evarts, W. M.: The Classics in Education, Dec. 7, 1883 2 465
- Yale University
  - Depew, C. M., on 1 356
  - Hendricks, T. A., on 1 189
- Yankees
  - Curtis on 7 263
  - Losel Yankees 1 291
  - Paxton, John R., on 3 882
  - Savage on Yankee exaggeration. 6 952
- **Yankee Notions** (A. D. S.)
  - Twichell, Joseph Hopkins 3 1147
- **Yarn of the Manager Bold** (A. D. S.)
  - Hall, William F. 2 581
- Yellow fever at Memphis 5 755
- Yorktown
  - Evarts on battle of 2 458
  - Garfield's projected speech in 1882 7 130
  - Storrs, R. S., on 3 1096
- Young, Ann Eliza
  - Nineteenth wife of Brigham Young 6 894
- Young, Brigham
  - Artemus Ward on 4 133
- Young, Edward
  - Admired by Edmund Burke 4 74

VOL. PAGE
Young Men of Boston, Banquet to Dickens
  Dickens, Charles: Friends Across the Sea, Feb. 1, 1842........... 1 389
  Quincy, Josiah: Welcome to Dickens, Feb. 1, 1842.......... 3 964
Young Men's Democratic Association of Philadelphia
  Cleveland, Grover: True Democracy, Jan. 8, 1891.............. 1 229

Your Speech and Ours (A. D. S.)
  Houghton, Lord ................ 2 635

Z

VOL. PAGE
Zabriskie, Abram
  Stryker, W. S., on................ 3 1106
Zangwill's "Children of the Ghetto"
  Garland, H., on.................. 2 519

**Zola, Emile**
  Appeal for Dreyfus (A)........... 9 1226
  Arnold, Matthew, on............. 4 43
  Chapman, John Jay............... 7 211
  Lang, A., on...................... 2 700
Zoroaster
  Döllinger, J. J. I., on........... 7 348

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